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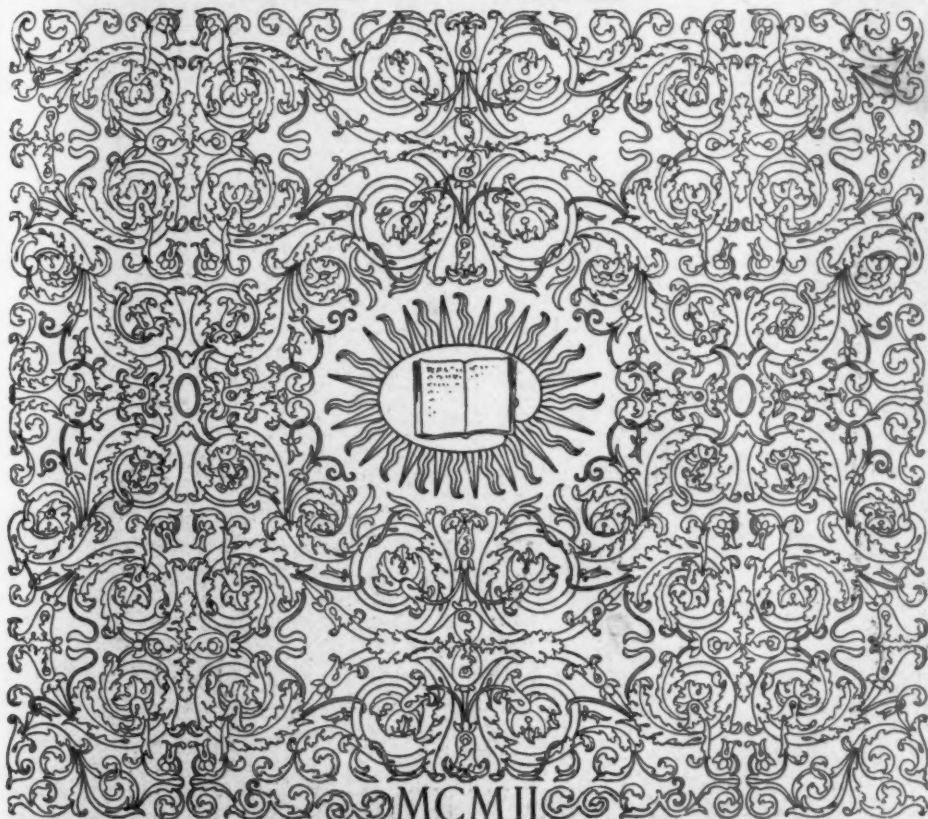
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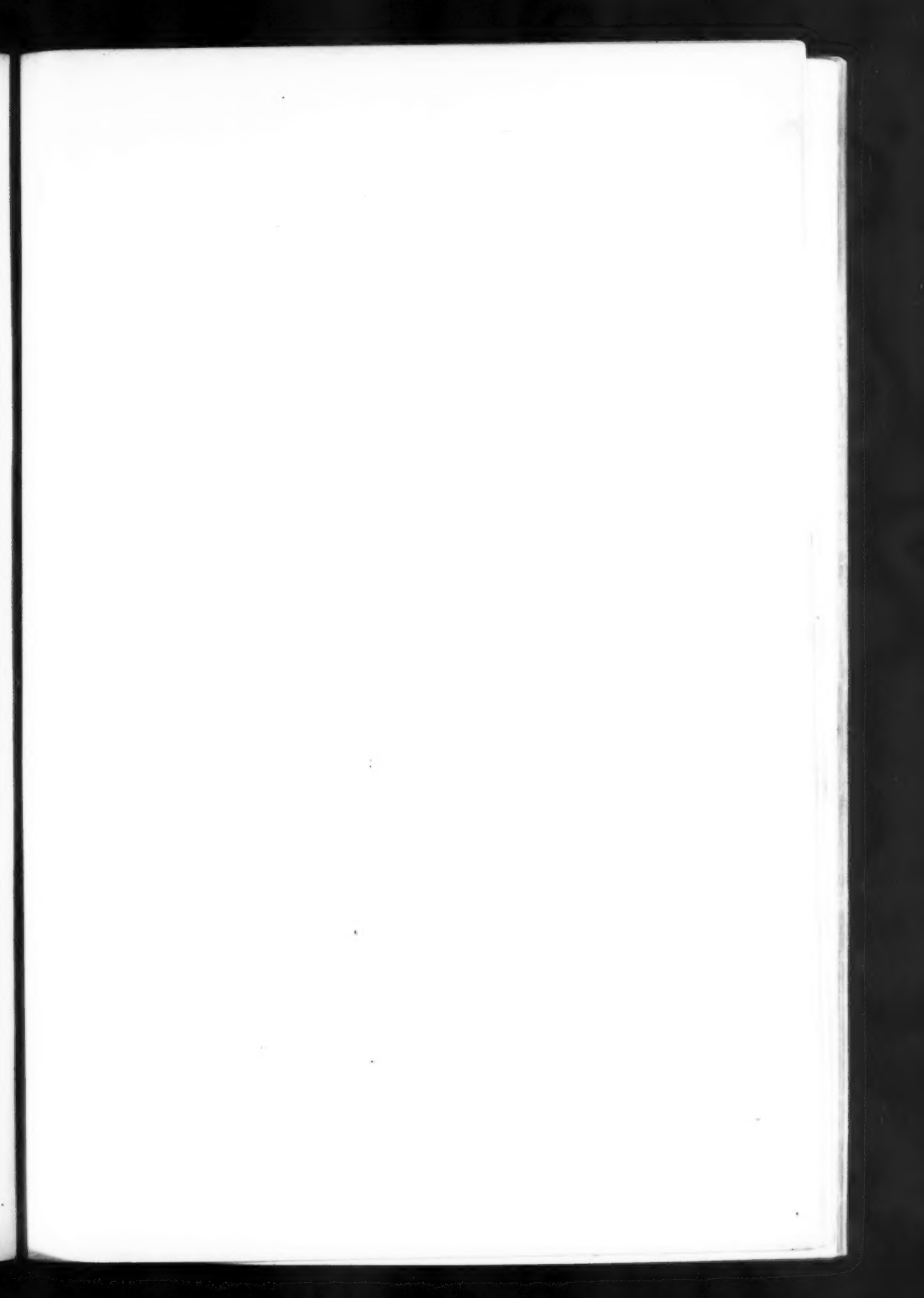
**FOR
THE HOME**

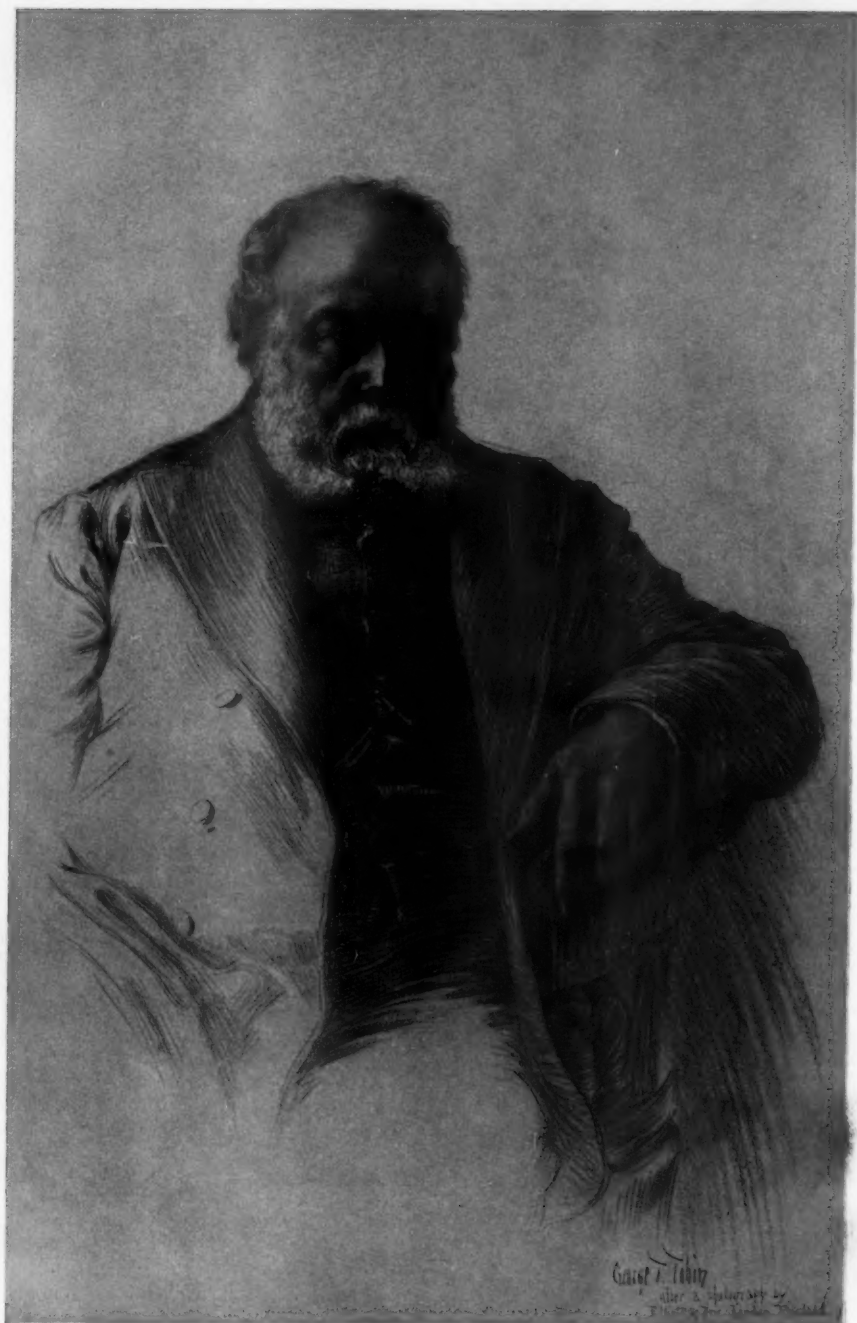


**HAND
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**FOR
THE FACTORY**





Salisbury

SUMMER FICTION NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIV.

JULY, 1902.

No. 3.



WANTED: A CHAPERON.

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD,

Author of "The Honorable Peter Stirling," "Janice Meredith," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. ALLAN GILBERT.

OF all the millions who at one time or another have been compelled to burden their memories with any of the initials and figures used in naming the streets of New York, Lydia Greenough is probably the only mortal who thoroughly approves of the system. Question any one else as to its wherefore, and he or she, with either a moan or a curse (dependent, it is to be hoped, on the speaker's sex), would explain that, in a year now fading from the recollection of even its oldest inhabitants, a stupid surveyor and a foolish board of aldermen fastened upon the city of New York a method of street-numbering of surpassing inconvenience, which, with other moans and curses, its residents and its transients have since been forced to endure. But Lydia maintains that the system is admirable, and if the opportunity to plead its merits were but granted her, she would undoubtedly convince at least the masculine half of the metropolis that she is right, however wrong the system; which is merely one way of saying that Lydia is young and charming.

It was by the veriest chance—indeed, veriest of chances—that the much maligned method gained this powerful advocate.

Lydia, if now asked, would doubtless assert and believe that it was all preordained, and never could have been otherwise. Yet, as a matter of fact, if on that Christmas eve a wild snow-storm had not been driving and drifting through the misnumbered streets, it never would have been. Or, if Mrs. Travers's maid had not taken to her bed with a quinsy sore throat, it never would have happened. Or, if the little country girl had been more used to city ways, and had stood less in awe of the liveried servants, it could not have occurred. In short, but for half a dozen contingencies, Miss Greenough would have completed her visit with her city relatives, and returned home to settle once more peacefully into the life of her native New England village, with never a thought or even a dream of the destiny that might have been, and with not one word of defense for the system which henceforth commanded her warmest advocacy.

It must be acknowledged that Mrs. Travers's arrangements for that evening left a goodly chance for Dame Fortune to intervene, and she is a lady who seldom misses an opportunity, be it golden or otherwise.

"It's snowing and blowing worse than

ever," she announced,—not Dame Fortune, but Mrs. Travers,—sticking her head into the room where Lydia was dressing, "and it really seems to me I'd better telephone Mrs. Curtis that you can't come."

"Oh, must you, aunty?" wailed Lydia, her mouth drawn with disappointment.

"Do you truly want to go out in such fearful weather, child?" marveled Mrs. Travers, giving a little shiver, though the room was warm. "It's only a dinner, after all, and you'll surely catch a frightful cold, or worse."

"Why, aunty, if I were home, I'd probably be taking a sleigh-ride, or skating," eagerly asserted the girl, "and I never catch cold. I don't believe I even can. Oh, please, please let me go!"

"Well, if you really would rather, it's very much better, for there is hardly anything worse than to fail a hostess, though I presume she'll have a lot of gaps, anyway, in such a storm." Mrs. Travers walked to the window, and pulling aside the thick curtain and the shade, looked out. "It's such a horrid night, and the snow's getting so deep, that I think I'll telephone Mrs. Curtis, after all, and—"

"Oh, aunty!" once more wailed Lydia.

"Wait, child, till I finish! Telephone her, asking if you may not spend the night. That will be much better for you, and it will save the horses from being kept waiting. I hate to have them out such a night, and if Winwood only had the common decency to keep well, I'd have had a carriage from the livery-stable, rather than expose—"

"That will do just as well, aunty, really it will," interjected Lydia.

"My dear! Do you think I'd trust you with any one but our own coachman, since I can't send my maid with you?"

"I don't see why not."

"Gracious! my dear, how inexperienced you are!" sighed her aunt. "I must go and telephone first, but then I'll explain to you why it would n't be right or proper."

With this remark, Mrs. Travers departed, leaving her niece to worry over the extent of her ignorance of social conventions while she went on with her prinking.

This most important and fascinating employment was brought to a finish just as Mrs. Travers returned. "Yes, child, it's all right," was her announcement as she entered the room; "so put what you'll need for the night into a bag. It's too bad Winwood is n't here to do it for you. These modern servants!"

"She'd only be in my way," declared the girl, busy with the packing. "I'd much rather do it myself."

"And you look beautiful, my dear," said Mrs. Travers. "How can you do your hair so prettily without a maid?"

"But I have a maid, aunty," laughed Lydia, merrily, "and one, moreover, who takes much greater pains to make me look nice than any one else possibly could. There! Do you think Winwood could have done that any quicker?" she ended, holding up the bag.

"Winwood! Why, Lydia, she simply breathes idleness. If you only knew how I am tried and—but there, I must n't begin on that, for it would take hours, and you must be starting, for it will take longer than usual to drive there because of the drifts, and then I don't want the horses to be kept waiting a moment longer than need be."

"What did you say was the number?" asked Lydia, hurriedly putting on her wrap.

"19 West Seventy—there, that's what I'm always doing! I say East when I mean West, and West when I mean East. Mrs. Curtis lives at 19 East—no, no, child," she broke in, "don't you carry the bag; of course Morland must bring it down. Ring twice, as I have told you."

"I'm sorry, aunty, but it's so hard to get used to being waited on," apologized the girl, as she obeyed Mrs. Travers's instructions. "And it really takes more time; you know it does."

"But we must keep them busy, or they are simply ruined.—Take Miss Greenough's bag to the carriage," she ordered, once the servant arrived, and then led the way downstairs.

"You did n't finish giving me Mrs. Curtis's address, aunty," Lydia reminded her, as they descended.

"Oh, yes. 19 East Seventy—now, did I say Seventy-second or Seventy-third when I read you her note this morning?"

"I am certain you said Seventy-second, because I remember thinking that four times eighteen is seventy-two, and so I only had to take my own age and multiply it by four."

"Yes, you are right, and I ought to have known it, for Mrs. Washburn lives at 19 West Seventy-third, so of course it must be Seventy-second. Well, kiss me good night, my dear. I hope the first dinner will be everything that you—why, how you are shaking, child!"

"It's only excitement, aunty. Were n't you frightened and nervous and eager and

—oh—everything over your first dinner-party?"

Mrs. Travers smiled. "It's so long ago I've even forgotten, Lydia. But don't mention dinner-parties or any other parties tonight. There are dinners and dances and receptions in New York, but never parties. Every one will know you are from the country if you speak of parties."

"Oh, I'm so glad you told me, and I do hope I'll remember," exclaimed the girl, with an alarm in her voice suggestive of murder or arson rather than a fear of recognition of mere country breeding. "Is there anything else I should n't do?"

"Here's Morland to put you in the carriage, and the horses must n't be kept waiting," answered her aunt. "Don't worry, my dear," she added in a whisper. "A girl can do nothing amiss if she only—" Mrs. Travers artfully paused to kiss her niece twice, and then ended, "only is as pretty as you are."

Preceded by the footman, and well-nigh swept off her feet by the wind, Lydia went down the steps as quickly as possible, and entered the carriage. The servant, after placing the bag beside her, tucked the fur rug carefully about her feet, and then asked:

"Where to, Miss Greenough?"

"Oh, I forgot. Thank you, Morland. To—to 19 West Seventy-second, please."

The door slammed, and with an effort that tested the goodness of the harness, the horses started on their toilsome drag through the drifts. Lydia, trembling half with the cold and half with excitement, tried to lean back, but the carriage rocked and jounced to such an extent as to make the position impossible, and so, sitting well forward and holding the arm-slings tightly, she steadied herself as best she could.

"Let me see," she cogitated, "I must not say 'Yes, sir,' or 'Yes, ma'am,' to any one, and I must n't thank the servants when they pass me things, but just say 'Yes,' or 'Not any,' and I must n't speak of parties, and—oh, dear! I'm sure aunty told me something else I was not to do! Oh, yes; I must always say 'a friend,' or 'a man,' or 'a woman,' or 'a girl,' but never 'a lady friend' or 'a gentleman friend,' for that's the way shop-girls and servants talk."

With such thoughts and worries the girl sped the slow drive, or rather jolt, for such in truth it was. Twice the halting of the carriage made her think the destination was attained, but each time one glance out of the window served to show her that they were in the middle of the street, and the

pause was merely to breathe the horses. At last, however, after a third halt and then a series of backings and advances, they brought up close to the curb, with a final jar that seemed to declare an intention of never again departing from that spot.

With a quickness born of both her own impatience and her aunt's fear for the horses, Lydia threw open the door and alighted. Although the wind had swept the sidewalk in front of the house fairly clean of snow, yet the suspicions of a more experienced diner-out would have been instantly awakened, for there was no man awaiting the carriages, no awning or even carpet, and, most telltale of all, the flight of steps was but a smooth slide of snow. But the country-bred girl gave not one thought to any one of these eloquent facts, and intent only on pleasing Mrs. Travers by not keeping the horses standing, she hurriedly closed the door, and said, "That's all, thank you, Thomas."

"An' what time shall I call for yez, miss?" questioned the coachman, the words coming faintly through his thick fur collar.

"You are not to come for me, Thomas, for I'm to spend the night here with Mrs. Curtis."

As the carriage turned out into the middle of the street, Lydia crossed the sidewalk, and not without a struggle, for her gloves, fan, bag, and skirts took both her hands, slowly waded, more than climbed, the snow-laden steps.

No response came to her first ring, or to her second one, but her third proved an open sesame, for the door was swung back by a man-servant, who appeared somewhat startled or surprised when Lydia stepped into the hall.

His face and manner made this so evident that it could not escape Lydia's observation; but before she could determine what it meant, she saw his eyes, which were wandering over her, fasten with real amazement on the bag in her hand.

"Mrs. Curtis knows that—I my aunt telephoned Mrs. Curtis, asking if I might spend the night," she hurriedly explained.

The servant, who still held open the door, blinked at her. "Whodishyoushay?" he asked, with a manner curiously mixing an attempt at dignity and an intense friendliness.

"My aunt, Mrs. Travers; and Mrs. Curtis answered that I might," responded Lydia, vaguely anxious.

Still with dignity, somewhat lessened by



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"NO RESPONSE CAME TO HER FIRST RING."

an obvious leaning upon the handle, the man slowly closed the door. The difficult feat accomplished, he said, "Shidown," accompanying the recommendation with a sweeping motion of his arm toward the hall settle, which made him stagger. "Shidown, an' I'll ashk Misher Murshon."

"Who is he?" interrogated the girl, frightened into a direct question.

"Misher Murshon? Who 'sh Misher Murshon?" echoed the man, so incredulously as to make Lydia fear she had committed some unpardonable social slip or was declaring her country origin. Then he smiled—in fact, beamed—upon Lydia, as, answering his own question, he continued, "Misher Murshon 's finesh of men."

"I don't understand—there must be some mistake. Is n't this Mrs. Curtis's?"

"I shaid this Misher Murshon's."

"No, you did n't," denied Lydia, desperate with fright. "What number is it?"

"Number?" repeated the man, foggily, much as if the girl had propounded a conundrum.

"Yes. What number is this house?"

"Oh, yesh; number," he replied, once more smiling. "Thish 19 Wesh Sheventy-shedond."

"Oh," moaned Lydia, sinking back on the settle, "and I told Thomas 19 East Seventy-second! And now I'll be late to the dinner, and aunty said there was nothing worse!" As this thought flashed into her mind, she sprang up, and catching at the handle of the door, threw it open, letting in a wild burst of wind, which brought with it a flurry of snowflakes. "Oh, the carriage is gone!" she cried despairingly. "What am I to do?"

"Shidown, shidown," reiterated the servant. "Misher Murshon 'll know whatsh do. Ish all right." Turning, he walked along the hallway, steadying himself, as he went, by a hand on the wall, until he disappeared through a doorway.

Had Lydia been more versed in this world, she would have seized this opportunity to escape into the street, even though her footgear consisted of slippers and worsted overshoes, and her gown and wraps were absolutely unfitted for the storm. As it was, she closed the door, and stood waiting the return of the man, with the courage of ignorance and of necessity.

The first development was not of a character to lessen her anxiety.

"What do you mean, Richards, by getting into this state?" demanded a gruff masculine voice, angrily.

No reply reached the ears straining so eagerly to hear, but one was evidently essayed, for, after a slight pause, the same voice continued:

"Nonsense! You are not in a fit condition to do your duties, and you need n't try to hide it. You 've taken advantage of my helplessness, and my having to trust the keys to you."

Once more the angry voice ceased, and a moment's stillness ensued; then it began again:

"If you are not tipsy, why can't you tell me what it is you are trying to explain?"

The longest time of apparent silence followed, terminated finally by the same speaker, who, in a far louder but no less angry voice, called:

"Will whoever is out there please come in here?"

Lydia faltered and flushed and paled before she could screw her courage to the acting-point; but some proceeding was necessary, and after an instant's hesitation she hurried along the hallway and passed through the door. It was a somber-looking room that she entered, unlighted save by a smoldering wood fire, and by a single oil-lamp, so shaded as to cast its rays only on a book in the hands of some one lying on a lounge.

"Zish ish zhe young laish, Misher Murshon," announced the servant, whose figure the girl could just make out in the gloom as she entered.

The recumbent person made a movement, as, in the now familiar accents, he said, "My fellow here has been drinking, and I can't make out from him what the matter is."

"I 'm—oh—I 'm so sorry to trouble you; it 's all a dreadful mistake, but Thomas brought me to the wrong house, and has gone away, and—and what am I to do?" Lydia's closing wail was dangerously near turning into tears, but the last word was uttered with only a break of the voice.

At the first sound of the girlish tone, the man reached up and turned aside the shade, so as to light up the room; and by the change the interloper found herself in the presence of a man of perhaps thirty-five, seemingly an invalid, for his face was pale and was resting on an ordinary bed-pillow, while a gray shawl was over his body.

"Well," he questioned, with a distinct suggestion of impatience, "can't you walk there?"

"It 's 19 East Seventy-second street, and it 's storming terribly, and the carriage did n't stay, and I 've only slippers on, and

"I'll spoil my dress, and I don't know the way," sobbed Lydia, giving way to tears as she catalogued her accumulation of difficulties.

"Now don't be silly and cry," protested the man, half gruffly and half frightened. "Sit down there, and we'll fix it all right."

"Oh, will you?" cried Lydia, gratefully, even through her tears. "Thank you, oh, thank you so much!"

"I suppose you're not too drunk, Richards, to run an errand," remarked the master, biting. "I do think you might be trusted once without abusing my confidence."

"Misher Murshon, yoush mosh unjush," responded the servant, in an injured tone. "When you shen me for champagne, acshident took plashe. Firsh bosshle broke, and while I shelecks anosher one, I breashe fumesh. Perfeshly shober, bush a lilly dizhey, zhash all."

"Then bring me that pad and a pencil from my desk," ordered the master, and when the two were in his hands, he wrote a brief note, and held it out to the servant, with the direction, "There, take that to Burton's livery-stable at once."

"Yesh, Misher Murshon; zish inshant," meekly answered Richards, as he hurried from the room with all the haste consistent with his efforts to walk steadily.

"Why don't you sit down?" questioned the host, curtly, once more motioning toward a chair.

"Had n't I better go back to the hall?" suggested Lydia. "Then I sha'n't interrupt your reading."

"Nonsense! Sit down!" he reiterated.

Afraid to object further, the girl took a chair, remarking, "Thank you very much; and please don't mind me, but go on with your book."

"I was reading only from sheer ennui," growled the man. "I sprained my ankle last week, and have nearly perished of boredom ever since."

"I'm so sorry," said Lydia, with genuine sympathy in her words. "Does it hurt you much?"

"Only when I try to walk. But for that I'd have gone for a carriage myself," he had the grace to explain, softened a little apparently by her manner, "instead of sending that good-for-nothing beast."

"I'm very glad—that is, I mean—I should have been very sorry to have you put yourself out for me."

"I'm only afraid that fellow will take

longer than need be," was the muttered explanation.

Absolute silence followed, the host evidently having nothing more to say, and the guest being too timid to attempt conversation. But presently the heat of the room led her to open her fan, and this small act served to vivify it anew.

"If you're hot, why don't you take off your cloak?" he suggested. "At the best, the carriage can't get here under ten minutes."

"Thank you, I will, for I'm very warm," acceded Lydia, throwing back her wrap with real relief.

"You were on your way to some social frivolity," he remarked, more assertion than question, as his glance took in the dainty frock and the pretty bared arms and throat.

"Yes; to a dinner-party—there, I said it!" moaned Lydia.

"Said what?" questioned her interlocutor, surprised at her consternation.

"I—why, aunty told me," stammered the girl, blushing, "that if I spoke of dinner-parties, people—every one would know I was from the country."

"And are you from the country?"

"Yes," acknowledged Lydia, straightforwardly, though coloring a little.

"And why are you ashamed of that?"

"I'm not ashamed of it," denied the girl, warmly.

"Then why did you object to people knowing that you were?" persisted her relentless interrogator, smiling.

It was a cruel question, and Lydia faltered an instant, but, collecting herself, she replied quietly, yet with real dignity: "I feel no shame at living in the country, for it is nothing to be ashamed of; but when I am in the city, I wish to behave as it is customary, and so I was mortified at speaking of parties after my aunt had cautioned me not to use the word."

"Bravo! That's the way to feel, no matter what people say," exclaimed the man, approvingly. "Pray tell a social ignoramus why society objects to the word 'parties.'"

"I don't know; but aunty said that people only speak of dinners and dances and receptions, and never of parties, and that they'd think me countrified if I talked of them."

The man threw his head back and laughed heartily. "Is n't that just like the collection of donkeys and geese and parrots who make up 'society'?" he said. "They do nothing but heehaw and quack and gabble about

house-parties and coaching-parties and yachting-parties, but of course the word is low, vulgar, plebeian, and countrified when it is applied to the ordinary uses given in the dictionary. However, I'm grateful to you for enlightening me, for I'm not very experienced, and it would have been an awful mortification to me had I made a slip in such a vital matter as the latest edict concerning social slang."

"But aunty told me no well-mannered person ever used slang," objected his listener, very much mystified by the irony.

"I'm not much of an authority on the subject, but I think good manners and fashionable life have little intimacy. As for the latter's taboo on slang, it extends only to the vernacular of other circles, for its own lingo is as cheap and common as any it forbids."

"Not really!" marveled the girl, incredulously. "Now what, for instance?"

"Not being an expert, I can only reply at random; but take such words as 'bud,' 'belle,' 'wallflower,' 'smart,' 'swell,' and a lot of similar ruck, and you'll see—"

The completion of the speech was cut short by the entrance, without any previous knock, of a very tall and stout woman, who announced her advent with the demand:

"An' will yez be afther havin' yere dinner now, Misther Murchison, or wait till it's spiled intoirely?"

The question asked, she stuck her arms, which were bared to the elbow, akimbo, and stared fixedly at Miss Greenough.

"Richards is n't back, is he?"

"Divil a bit."

"Then dinner must wait."

"All roight, sor; but don't be blamin' me, sure, if it's burnt to a crisp," retorted the cook, impertinently.

"Oh, it's too bad for me to spoil your dinner. Please don't let me prevent your having it," begged Lydia.

"That's roight, miss," agreed the cook, approvingly. "It's sick Oi am thryin' to cook for the loikes av him, that niver will ate his food whin it's ready. Toime an' toime ag'in he's so took up wid his chemicals or books—"

"That's enough, Monica," interrupted the master, sharply. "You may go back to the kitchen."

With a shake of her head and a muttered something of disapproval, the servant obeyed, just as the clock on the mantel began striking.

"You are witnessing some choice exam-

ples of a bachelor's housekeeping, are you not?" observed Mr. Murchison.

"I—I beg your pardon," apologized Lydia, with a start. "I was trying to count the time, and so—what did you ask me?"

"It is just eight," he told her, after a look at his watch.

"Is it really?" sighed the girl, forlornly.

"How long will it take to drive to East Seventy-second?"

"Usually about fifteen minutes, but it will be nearer half an hour if the snow is bad. What time was your dinner?"

"Half-past seven."

"Well, if the carriage comes within ten minutes, you'll only be a little more than fashionably late, so there's no occasion to look so funereal." Just as he finished, a bell sounded, and he added: "There's Richards now, and from the time he's been, he ought to have brought a carriage with him."

Both listened so intently that they could hear the distant footsteps of the cook as she went to the basement door, and the creak and the slam as it was opened and closed, even the indistinct murmur of voices, succeeded after a time by the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs; and Monica appeared in the doorway.

"It's Richards come back, sor," she announced; "an' he wint to two stables, an' they both said they'd not sind no carriage out in this blizzard for no wan."

"And why does n't he come and tell me so himself?"

"Sure, an' I don't think he could git upstairs."

"He's been drinking again?"

"An' he has that same," acceded the servant. "Och, but the smell of the whisky 'most knocked me over whin I opened the door just now."

Something Mr. Murchison said under his breath as, tossing the shawl aside, he gingerly put his feet to the floor and sat up. Then aloud, "Hand me my crutches—there—in the corner," he directed, when the cook stood still.

"An' what do ye want wid thim?" she questioned, standing stolidly. "For ye need n't think I'll be afther bringin' thim to ye, if ye're goin' to do wan stip more than walk to the dinin'-room."

"Nonsense! Do as I tell you," ordered her master.

"Nary crutch do I bring, unless ye promise to moind the docthor."

"You will obey my order at once," he reiterated, quietly but sternly.



HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

"SHE TOOK FROM THE FRONT OF HER GOWN A BUNCH OF VIOLETS."

"Och, for the love of the blissid saints! Misther Murchison, be good now!" whimpered the woman, though she made not the slightest motion of obedience.

The invalid turned to his visitor. "Will you please bring me those crutches over there in the corner?"

"Don't ye do it, miss," counseled the Irish woman, "for he's that set an' obstinate that—"

"Be still, Monica," broke in the man, really irritated. "You don't—"

"An' is it be still ye'd have me?" indignantly retorted the maid. "Very well. Oi'll be still, an' let ye go yere own way, an' foine work't will be." She crossed the room and came back with the crutches. "Theer!" she snapped, as she held them out to him, "thry walkin' the shtrreets in this snow. Thry if ye can so much as git down the front stips in this wind. Listhen to it howl. Och, foine sport ye'll have of it!"

"Oh, she is quite right," urged Lydia, joining her plea to that of the servant. "It is blowing so that it is all one can do to stand up, and the steps are a foot deep with snow."

While she was speaking, the invalid took the crutches, and by their help successfully struggled to his feet, and now stood upright, propped upon them. The joint protests, however, were sufficient to give him pause, and his face showed evident indecision for a brief space before he said, "Then will you go for a carriage, Monica?"

"Av coorse Oi will, if that will satisfy ye," assented the cook, "though Oi don't see what use't will be if they won't send wan, an' the dinner'll be spoilt intoirely by the toime Oi git back, if Oi'm not froze to death goin' or comin'."

"It's dreadful to put you to so much trouble," grieved Lydia, "and now it—it—really is n't necessary. You said it would take over ten minutes to get a carriage here, and half an hour to drive there, and now it's quarter past eight, so at the best I could n't get there till nearly nine o'clock, and the dinner will be over by that time. So please let Monica give you your dinner before she tries to get a carriage."

"That's roight, miss, an' the sinse ye have av it; for it's sure the policeman will be in for a bit av a sup—" Monica caught herself up sharply, coughed, and then went on hurriedly—"that is, it's me cousin promised he'd thry to bring me word this evenin' av how me—me niece was, that's sick wid a terrible cold; an' whin he comes, Oi'll just

make him foind a carriage for ye, an' it's himself can do it."

"There, you see," joyfully cried the country girl, her brow clearing. "That will save all the trouble."

"And what about you?" questioned Mr. Murchison.

"Me? Why—I'll just sit here and read something until the carriage comes," explained Lydia, guilelessly.

"And go without any dinner?"

"Oh, that's nothing," she responded.

"I'll not mind a bit, really."

"But I can't have that," objected the host.

"Don't you see it's impossible?"

"Av coorse it is," chimed in Monica. "It's sit down an' have a good dinner along wid the masther ye will, sinsible loike."

"But I'm not in the least hungry, truly," lied Lydia, earnestly.

"It's impossible for me to have my dinner, and you go without," asserted Mr. Murchison. "Don't you see it is?"

Lydia colored and looked doubtingly, first at the woman and then at the man.

"I'm afraid—it—would it be proper?" she questioned, her face once again wrinkled with anxiety.

"An' av coorse it would be, miss, an' a good dinner ye'll have; an' foine it will be for the masther to have a bit av company, afther his bein' so sick an' solit'ry," affirmed the cook, heartily.

"I—I'm not used to—to city ways," faltered Lydia, "and—oh, dear! I don't know what is right! What do you think I ought to do?" she appealed to Mr. Murchison, throwing herself on his honor.

Her question transferred some of the wrinkles of her forehead to his, and he hesitated, frowningly, before he spoke. "Look here," he replied; "I've got an apology to make, and I want to make it before I answer you. When you first came in here, I thought you were one of those silly New York society girls who pretend to be innocent and helpless, because they think that's the way to catch the men, but who really know the world, good and bad, about as well as those twenty years their seniors. Believing this, I thought you could take care of yourself as well as need be, and so I was curt and rude, and I'm sorry and mortified."

"Please don't talk like that," broke in the girl, "for you've—for I know how much trouble I've given you all, and you've been most kind."

"I say this much as a preliminary because I wanted you to feel in advance that you

were n't being asked to dine by an ogre. If, now, you were one of the girls I mistook you for, I suppose you would n't dine with me under the present conditions. That's because they import their manners, as well as their gowns, from France, and Johnnie Crapeau is such a gentleman that convention ordains that a woman must never be left alone with him an instant. But, as a fact, the American woman knows that she's absolutely safe with the American man, and she does n't pay the least heed to the decree, except this society woman, who would n't either, if it were n't French. Is n't that so?"

"I—I don't quite know what you mean," she replied.

"Where you came from was it wrong for a girl to go off driving or sleighing with a man, and to be alone with him for several hours?"

"No," acknowledged Lydia, a little reluctantly.

"Then I don't see why you should n't dine with me."

"But I knew them well—and always had known them," she objected.

The man smiled as he said pleasantly: "And I have n't even a family Bible to vouch for me. Well, my name is Allan Murchison, which is equivalent to saying that I was born a Scotchman, and the Standard Chemical Company would give me a first-class recommendation, if they thought I needed it, either as a man or as a chemist. Monica here will go bail for my conduct as a domestic animal, which"—Mr. Murchison gave a little laugh—"is more than I can do for either of my domestics. Now, don't you think this information and her presence are guaranties enough?"

"An' sure, miss," interrupted the cook, once again putting in her tongue, "don't ye fear wan minute to do it, for the masther's a gintleman, if ever theer was wan, or it's not meself would desave ye if he was n't."

Poor Lydia glanced about the room, as if seeking further counsel from something before saying, "I'm afraid I'm very foolish, but I really don't think I ought. It—it somehow does n't seem right—and something tells me that aunty would think it very wrong."

"Then of course you are not to do it," Mr. Murchison told her, and taking the crutches from under his arms, he resumed his seat on the lounge.

"Oh, but won't you please have your dinner, just as if I was n't here?" besought the

girl. "I'll just sit here and read something."

To prove the good faith of her offer, she caught up a magazine from the little table.

Mr. Murchison laughed with real merriment. "Hold on," he said; "I'll have a forfeit with you. If you'll promise honestly to read that,—that is, understand it,—why, I'll eat my dinner alone; but if you don't read it, as you said you would, why, then you must dine with me. Is it a bargain?"

"Why, yes. I'll agree to that," consented Lydia, welcoming any loophole of escape, though a little puzzled to know what he meant.

"Now light the reading-lamp and see what you've promised to read," requested the man, laughing once more.

Obediently the girl turned on the electric light on the table beside her, and, raising the magazine, glanced at the title. "Chemisch-Technisches Repertorium," she read out questioningly, with an admirable German accent.

"Oh," ejaculated the man, his laughter visibly waning, "you know German, do you? Well, which of the articles are you going to read?" he questioned quizzically.

Miss Greenough ran her eyes down the table of contents, and then she smiled, as she answered, with a touch of archness, "I think this 'Darstellung von substantiven Baumwollfarbstoffen aus Derivaten der Dinitrooxydiphenylamine,' by a man named Allan Murchison, sounds interesting."

"And are you going to try to make me believe you can understand that rubbish," demanded Mr. Murchison, the smile all gone, "and so escape paying the forfeit?"

Lydia gave a triumphant little laugh. "My father is a doctor, Mr. Murchison, and he's taught me all the chemistry he knows, and I'm very much interested in it. Indeed, I could n't have found anything that interests me more. So you see you must pay the forfeit, and eat your dinner, while I sit here and read."

"Oh!" was all the response the chemist vouchsafed, thoroughly taken aback and crestfallen. Then, man of his word, he turned to Monica. "You may give me dinner as soon as it is ready."

"Ready," grunted the cook as she started to leave the room. "Ready some of it's been this twinty minutes, an' it's not meself is to blame if—" There her grumbles died away out of the hearing of the two.

To emphasize the agreement, Lydia slightly shifted her chair to bring the light

properly, and, opening the review, began reading.

To this absorption Mr. Murchison made no objection, but, settling back on the lounge, he calmly examined his unexpected visitor, who, thanks to the newly lighted lamp, was now for the first time clearly visible to him. In her dainty frock, the gift of her aunt, and far exceeding in fineness anything she had hitherto even dreamed of, the girl made a charming picture; but Mr. Murchison scarcely noticed it, giving his whole attention to her face. It was one most people gave attention to, with its clear eyes, studious rather than alert, and its rather low and thoughtful forehead, all suggesting in some way that they were more interested in what was being thought than in what was being seen, and each in curious contradiction to, or at least strange mates of, a very youthful-looking mouth and chin, and a wildness of little curls, boldly standing forth or timidly hiding themselves, flyaway or nestling, single and in couples, decking the temples, or kissing the little ears and the slender neck, and all seemingly uttering a mute but most eloquent protest at the tyranny of combs and hair-pins. The spectacle was a novel one to the solitary bachelor, and was made all the more unusual and interesting because those eyes were reading an article of his, and he noted each change of expression, however slight, and tried to divine from it how far she had progressed, and how much she was interested.

It is not to be supposed that Miss Greenough could long remain unaware of this fixed scrutiny, and as consciousness grew, she found it more and more difficult to keep her attention fastened upon what she was reading, and to keep from stealing a glance toward the sofa to assure herself that she was being watched. This latter desire presently became so strong that only by a distinct exertion of the will was she able to resist it, and try her best, her thoughts would not keep themselves centered in those strange German letters and terrible technical words. She held her eyes determinedly on the text, however, and turned the pages at what she thought was the proper interval of time.

"Now, honestly, do you understand it?" questioned her host, suddenly.

Although the interruption was a relief in that it allowed the girl to raise her eyes, the inquiry was disconcerting, and the temptation to fib was strong; but after a moment's embarrassment, Lydia answered frankly:

"I have n't been able to comprehend it."

"Then under our compact you will have to dine with me, won't you?" broke in Mr. Murchison.

"I was going to explain," went on the girl, "that my mind won't concentrate on it at present; but I believe, if the conditions were different, I could read it, abstruse as it is. And when I am home again, I shall write and get a copy, that I may really read it."

"You need n't take that trouble, for you are welcome to that copy, if you are in earnest."

"But I really must n't rob you."

The author laughed. "You need n't fear that. One is n't paid anything for that kind of stuff, but they give one all the copies one wants. Anything to get rid of them, is the way they look at it, judging from the difficulty I have in getting people to accept copies."

"If you are in earnest, of course I'll take it gladly, and be very much obliged indeed; and I know papa will be glad to see it, too, for he—"

The thanks of the girl were cut short here by the intermittent cook, who once more entered.

"An' whatever shall we do, sor?" she demanded crossly. "Here 's that baste Richards lyin' on the intry flure, an' not wan move can Oi git 'm to make, an' now Oi foind he has n't aven set the ta-able."

The man on the sofa laughed, half amusedly and half disgustedly. "It 's lucky for me that you did n't accept my invitation. The Fates are determined, you see, that we are neither of us to have any dinner."

"An' sure it 's not as bad as that," comforted the servant, "for it 's mesilf will set the ta-able in the dinin'-room for ye, or this little wan in here, just as ye desoide, Mither Murchison."

"Very well; give it to me here."

"An' perhaps ye 'll be clearin' off that ta-able, miss, while Oi 'm after gittin' the plates," calmly suggested the maid.

"I won't have such impertinence, Monica," began the master, angrily, "and—"

"But I will, gladly," acquiesced Lydia, rising.

"Nonsense! I'll not have you do anything of the kind," indignantly asserted the man.

"And how will you prevent me?" laughed Lydia, saucily, busy in clearing away the books and other things on the table.

"I won't have you wait on me, or do my servant's bidding," he protested.

"Why, I often set the table at home," explained the girl, "and I really enjoy it, for I make it look so much nicer than Hannah ever does that even papa notices the difference. And I always do it when we are to have company. Shall I put the table by the sofa or by the easy-chair?"

"By the chair, please," requested Mr. Murchison, resignedly, though amused. "But pray don't let my wishes interfere with any preference you may have. I'm well used to the position of submissive mastership."

"In that case I'm going to move them both over here, nearer the fire—or what might be one, if it were properly mended," announced the girl, really interested and on her mettle. She put the furniture as indicated, and then with the tongs changed the positions of the smoldering, smoking logs, placed two new ones artfully in exactly the right spots, and brushed up the hearth into tidiness, just as the fire burst out into flames that lighted up and cheered the hitherto rather gloomy-looking room.

"That's delightful!" exclaimed Mr. Murchison, admiringly. "I wish you'd show my servants how to make a fire; for all they ever give is just an aggravation of one."

"It's only a bed of embers, a good big back log, and plenty of air—oh, I forgot I was instructing a chemist—plenty of O₂. I always like to think of fire as the ancients did, before you dreadful scientists took all the poetry out of it, as a god, or element, separate from but imprisoned in everything. Many and many a night I can't go to sleep until my fire is all burned out, but just lie and watch the flame or spirit escape from its prison. And if I were a poet, my first endeavor would be to try to write some great epic on it, and so put the poetry back."

"And why so unjustly leave out the scientist?" responded Mr. Murchison. "Surely he or his works could be included. Let me see if I can't suggest a stanza or two. Yes:

The Baltimore heater
Makes many lives sweeter."

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Lydia.

"Ah, ha! So you must beg of the poor scientists, after all? But after your base attack on them I'll show no mercy. Listen to this:

How dreary, cold, and strange
Is the home without a—"

Crash! jingle! jingle! jingle! came a succession of sounds, cutting short the rhyme-ster.

"Don't be alarmed," hastily said Mr. Murchison, reassuringly, as Lydia jumped. "That is merely the usual announcement that a bachelor's dinner is approaching, though I do think Monica might have let me complete my jingle before so utterly eclipsing it with hers."

"It is too bad!" cried Lydia, regretfully.

"Which?—for I'm afraid my doggerel is the worse of the two. Well, Monica, is there enough left for one meal?" he asked, as the cook appeared, her arms laden with napery, china, and silver.

"Arrah, Misther Murchison, an' it was just two plates an' some silver which fell off the dresser av thimselves whoile Oi was r'achin' for the glasses, an' it froighted me so, bad cess to it! that Oi dhropped two goblets, an' small blame to me that Oi did n't dhrop more." She set her burden on the table with an air of conscious self-approval, and as she retired said: "Theer, miss, whoile ye spread the cloth, Oi 'll be bringin' in the rest."

"You are now paying the penalty of having sided with Monica against me a moment ago, for she clearly considers you as an ally, if not a minion. But it's your own fault if you pay the least attention to her bidding."

"It really amuses me," answered the girl, gaily, as she softly unfolded and settled the cloth into place, and arranged silver and china quickly and quietly in their positions.

"You'd better set two places while you are about it," advised the man, "for I see Monica has brought the china and silver for it, so she evidently intends that you shall dine with me."

"An' av coorse she will, an' not be foolish," asserted the cook, reëntering with goblets and wine-glasses. "Sure, don't be stiff and silly, miss, but do as the masher bids ye."

With slightly heightened color, and with hands not quite so quick and dexterous as before, Lydia set another place opposite the one completed, while the maid deposited the glass upon the table.

"Oi think that's all to begin wid," she said, taking stock of the table.

"Can't you—have n't you something to ornament it with—a centerpiece—flowers—silver?" asked Lydia. "It looks so bare."

"I'm afraid you are asking too much of a bachelor's house. How is it, Monica?"

"Nary a cinterpace have we; but theer's a silver moog might do."

"Never mind; this will answer," said Lydia, taking a small vase from the mantel and putting it on the table. This done, she

took from the front of her gown a bunch of violets. "There, could Richards have done that better?" she asked, giving her hands a little clap of triumph.

By the aid of the crutches the invalid had once again got upon his feet, and then across the space to the table. "That is charming," he declared, "and I only wish Richards had half your skill. If ever a Good Samaritan deserved a dinner, I think you do."

"An' shall I dish up, sor?" inquired the cook.

"You will take your orders from Miss—excuse me, but I really think I ought to know your name."

"Lydia Greenough."

"Thank you. This is Miss Greenough's dinner, Monica, and you will take your orders from her."

"Then you may serve dinner," directed Lydia; and as the cook departed and the two took their seats at the little table, she went on naively: "Do you know, I've always had such a longing to be the mistress of a house, if only for a week, and so you can't imagine what fun this is to me."

"I should think a week would be enough to cure you of the desire, and I suspect one meal at this house will."

"On the contrary," replied Lydia, smiling, "what I have seen has had the directly opposite effect."

"I don't see why."

"Because there is such a lot to do," laughed Lydia. "I'm afraid that is very rude under the circumstances," she added, with a shade of contrition, "but there are five of us girls, besides mama, and it's a tiny house, so there is never enough work to go round; and if there's anything particularly nice, such as buying something new, or rearranging a room, or making jelly, why, it is n't fair for me to have it, because I'm the youngest. You know, sometimes I'm fairly desperate, I seem to be of so little use."

"Except when you set the table," suggested Mr. Murchison, smiling.

"Yes; and papa lets me keep his dispensary in order."

"Oh, so that's how you came to study chemistry, is it?"

"Yes; and then I hope to use it later on."

"And how will you do that?" asked her vis-à-vis, smiling indulgently.

"I want to get a position as teacher in a school, and I thought that the more things I knew, the better my chance would be."

The dialogue was broken here by the arrival of Monica, bearing in each hand a plate of soup, which she duly placed before the two, and both, really hungry, began upon it, only to discover, with the first sip, that its temperature was as far from suggesting the fire as it was the refrigerator.

"Really, Monica," protested the host, "I think you might give us our soup warm enough to be eatable."

"An' wid nary a hot plate, an' me carryin' it from the kitchen clear up here," retorted the maid, indignantly. "Sick Oi am thryin' to plase yez, an' Oi gives notice now that Oi—"

"It's very nicely flavored, and not a bit greasy," put in Lydia, soothingly; "and I don't wonder it is n't quite hot enough, considering all the circumstances."

"Thank ye kindly, miss," replied the cook, softening a little at the praise, "an' it's yeself knows how it is wid a poor, lone woman workin' herself to skin an' bones,"—Monica weighed two hundred if she weighed a pound,—"thryin' to suit a lot of ungrateful, complainin' men, as nothin' will satisfy but—"

"You might get us some bread, now, and also the champagne, Monica," interjected Mr. Murchison, mildly.

"Nary step more—" began the servant.

"Oh, yes, Monica," broke in Lydia, persuasively; "can't you get us some bread?"

"An' if Oi do, 't will be for ye, an' not thim as spends their toime complainin'," muttered the servant, still belligerent; but she departed on the suggested errand.

"It is lucky for me that I told Monica this was your dinner, for I fear that otherwise we should go hungry. I wish you'd tell me how you do it."

"Oh, servants are easy enough," replied Lydia, speaking as if she were used to a houseful of them. "You only want to remember that they are children," she explained, "and that they'll do anything for you if they are fond of you, and nothing if they are n't. It's a quality I admire in them; it's so honest."

"Evidently you are a born housekeeper."

"Yes, I believe I am," acknowledged the girl, simply; "for I love everything about a house, and my dream has always been to have one of my own to take care of and fuss over, and where everything would be just as I wanted it. I can't imagine anything more interesting."

Mr. Murchison smiled at Lydia's enthusiasm. "It's a pity we can't exchange places,

for I have the house and never give it the least attention. Now, honestly, do you think my lot enviable?"

Lydia shook her head as she glanced about the room. "You could n't have arranged things worse," she said, "and I don't see how you can stand it. Do you know," she went on, dropping her voice to a confidential pitch, "that ever since I lighted the lamp I've been trying not to look at the mantel; yet I can't keep my eyes away from it."

"Mantel? What's the matter with the mantel?"

"Why, the magenta lambrequin and that beautiful Pompeian red bowl."

"It is a beauty, is n't it?" responded the owner. "I bought it in Naples of—"

"But, oh, would you mind if I moved it somewhere else?" begged Lydia.

"Do anything you want with it, if the sight of it troubles you."

"I only want to get it away from that particular color," explained Lydia, rising and shifting the object of conversation to the top of a book-shelf. "There, that's such a relief, is n't it?"

"I suppose it is, since you say so," acknowledged the man. "You see—well, this is only a rented house, and most of the furniture is n't mine, and I spend virtually all my time at the factory or in my laboratory up-stairs, so it did n't seem worth while to do much."

"But magenta and red!" sighed Lydia, with a slight shiver.

"Probably it's wrong, and if I paid more attention to the house, no doubt it would go better, for I confess everything just messes along, and I'm a fool to tolerate it. But I'm a busy man, and I hate all the little details like poison, and so I even put up with bad servants rather than go through the trouble of—" There the householder checked himself as Monica entered, bearing a plate of bread and a champagne-cooler.

"I was looking forward to a lonely and very dull Christmas eve," said Mr. Murchison, as he took the bottle from its icy repository and began twisting the cork, "and so I thought I'd try and make it a little festive by this—with rather disastrous results, as you have seen. It was an unlucky chance for you, but I hope a glass of it will lessen your disappointment over the 'dinner-party' a little." As he talked, the cork came out with a clear *pop*, and he poured a few drops into his own glass.

"Do you know, I've never tasted cham-

pagne, and I've been very curious to know what it's like. It was one of the things I was looking forward to at the dinner."

Mr. Murchison had begun to fill Lydia's glass, but he halted. "You've never drunk champagne before?" he inquired.

"No. I suppose it's very countrified, but I never have."

"Then I'm going to advise you not to make a beginning this evening," he counseled.

"Of course I won't, if you think best," acceded the girl.

"It sounds rather inhospitable, the more so that I can't give any reason why I advise it; but—probably you'll understand me when I put it in the feminine form and say that it's a feeling and not a reason," explained the host, as he put the bottle back in the cooler without even filling up his own glass.

"But that need n't prevent your having some," said Lydia.

"Thank you, but the 'feeling' includes me as well; so you see that it is at least impartial. The fact is, if I had stopped to think, I'd never have told Monica to bring it."

"But it makes me feel bad to think that you are depriving yourself," said Lydia; "and it does n't keep, does it?"

"Not over-well," answered Mr. Murchison, biting his lip.

"Then please don't waste it on my account," she urged.

"It can't be said to have been wasted, because it has indirectly saved me from a very solitary dinner, and has given me my cheer in a pleasanter form. That's rather a selfish way of speaking, I suppose, but I'm not going to pretend that your loss has n't been my gain."

"It's very kind of you to say such nice things," responded the girl, brightening, "and I only hope you really mean them, and are not merely trying to make me feel comfortable."

"I should imagine that my earlier treatment would have convinced you that, whatever else, I am not in the habit of letting my feelings and my words differ. Well, Monica," he went on, as the maid reappeared, "what further delicacy have you for us?"

"This is a chicken-poy, sor, an' this peraties," she catalogued, as she banged them one by one on the table. Then she caught up the soup-plates, and with an "Oi'll be bringin' ye war-rn plates an' some cor-rn in wan minute," she retired.

It must be confessed that the pie-crust was dried to a state of hardness that made its cutting difficult and its eating still more

so, but the diners were too hungry to be critical, and Lydia brought smiles into the servant's face by warmly praising each dish.

"T is yesilf knows what 's what," said Monica, reciprocating the praise.

"I don't know what you 've done to my cook," remarked Mr. Murchison in one of her absences; "I 've never seen her so good-tempered and willing."

"One can do so much more in this world by praise than by criticism, and it 's so much better for one's own nature, as well as comfort," remarked the sage of eighteen.

"I wish you 'd tell me why, since you are so fond of housekeeping and are so well fitted for it, you prefer to be a teacher," inquired her host.

"I don't prefer," replied the girl, frankly, "but I think it right. Our village is so small that there is very little practice, and there are such a lot of us that I made up my mind I ought to try to support myself."

"And have you ever taught?"

"No. The school committee would have given me the sixth district school this autumn, but papa thought I was too young, and made me wait till next spring. Of course I hope to get a better place some day, where I can teach interesting things; but it 's awfully nice to begin that way, because it 's only four miles from Millersville, and so I can live at home."

"I wonder if you 'll mind telling me what your pay will be?"

"Twenty dollars a month. Is n't it splendid?"

"And for that you walk eight miles every day, as well as teach?"

"Of course; for eight miles is nothing, and in good weather I 'll go on the bicycle—that is, whenever one of my sisters does n't want to use it. And if it rains or snows very badly, I 've agreed on a price with Mrs. Springer, who lives very near the school, so that I may stay with her whenever—why do you look like that?" she broke in.

"Like what?"

"Why—I don't know exactly—but you were—well, if it had been in a car, I should term it stiring."

"Yes, I suppose I was," acknowledged Mr. Murchison, "and I beg your pardon. The truth is, I was making a discovery. Indeed, I might say I was making two."

"And what were they?"

"The first one was that I 'm a fool; which resulted from my second one, that for years I have been thinking that a certain variety of the *genus homo* was extinct, merely be-

cause it was not to be met with in the city, while all the time it was flourishing in its natural habitat."

"I 'm afraid I don't understand you."

Whether Mr. Murchison would have explained was not to be known, for a second time the down-stairs bell jangled, and both became listeners, eager to know what it might foretoken. Their ears were first greeted, once the bell had been answered, by the murmur of voices, and then, as before, by the sound of footsteps on the stairs, but this time far more ponderous ones.

"That sounds like Monica's alleged cousin," remarked the host, and his surmise was quickly verified, for, preceded by the cook, there presently appeared a burly policeman, hat in hand, both that and his shoulders well covered with snow.

"Good avenin' to ye," he said, with a pleasant smile at the two diners, "an' Mrs. Mooney was tellin' me that ye were after wantin' a kerridge."

"Yes; and if you can get us one, I 'll be very much obliged."

"Oi don't know as Oi can, for 't is a bad noight, but Oi 'll do me best; an' aven if they won't sind out no cab, 't is loikely they won't moind sindin' a sleigh."

"It was foolish of me not to think of that," exclaimed Mr. Murchison, "though," he went on, checking himself, "I 'm afraid you are hardly garbed for that."

"Yes, I am," asserted Lydia. "My cloak is as warm as warm can be, and I never take cold. Anything they 'll send will do, really."

"An' wheer do ye want it to go to?" questioned the roundsman.

"To 4 West Fifty-sixth," spoke up Lydia.

"Sure, 't is not loikely they 'll moind such a little trip," said the officer.

"Tell them I 'll pay extra for it," directed Mr. Murchison; "and there 'll be something for you, if you can help us."

"Thank ye, sir; but that 's not needed," replied the man, turning to go.

"We 'll settle that later on. Come back, anyway, for something to eat and a glass of champagne," continued Mr. Murchison, pleasantly. "And, by the by, how is Monica's niece?" he inquired, smiling.

"Phwat niece?" asked the putative relative.

"Sure, whose niece should it be," broke in Monica, "but Mary, as ye promised to bring me word av this very avenin'? Is her cold better?"

"Ah, go 'long wid yere jokin'," retorted the man. "Oi don't know what ye 're pokin'

at me, but Oi don't bite on no rubber sandwich, not me."

"Go 'long wid yeself," snapped the cook, crossly. "Go git the carriage, an' don't shtand wastin' toime here."

Suiting her action to her advice, she caught him by the arm and half shoved, half led him through the doorway.

"Oh, do you think he can get it?" asked Lydia.

"For a certainty; so put yourself quite at your ease."

"That 's such a relief," sighed the girl.

"It is to me as well, for I was worrying over what we should do, having little hope that Monica would succeed any better than Richards."

As if the uttering of the name had exercised some spell, the butler entered, or rather sneaked into, the room, a spectacle indeed, for from his head, which was a mop of wet, bedraggled hair, were dripping little streams of water, which ran down an already well-soaked coat and shirt-front.

"I beg pardon, sir, about dinner," he said, still with a thick utterance and blinking confusedly, "but I wash taken bad and—"

"What have you been doing to get so wet?" demanded the master.

"Yes, sir—I—it—I wash taken faint, sir, an'—an' when I recovershed, the offish—the offish—" the man abandoned the difficult word—"the poleesh—the poleesh—" again he gave up the attempt—"a friend wash holdin' my head under the fashet, an' then I remembered about dinner."

"Well, we don't want you," said Mr. Murchison, sternly, "and you will go to your room at once, and not show yourself again to-night. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," meekly answered the servant, only too glad to hasten from the room.

Barely had he disappeared when a bell clanged, this time not the familiar jingle of the basement door, but the sharp, clear note of a gong, and the next instant the sound of the opening of the front door was heard. This was succeeded by a murmur of voices, and then by a rustle of a woman's skirts, and suddenly Mrs. Travers came to a halt in the doorway.

"Lydia!" was all she said, but the tone and the horrified look in her face told the rest.

"Oh, aunty," cried the girl, springing to her feet, "I'm so glad! How good of you to come! But how did you know?"

"Put on your cloak at once and come with me," directed her aunt, sharply.

"Oh, aunty, won't you please let me tell you how it all happened, and introduce—"

"Not a word, Lydia; but do as I tell you," ordered Mrs. Travers.

With some difficulty, for the crutches were out of reach, Mr. Murchison rose to his feet, and said:

"I trust you will let me explain how little Miss Greenough is in fault in what I can see you both misjudge and blame."

"My niece, sir, can tell me all I wish to know," she replied as icily as could be, "and I do not choose to stay here an instant longer than we must. Come, Lydia," she said to the girl, who had hastily thrown on her wrap, as she moved away from the door.

"Yes, aunty," came a frightened acquiescence. Then she held out to her host a hand that trembled. "Thank you, thank you, oh, so much, for being so kind to me, and please don't think—"

"Lydia," called her aunt impatiently from the hall, and leaving her sentence unfinished, the girl added an "Oh, forgive my not saying all I want to!" even as she ran after her aunt.

Finally getting to his crutches, Mr. Murchison hobbled to the door, just in time to see the butler close the front one. "Did you answer the bell just now, Richards?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, sir; I wash jush goin' up-shtairs when I hearsh it."

"And what did the lady say?"

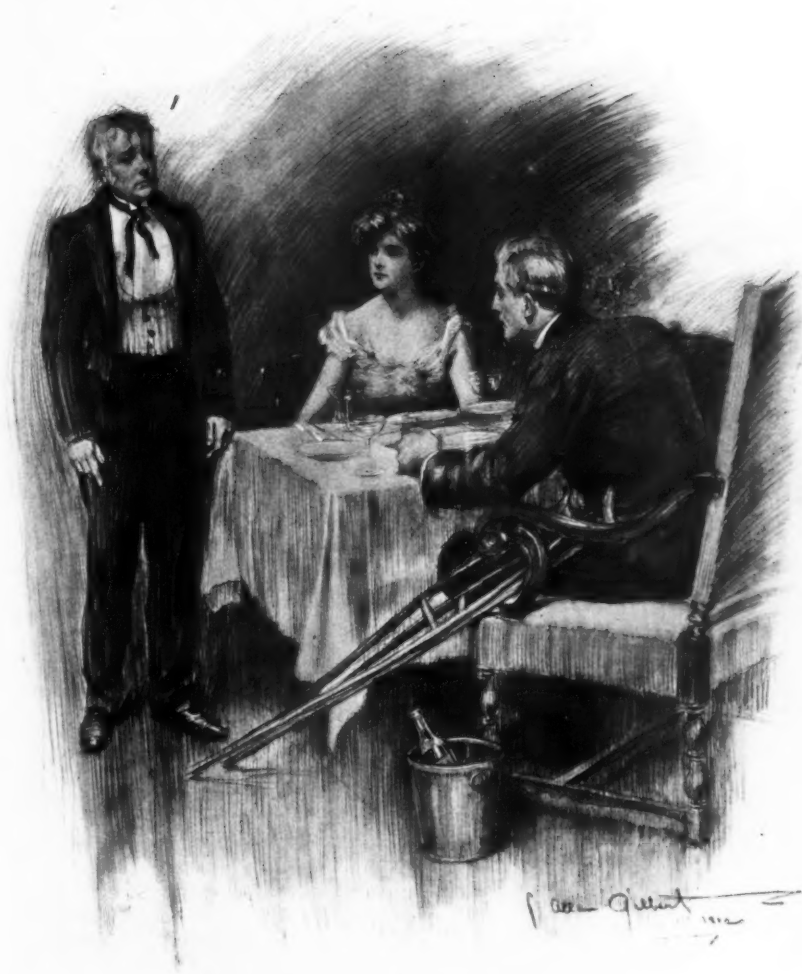
"She ashks for young lady, sir, an' I tells her she dinin' wish you in back room, an' then she hurrish down hall wishout ashking permission."

"Very well. Go to bed."

The order given, Mr. Murchison limped back to the center of the room, and stood there leaning on his crutches. The fire had died down, the unfinished meal was on the table, the chairs were askew, on the lounge was the shawl in an untidy heap; everything seemed disordered and uncomfortable. Yet only a moment before it had all seemed pleasant and cheery. He slowly looked about, and the wall-paper, the carpet, the furniture, even the colors, grated upon him, though never before had he so much as noticed any of them.

"Allan Murchison," he said aloud, "you are a fool."

Having eased his mind, he did a like service to his body, by a shrug of the shoulders; then he stumped to the table, took up the little vase of violets, and raised them to his



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

“‘I WASH TAKEN FAINT, SIR.’”

face, but whether to nose or lips was not clear.

"And having discovered it, it's your own fault if you remain one," he ended.

AND Lydia?

She had followed after her aunt, pausing only to snatch up her bag, and with it she staggered down the steps, regardless of dress or safety.

"Get in before me!" she was ordered, and then the one word, "Home," was called to the coachman as her aunt entered the carriage and banged the door.

"Oh, aunty, please, please don't speak to me so!" begged the girl. "Do let me explain how—"

"Explain!" cried Mrs. Travers. "Explain your drinking champagne with a strange man in a strange house!"

"I did n't touch a drop," protested the girl, "and neither—"

"Lydia, Lydia! It's all too terrible! And to think what would have happened if Mrs. Curtis had not telephoned me asking where you were! That such a horrible thing should—"

"Oh, there was nothing wrong! It was a dreadful mistake, my getting to the wrong house, but—"

"And that you should stay there a minute in such a place—why, that dreadful-looking, drunken brute at the door should have prevented you from even entering it. And then you actually sitting down to dinner with a man—"

"But I did n't, aunty, until I had found he was a gentleman."

"Gentleman! That creature in a smoking-jacket, who takes such advantage of a young, ignorant, and silly girl! Gentleman, indeed!"

"He is, really he is, aunty, as you'd know if you'd only let me tell you all about it. And you must have seen what a fine face he had."

"With his hair all rumpled and in disorder."

"That was because he had been lying down and—"

"Hush, child! Not another word, for you only make it worse. Nobody knows, for Thomas of course thinks he brought you to the right house, and I'll manage some explanation to Mrs. Curtis; but, oh, what can I say to your father and mother?"

"I will tell them all about it, aunty, and they will not blame either of us," said Lydia, with quiet dignity.

"Child, child, how can you be so blind! Don't you see what a dreadful thing it has been? No, no! I don't want to hear anything about it. The harm's done, and it can't be bettered by anything that can be said."

And so her aunt talked until Lydia, ceasing her attempts to justify herself, broke down, and, her beautiful dress forgotten, sobbed and sobbed, until the house was reached. There, at the command of her monitor, she hastily dried her eyes, and with the hood of her cloak held about her face to hide the tear-stains from the footman, she fled past him, and up-stairs to her room. Longing only for a chance really to vent her grief, she closed and locked the door, and then threw herself upon the bed and wept and wept.

THE breakfast-hour at the Traverses' Christmas morning was at nine o'clock, and Lydia brought to it a very pale face and very red eyes, and she showed such listlessness and want of appetite that Mr. Travers, who at first was wholly absorbed in narrating how the snow had impeded his getting up-town to such an extent that he was held in an elevated train over four hours and did not reach home till after eleven, finally forgot his own troubles long enough to comment upon her.

"Your first dinner seems to have done you up pretty badly, little girl," he said. "Ah, country folk can't stand up to the racket that the city ones do. However, cheer up, for I've a nice present for you in the library. And here's another, I'll be bound," he added, as Morland appeared and handed her a package.

"He's to wait for an answer," the servant announced.

Slowly Lydia unknotted the string and opened it. Within were two letters, and—she flushed suddenly as, lifting them, she found underneath the familiar "Chemisch-Technisches Repertorium."

"Hello!" exclaimed her uncle. "What's all this blushing about? Let's see your printed valentine, Lydia."

Without a word the girl handed him the magazine, and then looked at her two letters. One was without any inscription on the envelop; the second was addressed to her. Breaking it open, she read as follows:

Christmas morning.

DEAR MISS GREENOUGH: I fear that unintentionally I have been the cause of your being blamed, and as I deserve any that is deserved, I



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"SUDDENLY MRS. TRAVERS CAME TO A HALT IN THE DOORWAY."

have written in the inclosed envelop a full explanation of the circumstances, which should save you, at least, from all criticism. Will you kindly hand it to your aunt, with an apology for the fact that, not knowing her name, I cannot properly direct it?

I also send you the magazine, in the hope that your leaving it behind was due to the suddenness of your departure, and not to a desire of escaping from it.

My doctor has been to see me this morning, and I told him that I would consent to be a "lounger" no longer. My insistence has led him to put the ankle in a plaster jacket, and I can now get about with one crutch better than I could yesterday with two, and so I write this to ask permission to call upon you this afternoon, partly that I may justify our conduct to your aunt, and partly in the hope that I may renew an acquaintance I should like to continue and strengthen.

Sincerely yours,

ALLAN MURCHISON.

"Well, I can't say much for your Christmas present, Lydia," laughed Mr. Travers. "Who sent it to you?"

"It is from Mr. Murchison," replied the girl, quietly. Then she turned to her aunt. "Here is a letter from him which he asks me to give to you, and this is his letter to me. Will you please tell me what answer I ought to make?"

"Not the Murchison who writes this article?" queried her uncle.

"Yes."

"Pray how did you come to know Allan Murchison?"

"I met him last night," said Lydia, slightly shivering.

"And he sends you a letter and a magazine before ten this morning! Good. You evidently made a conquest at your first dinner, little girl, and a good one at that. I'm sure you liked him."

"Do you know anything about him, Charles?" demanded Mrs. Travers, looking up with surprise.

"Well, rather! He's the consulting

chemist of the Standard Chemical Company, and sometimes he's called into our board meetings."

"Indeed!" said the wife, showing more interest. "And—and what kind of position is that?"

"Oh, a very responsible and important one."

"No. I mean, is it well paid?"

Mr. Travers laughed.

"We pay him thirty thousand a year, which our president says is n't enough, and I've heard that he earns as much more out of the royalties for some discoveries he's made. I know he's one of our large stockholders, and that does n't tend to poverty."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Travers, with a most eloquent intonation. She looked at the pale girl, and seemed to hunt for something adequate to say; not finding it, she settled back in her chair, and very deliberately read, first the letter to Lydia, and then the one to herself. Evidently they gave her the means of retreat, for, once they were finished, she again looked at the girl with a smile that had a world of sunshine in it, and said:

"My dear, I find I was misled by appearances last night, and that I spoke far too harshly. Mr. Murchison writes in a way that proves him to be a gentleman."

"And what answer shall I make him, aunty?" cried the girl, joyfully.

Mrs. Travers hesitated.

"Write him your thanks, child; nothing more."

"But he asks if he may call," Lydia reminded her aunt, shyly but anxiously.

"Yes, my dear; but you need n't say anything about that—because I shall send him a letter by the same messenger, asking him to eat his Christmas dinner with us, so that we may thank him for all he did for you."

AND to this day Allan Murchison often speaks of his wife as "My Christmas Present."





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EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE. VII: JULIA MARLOWE,
BY IRVING R. WILES.

TING-A-LING.¹

BY DAVID GRAY.

WITH PICTURES BY DAVID URQUHART WILCOX.

THEY were sitting on the balcony which distinguished the bridal suite, in the sun of the June morning. Below was the main street, animated mildly with the shopping of a dormant New England community. A few ancient carriages, reliquaries of the first families, mingled with the buggies and the delivery-wagons, and at dignified intervals a horse-car jingled past and disappeared in the vista of elms.

"It's ten minutes past eleven," he observed, looking at his watch. "We have five hours to wait for the four-ten train, but I believe we *dine* at twelve."

"Are you hungry?" she asked. "I dare say we could get something even before dinner—perhaps a pie."

They both laughed. "This is an awful place," he said, "is n't it? No more historic New England for me."

They leaned lazily upon the balcony rail, and sat with their heads together, looking down into the street. A grocer's clerk was putting things into a wagon, and they wondered who was going to have asparagus, and how big a family it might be which needed six quarts of strawberries. Presently, with the noises of the street, came the jingling of the periodic horse-car, and they turned and watched it approach.

"That is not a bad-looking horse," he said judicially.

"Look!" she exclaimed. There was a note of pity and indignation in her voice. The car, as it drew near, appeared to bulge with passengers.

"It's rather a joke," he said. "Those are women delegates to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals convention."

"It's shameful," she said.

The car stopped on the corner in front of the hotel for another passenger to worm himself into the jam on the rear platform. The horse, a big, showy chestnut, stood panting, his nostrils red and dilated. His neck

was white with lather. Wet streaks extended up his ears. His body dripped, and the sweat was running down his legs.

As the two strokes of the conductor's bell gave the signal to start, he plunged forward almost before the driver had loosened the brakes. There was a clatter of hoofs on the cobblestones, and a mighty straining. The heavy car began to move, and the chestnut horse went trotting down the street, tail up and neck arched like a cavalry horse on parade.

"He's game," he said.

She put her hand on his arm. "I can't bear to see it," she whispered.

He looked down at her. Her eyes were brimming.

"Don't be a little goose," he said gently; but there was a queer feeling in his throat. He rose to his feet. "I'll be back in a few minutes," he added. "I want to go down to the office." He bent down and kissed her, and left the balcony.

She waited half an hour, and then went down to the corridor. He was not at the office. She decided to go out. As she was on the hotel steps, she met him coming in, and at the same moment a coach-horn sounded, and they saw a coach and four come around the corner.

He looked back. "O Lord!" he exclaimed, "we're caught. There's your brother, and the Appleton girls, and Frank Crewe, and Winthrop, and most of your bridesmaids. I suppose they're on their way to Lenox."

"What shall we do?" she asked.

A great uproar arose from the people on the coach.

"Hello!" said Curtis.

"Hello!" yelled the people on the coach. Mr. Crewe got possession of the horn and produced fragments of the "Lohengrin Wedding March." The people in the street and the hangers-on about the hotel began to gather around.

¹ The name of Mr. Gray's horse Ting-a-ling should not be confused with Mr. Stockton's fairy of the same name.—EDITOR.

Her brother waved his hand from the coach. "Well," he said, "how are you getting on? Quarreled yet? I am sorry, but we are completely out of rice."

"For the bride!" called Winthrop, and he generously threw her an enormous bunch of wild roses which Crewe that morning had patiently pulled from the roadside bushes at



HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

"THAT 'S A COLLAR-MARK,' SAID THE BOY."

"I don't understand," said Curtis, looking at the crowd in dismay. "This is a beautiful country, Willie. Historic battle-fields and all that sort of thing; besides, they breed some good horses all about here. We have been picking up one or two."

the cost of no small suffering, and had presented to the elder Appleton girl.

Curtis ignored the episode. His eye at that moment caught a stable-boy leading a big chestnut horse toward the hotel. "Here's one we've just bought," he said. "I think

he's likely to make a jumper." He felt his hand, which was behind him, squeezed surreptitiously, and he was aware of beaming somewhat foolishly. He was glad that the people on the coach had turned their attention to the horse.

She had moved over to the horse's head. "I believe you," she said to the boy. "He's game."

"He is, ma'am," said the boy.

"Well, Ting-a-ling," said her brother, addressing the chestnut horse, "we can't stop to admire you all day. You're not a bad-



"WELL, TING-A-LING, . . . I WOULD N'T HAVE YOU AT ANY PRICE."

"Where did you find that?" asked Winthrop.

Curtis hesitated a moment. "Over that way," he said vaguely, waving his hand over an arc which extended from east to west. "It's a great country for horses."

Her brother had been inspecting the horse in silence. "My son," he said to the stable-boy, "how did you gall that race-horse's shoulder?"

"That's a collar-mark," said the boy. "Pulling a street-car is hard work."

Peals of laughter came from the coach.

"You need n't laugh," said the boy. "He's a horse all right."

looking horse, but if you are a street-car horse, as unfortunately you are, you have the nature that will jump until you get tired, and then you'll roll over things, and make my sister an attractive widow. I would n't have you at any price."

"Then everybody is satisfied," said Curtis.

"I am," she said. She gave him a little look that meant that she was satisfied with him, and Curtis felt that he was beaming again. He turned away.

The horse began to rub his nose against her arm and sniffed.

"He's looking for sugar," said the boy. "I give it to him sometimes."

"You are a very nice boy," she said. "What's your name?"

"Tim," said the boy.

"Let's have him take the horse down for us," she said to her husband. "We might keep him, too."

"All right," he said. "But let's get out of this crowd." They slipped away and hurried around the rear of the block.

"You were good to get him," she said in a low tone. "The way he acted made me feel that he was n't meant for street-car work. What shall we call him?"

"I am afraid that brother Willie has already named him," he answered.

"What?" she demanded.

"Ting-a-ling," he replied.

"But he ought to be called Sultan or Emperor, or something like that," she insisted.

"You and I," he said, "we know what a heart he has; but, after all, he is a street-car horse. We'd better accept the facts."

"Well, then, it's Ting-a-ling," she said.

It was November; three years had slipped away. The race for the Hunt Club cup was coming off in the afternoon, and everybody was lunching at the club. She was patiently chaperoning the elder Appleton girl and Frank Crewe at a table on the glass-closed veranda overlooking the polo-field.

"We'll give you some lunch," she said to Winthrop, who was passing.

"I'm with Willie," he answered.

"Willie can come too," she said.

He thanked her and sat down.

"Is Ting-a-ling pretty fit?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied; "but of course he's never been steeplechased, so we don't know what he can do."

"He is certainly a good horse to hounds," said Winthrop.

"He's never been down," she said.

"Please don't say that on the day of the race," he interrupted; "it's unlucky."

Just then Willie joined them.

"Still talking steeplechase," he observed.

"I suppose your husband is going to win."

"I don't know about that," she answered; "but he'll beat you."

"I'll bet he won't," he retorted. "It's a sure thing. I am not going to ride. They tell me that I am too fat, but that is n't the reason, I am afraid. Hello! here's the steeplechase jockey," he said to Curtis, who came in. "Have you provided liberally for me in your will? Have n't I always been a good brother-in-law?"

"Always," said Curtis, "and no doubt you need the money; but I am not making wills to-day."

"You'd better," said Willie, cheerfully. "I'd hate to have that street-car horse roll you out and have no other consolation than the thought that you had loved me." His tone became less playful. "Bequeath me my nephew, and your widow can take the property."

"If that blessed boy of yours," Crewe said to Mrs. Curtis, "is n't ruined by the indulgence of his foolish old uncle, I shall be much surprised."

"*Taisez-vous!*" retorted Willie, "and get a nephew of your own."

Winthrop turned to Curtis. "How has the horse shown in his training?" he asked.

"He rates pretty well, and I have a good deal of confidence in his jumping," Curtis answered. "He's rather a pet, you know, so that perhaps my judgment is prejudiced."

"He'll go until he gets tired," put in Willie, "and then he'll shut up and go through his fences. Those big half-breds are all alike."

"How do you know he is a half-bred?" said Curtis.

"I don't know that he is anything," Willie retorted. "You got him out of a street-car."

"I think we would better change the subject," said his sister; "you're becoming disagreeable. Remember," she added to the party, "you are all coming in this evening to play bridge. You can't come to dinner, because the cook is sick."

FROM the hill back of the club-house they watched the race. A horse of Winthrop's, with Crewe up, made the running for the first mile. Then Curtis took Ting-a-ling out of the bunch, and went away apparently without effort. At the two-mile flag Curtis was a hundred yards in the lead. The other horses seemed to be racing for the place.

"He seems to have things all his own way," said Winthrop to Mrs. Curtis. "My horse is done."

"He is going well," she whispered. She was very much excited.

Toward the middle of the third mile the four horses that were running in the second flight drew up, and it became a race again. Her heart almost stopped beating. "Is he tiring?" she murmured. The five went at the board fence near the third-mile flag in a bunch. As they took off, there was crowding on the outside. Then four horses jumped cleanly; one fell, and the four went on again.

A rustle of apprehension ran through the crowd.

"Who 's down?" exclaimed the elder Appleton girl in a low tone.

"Is he hurt?" said her sister.

"It's Ting-a-ling!" murmured Mrs. Curtis.

The horse got up, and galloped riderless after the leaders. A moment later the rider got up and started across the field on foot.

He gave his orders to the boy.

"You was fouled, sir," said Tim. He was much excited. "I seen Mr. Crewe pull across you about two lengths from the fence."

"Not at all," said Curtis, shortly. "Walk him home at once and do him up."

"Is it so?" she asked. "Were you fouled?"

"I don't think I'd say it," he answered.



"THE FIVE WENT AT THE BOARD FENCE NEAR THE THIRD-MILE FLAG IN A BUNCH."

"He 's not hurt," said Winthrop. "I'm awfully sorry. He would have won."

"That 's good of you," she replied. But she suspected that he was only softening the bitterness of the disappointment. Willie was right. The horse ran himself tired and stopped. She felt that she was very white and made an effort to talk. "That 's your horse ahead with Frank Crewe," she said; "he 's got the race."

It was so, and the crowd was already surging down to the finish-flags to congratulate the winner. Mrs. Curtis drove her cart across the meadow to meet the dismounted rider.

Their eyes met as she pulled up.

"It 's too bad," she said. "Are you hurt?"

"I think my collar-bone is gone," he answered. "I'll see Tim and send the horse home, and then I'll go to the club and get bandaged."

"I rode very badly. It was my fault. I should n't have pulled back into the crowd."

She said nothing. She saw that he was very much disappointed. But the hardest for her to bear was that her confidence in Ting-a-ling was gone.

At the club-house Willie was on the veranda.

"I am awfully sorry," he said. "But, seriously, you had better shoot that horse. You'll not be so lucky another time."

Curtis looked up angrily to reply, and then turned away with his lips tightly closed.

"I'll be ready in half an hour," he said to his wife.

In rather less than that time he came from the dressing-room, his arm in bandages and the hand in a sling. He sent for his trap, and found Mrs. Curtis in the tea-room.

"I think we had better go," he said. "They have just telephoned from the house,

saying the baby is n't very well. I told the doctor to come along as soon as he could. Don't say anything to Willie about the little chap," he added. "He 'll tag along and make a fuss and irritate me."

She rose and followed him. The trap was at the door, and they drove away.

Earlier, the November afternoon had been flooded with a damp sunshine, and there had been a still and unnatural mildness in the air. Toward four, as they left the club, the sky became overcast, and out of the west a mass of blue-black cloud began to rise and stretch across the horizon. Soon it threw the western part of the plain and the hills beyond into darkness. Overhead it was still light, but the shadow drew on and began to chill the day.

Curtis looked apprehensively toward the west and touched the horse with the whip. His wife had the reins.

"It's growing colder," she said.

He bent forward and tucked the robe about her feet.

Uncertain drafts of wind rattled the brown leaves on the oaks and made the dead goldenrods along the roadside bow excitedly.

"I am afraid that we are going to get wet," he said.

The gusts became stronger. The blackness from the west had spread until it was overhead, and light clouds were moving eastwardly across the face of the sky.

"I felt a drop of rain," she observed.

He urged the horse to a gallop.

"So did I," said he a moment later.

"It will be a good night to stay at home and read," he went on. "Don't you think I am getting to be quite a reader? Two books already this month; one of them had three hundred and twelve pages. But there were a good many pictures," he added conscientiously.

She smiled, but said nothing.

He watched her as they drove along. Presently he broke the silence:

"I would n't worry about the baby," he said. "Probably he has a little cold or a stomach-ache. The nurse is terrified if he sneezes."

"That's probably all," she said; "you know what a goose I am."

As they turned into the driveway the rain began to pour down. Under the portecochère she got out of the trap and went in while he held the horse.

Presently a man came from the stable, and he too went in. He was taking off his

coat when his wife came down from the nursery.

"Well?" he asked.

"He's about the same," she answered.

"He seems to have a little fever. What time did the doctor say he would be here?"

"About six," said Curtis. He looked at his watch. "It will be an hour yet. It's begun to snow," he added.

They went to the library, which looked toward the west, and watched the breaking storm.

"It was too bad about Ting-a-ling," she said after a pause.

"Well," he answered, "we have to take things as they come. I should like to have shown what a horse he is. We will next year."

"I wish you would promise never to ride him in a race again," she said.

"I don't think you ought to ask that," he answered sharply. "For the horse's sake, I want him to have a chance to redeem himself. Don't you?"

"Is n't it wrong to take unnecessary risks?" she replied.

He made no answer.

The rain had changed to sleet, and the ground was already white. The bare elms on the lawn were creaking dismally. They could see the stiff shrubs in the garden bend to the gusts. The storm beat on the window-panes, and in the fierce blasts the house trembled. As they stood by the window, the man brought in the lighted lamps, and they realized that the night had set in.

"Suppose we have a look at him," he said. By "him" he meant Ting-a-ling. "Won't you come? If the doctor arrives, they can send for us."

"I'd like to," she said.

On the way out she went to the pantry and took some lumps of sugar.

The stable servants were at supper, and the stable was still except for the sound of the horses munching at their oats. As he drew the door open the grinding hushed except in the two stalls where the phaëton ponies ate stolidly on. The line of dusky heads was lifted and thrust curiously forward. From the box-stall in the corner came a low whinny, and in the dim light of the wall lamp they saw a long neck stretched out and two pointed ears cocked forward. It was Ting-a-ling.

"You beggar!" said Curtis. "You know what we've got." He went into the stall and stripped off the blankets. She followed him. "Hello!" he exclaimed. His arm was nipped

gently. "You have very bad manners." The horse drew back, tossed his head, and pawed.

"Look here," Mrs. Curtis said. She held out a piece of sugar. A soft muzzle touched her hand, the lips opened and scraped across her palm, and there was a crunching sound.

"You baby!" she said, and gave him a second piece. "I'm very fond of you," she

"It seems yesterday, dear," he said. "How the years go by!" He put back the blankets, and stood a moment fastening the surcingles.

"Barring accidents, old horse," he muttered, "we'll have your name on the cup yet."

A swelling feeling came into his throat,



"YOU WAS FOULED, SIR," SAID TIM."

added under her breath, "in spite—" She stopped.

"He seems to be feeding well," said Curtis.

He put his hand into the manger. It touched the clean, moistened boards of the bottom.

"You're a pig!" he exclaimed. "He's put away five quarts already," he said to his wife. "Does n't he look fit?"

They drew back and looked the horse over. The legs were clean, the great muscles stood out on forearm and quarter, the flesh was hard and spare.

"He's a great type," said Curtis, "is n't he? But if he were three-cornered I'd like him just as well. I'm ashamed to care so much for him."

"Do you remember the day we got him?" she asked.

He stepped back and put his arm around her.

and he put his face against the sleek neck. He straightened up quickly as he heard the doors slide apart and somebody come in.

"Mr. Curtis," called a voice. It was Tim.

"Hello!" said Curtis.

"The doctor's come," said Tim.

"All right," answered Curtis.

He drew his wife's wraps about her, and they made their way back to the house.

The doctor met them at the door of the nursery.

"This child is sick," he said. "The temperature has gone up in a way I don't like. We've got to operate."

"Operate!" Curtis exclaimed. He put his hand upon the banister. "What do you mean?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

"When?" said Mrs. Curtis.

"Lamplight is bad," said the doctor, "but we must do the best we can. It ought to be

done before ten o'clock. I should be afraid to wait longer."

Neither husband nor wife spoke. The doctor looked at his watch.

"Whom would you rather have?" he asked.

"Have?" repeated Curtis. A gust rattled the windows at the end of the hall, and as it died away he heard the *tick-tick* of the sleet on the pane. He looked at the doctor with a white face.

"Can't *you* do it?" he asked. "Suppose we could n't get any one from town by ten o'clock?"

"We must," said the doctor, cheerfully. "I'm not a surgeon, and there is none in the village. Would you rather have Anderson, or Tate?"

"Dr. Anderson," said Mrs. Curtis.

"He must get the train that leaves town at eight o'clock," said the doctor. "There is no other until midnight."

"It's a quarter past six now," said Curtis. "That gives us an hour and three quarters. I'll telephone at once." He left the room and went to the telephone.

After some delay the village operator answered.

"You can't get the city," said the girl; "the wires are down. I have been trying to get them for an hour for the telegraph people. Their line is closed, too."

"When do you expect your wires to be repaired?" he asked.

"Can't say," the operator replied. "Not to-night, though. The linemen can't work to-night."

"Thank you," said Curtis. He hung up the receiver and stood blankly before the instrument. He was about to move away when he heard a footstep. He turned, and his wife was standing beside him.

"He'll come, won't he?" she said.

He put a cigarette in his mouth and struck a match.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked. "Won't he come?"

"He'll come," he answered. "I'm going to the station for him myself. I'll dine when I come back. You and the doctor get the things ready." He went into the smoking-room and walked the length of the room and back. "Six miles, ten, fifteen, and six more down-town," he said aloud. He looked at his watch again. It was twenty minutes past six. "Start at half-past," he went on; "that's twenty-one miles in an hour and a quarter—and these roads!" He went to the wall and rang a bell. "Twenty-one miles in an

hour and a quarter," he repeated. "Searchlight can't do it, nor Xerxes, nor Huron, nor the roan mare."

A servant appeared.

"Tell Hobson," he said, "to saddle Ting-a-ling at once. Tell him to hurry, and send Tim here."

Tim came, and Curtis explained.

"Can he do it?" asked Curtis.

"I don't know, sir," said the boy.

"He's got to do it," said Curtis. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

They hurried to the stable, and found Hobson buckling the throat-latch.

"All ready, sir," he said.

Tim climbed into the saddle and gathered up his reins. Then Hobson threw open the door, and the horse and boy clattered out and disappeared in the storm.

Curtis looked at his watch. It was twenty-eight minutes past six. "Have the bus and a pair at the house at eight," he said, and went back to the house.

He met his wife in the hall.

"Is there any change?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Suppose he should miss the train?" she suggested.

"He won't," said Curtis.

She sighed, and was silent for a pause. "What a wonderful thing the telephone is!" she said. "What would we have done without it?"

"That's so," said Curtis. "I'm going to the station at eight," he added.

At ten minutes of nine she was standing with her face against the window-pane, when the lights of the station bus in the driveway glimmered through the storm. She went to the head of the stairway and waited breathless.

"Suppose," she thought, "he has missed the train!"

Presently there sounded the crunching of wheels on the gravel under the porte-cochère. This meant that the bus was stopping at the house. Then the door opened.

"Come along," said her husband's voice.

"Thank God!" she murmured. She sat down for a moment, and then went to the nursery, which had been made into a hospital.

There was the tramp of ascending feet on the stairs, and then the surgeon and the village doctor came in and asked her to leave the room.

It seemed a long time, but it was only half an hour when Dr. Anderson came out.

"It's all right," he said.

"What are the chances?" she asked.

"There are n't any," he replied; "that is, perhaps only one in a million."

She looked alarmed.

"Of anything unpleasant happening," he went on. "We got it just in time. Your son is better off than other boys who wear their appendices. His is in a bottle."

The door-bell sounded faintly from the rear of the house, and they both listened. A moment later the front door opened, and she heard voices in the lower hall.

"They're a lot of people who've come in to play bridge. I'd forgotten about them," she said. "Will you tell them I'll be down presently?"

She went into the nursery, and Dr. Anderson went down-stairs.

When she came down she found them in the dining-room, watching the surgeon and Curtis eating supper, and asking them questions about the operation.

Her eyes caught Willie's. He was quiet and white. He drew a chair for her, and she sat down next him. She put her hand in his.

"It's all right," she said.

"It was an awfully close shave," he whispered.

"Yes, it was," she answered.

She turned to Dr. Anderson. "You were good to come," she said. "What would we have done if you had n't been at home when Mr. Curtis telephoned?"

"Telephoned?" he repeated.

Curtis got up and went to the sideboard for a whisky-decanter.

"Yes, telephoned," she said.

The surgeon looked at Curtis.

"Mary," said Curtis, "the telephone wires were down. Tim went to town for the doctor."

She looked around in amazement.

"But we did n't know till nearly half-past six," she exclaimed. She turned to Dr. Anderson. "You caught the eight-o'clock train? How did Tim go?"

"On horseback," said Curtis.

"But that's twenty miles!" said Willie.

"Twenty-one," said Curtis; "he went in an hour and a quarter."

There was a silence for a moment. Then she spoke.

"What horse did he ride?" she demanded.

"What horse have we that could do it?" replied Curtis.

She looked at him for a moment in apprehension. "Is he all right?" she asked.

"I don't know," said Curtis. "Tim came back by train."

"Send for Tim," she said to the butler.

Tim came, and stood fumbling with his cap, which was very soggy with melted snow.

"Were n't you frozen?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," the boy answered.

"Tell me about it," she said.

"Tell about it?" repeated the boy. "Why, ma'am—" he grew confused and stopped.

"But tell me—" she hesitated, and her lip trembled—"tell me how Ting-a-ling is."

The boy made no answer, but looked toward the surgeon.

She turned to Dr. Anderson. "What is it?" she demanded.

"I was starting out to dine," said the surgeon, "when a policeman came to the door and said there was a sick horse on the corner, and a boy with him who wanted to see me. I went and found them both there."

"Well?" said Mrs. Curtis.

"Well," said the doctor, "as I reached the corner the cross-town trolley-car was letting off a passenger. When the bell rang to start, the horse in the street lifted his head, scrambled to his feet, staggered a step forward, and came down again. He was dead."

There was a stillness in the room, and the crying of a sick baby sounded faintly from up-stairs. Presently it ceased. For an instant the wife's eyes met those of her husband. Then resting her elbows on the table, she hid her face in her hands.

"God forgive me!" they heard Willie murmur in a queer voice. "That was a horse!"

"A street-car horse," said Curtis, gently.

No one spoke again, but all rose and went out of the dining-room.



THE GREAT SOUTHWEST.

III. IRRIGATION.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

WITH PICTURES BY MAXFIELD PARRISH.

FOR days we drove over the gray sand and stony mesas of central Arizona—a vast, bare, silent waste ridged with hills and furrowed with great washes, where the water rushes down in flood season from the mountains, but now as dry as ashes. The sun shone white and hot, the heat quivered from the tops of the ridges, and behind us trailed always a cloud of thin white dust. Here and there we saw a squat and thorny cactus, and here and there mesquit, greasewood, yuccas, and gray sage. For miles on miles there was no sign of living creatures; then a lean wild steer or two on the hills, a jack-rabbit, a gopher, and a hawk wheeling in the air above and waiting for the desert to do its work. And in all those hundreds of square miles of land not a drop of water anywhere, not a pool, not a spring, save in a few favored spots where some desert pioneer had sunk a well and lived there to guard his treasure and dole out the water sparingly to such travelers as might pass that way. Bones bleached as white as chalk and scattered far and near gave evidence of the consuming thirst of the desert; and everywhere silence, heat, thirst. This was the desert. Who would dream of men bold enough to come here and fight for a home?

Yet here men have come. Suddenly, at sundown, we emerged from a thicket of cactus, and there, stretching away for miles and miles, was the soft green of fields, with rows of rustling cottonwoods, the roofs of homes, and the sound of cattle in the meadows. A wire fence was the dividing-line: on this side lay the fruitless desert; on the other green alfalfa, full of blossoms and bees, brimming over the fences. At the roadside a ditch ran full of fresh, cool water; where it had broken through into the roadway—an extravagance that seemed reckless—a pool was wriggling full of polliwogs. Red-wing blackbirds whistled in the cottonwoods, and

wild pigeons flew up from the fields. Fat cattle stood knee-deep in the adobe water-holes, still and comfortable; the men were coming out whistling to milk. A little brick house stood back from the road, almost hidden with palms and umbrella-trees; there were chickens and bees and children about it, and the scent of roses from the porch. Everywhere the landscape was serenely quiet and beautiful; here were homes and happiness. It was something to stir a man's heart, this change from the hard, dry, merciless desert to this sweet green paradise of the irrigated land. And all this change was the result of water—a very little water, too, considering—brought from the river above and spread on the sand. It had made all the difference between desolation and teeming abundance.

If ever men worked miracles, they have worked them here in these Western valleys. If ever something was created from nothing, these men have done it. Thirty-five years ago the Salt River valley, into which we had driven, was all a parched desert, uninhabited save by a few lean Indians and two or three hardy traders, whom the sand and cactus crowded down close to the water of the river. It was a thousand miles from the nearest railroad—an unknown, desolate, forbidding land, a part of the Great American Desert, which travelers said would never support human life. To-day the Salt River valley contains a population of over twenty-five thousand. It has three cities, one, Phoenix, the capital of Arizona, having electric lights, an electric car line, good hotels, churches and other buildings, residences surrounded by trees, lawns, and a wilderness of flowers. More than 125,000 acres of land round about are laid out in farms, highly cultivated, with orchards of oranges, almonds, olives, and figs, and grain- and hay-fields. Thousands of cattle feed in the rich meadows, and

there are bees, chickens, ducks, and ostriches unnumbered. Richer soil than this once desert valley does not exist anywhere in the world except in other once desert valleys. Here one may behold the startling spectacle of orange-groves in bearing worth \$1000 an acre on one side of a fence, and bare cactus desert on the other, both having the same soil, the same opportunities, but one only having water. Here, when a man builds his fence of cottonwood posts, such is the soil and such the water that the posts take root and grow into trees, so that the wire of many old fences is seen running through the center of large trees. Here a farmer rarely needs to use fertilizer, for the river comes in bearing rich silt and spreads it over his fields; and he may sometimes cut two or three or more crops a year from his alfalfa-fields, and then pasture them during the winter—winter which is in reality a continual spring.

This is the paradise which a few determined men have created in the midst of the desert, and all by the building of ditches that divert the water from the river at the upper end of the valley, and divide it so that it will give life to the land below. About 250 miles of main ditches and some 400 miles of laterals have been dug through the valley; they have cost, together with all the necessary dams and embankments and head-gates, not more than \$3,000,000. And the property which has been created—and “created” is the only word that will express it—by this expenditure has a money value exceeding \$30,000,000, furnishing a living for twenty-five thousand people, supporting three cities, doing business by two railroads. Is it any wonder that these people of Arizona appreciate the value of water, that they love their valley and their Territory, and that they are ambitious for the wider powers of statehood?

Something of the ancient passion of the bare land for water seems to have burned itself into the blood of these Anglo-Saxons of the West. “On this desert,” says the pioneer of the arid land, “I shall build me a home.” And he stands back to back with his neighbor there in the heat and sand, and they fight and toil and die, but they bring in the water to the land. No man can win the battle for himself: the desert is too strong, too well intrenched, for the feeble effort of a single arm; he must join his neighbor, he must forget his own interests and work for the interests of his valley. And thus he makes the gray places green, he grows rich orchards, and fields where cattle feed com-

fortably; he builds roads where the sand once blew, and cities where the cactus once stood guard upon the desert. This he has done, but not without the loss of many lives and millions in money.

Moreover, he knows that the battle is never-ending: if for a single season he fails to bring the water to his fields, his crops will wither down, his cattle die, and his green places return to the wilderness of gray. This is no place for fallow land and vacations. The implacable desert is forever silently crowding in along his borders, ready to beat him out the moment his ditches run dry or his strength fails. It is no business for laggards or cowards, this fight; it calls out every resource of human energy, science, and business acumen, and its victories are in exact proportion to the vigor expended.

Once before, some two thousand years ago, this valley of the Salt River was populated by a highly intelligent race of people. The ruins of their towns and of their ditches are scattered everywhere; one may pick up bits of pottery, beads, and bones from the great mounds of their fallen homes. Frank Cushing, the anthropologist, who made a careful study of these ruins, estimated that the valley must once have supported a population of over two hundred and fifty thousand people. They were expert engineers; the Anglo-Saxons of to-day can do no better than follow the lines of their ancient canals, and the present settlers find the fields ready leveled for their plows by these ancient workers. Yet the desert wiped them out of existence, closed over them, and they are forgotten. The cause of their disappearance, whether natural cataclysm, wild foes, pestilence, or some mortal waywardness of their river, no one knows positively. But their fate will be the fate of the present settlers if once the water fails. Is it anything surprising that the people of the arid West should possess a sharp consciousness of the impending desert?

I have used the Salt River valley as an example of the conditions that prevail in all parts of the arid West. The system there in use is by no means as old or as perfectly developed as in many other localities, especially in southern California and in Utah, where the Mormons, who are the real irrigation pioneers of the continent, have built a paradise along their western Jordan; but the spirit, the energy, the intense Americanism, the demand for a broader life, are everywhere the same. In southern California, for instance, where a few acres of



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. C. MERRILL.

IRRIGATING-CANAL IN THE SALT RIVER VALLEY.

good orchard are worth a small fortune, the saving and utilization of water may be numbered among the exact sciences. Here the ditches, instead of being roughly dug in the soil as in most parts of the irrigated country, are often substantially lined with cement, so that no water will be lost by seepage; in other cases the water is actually carried in pipes to the farms and distributed from hydrants located at the ends of the furrows. There are regions in southern California where one never escapes the sound of engines, both gasoline and steam, pumping water from wells to irrigate the land. All this seems costly enough to the Eastern farmer, but here it has been made to pay richly, for an acre in an irrigated region can be made to yield from ten- to a hundredfold as much as an acre in the rain country. In Utah wheat has yielded from 60 to 80 bushels to the acre, oats from 70 to 100 bushels, potatoes from 500 to 900 bushels, though these are extraordinary records. In California it is not at all unusual for a fruit-grower to clear from \$100 to \$400 an acre, and even more, from his orange-orchard. In Arizona alfalfa-fields have earned their owners from \$40 to \$100 an acre. These values and conditions, it should be said in passing, are those of the irrigated regions of the Southwest; conditions in the North, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho, are different. There the long, cold winters and the cool nights of summer prevent the growing of high-priced, many-cropped products, and the value of the land is much lower—rarely more than \$40 an acre, and often as low as \$12. The products, too, of the North are as different from those of the Southwest as are those of New York and Florida.

It is rare enough for a farmer in the East to make a fortune; but many farmers in the irrigated country who began from fifteen to twenty years ago without anything are now worth their hundreds of thousands of dollars. A farm of fifteen acres will support a large family in more than comfort, so that, region for region, the irrigated districts are destined to become much more densely populated than the Eastern farm country—perhaps, indeed, the most densely populated of any land on the continent, cities, of course, excepted.

Yet one who visits the West is astonished to see how comparatively little the desert has been touched, how much remains of what John Muir calls "wildness." In passing through New Mexico and Arizona on either of the transcontinental railroad lines,

one sees hardly an evidence of irrigation, for the best valleys are hidden away in the interior, and the stranger is impressed with the vast, unbroken stretch of dreary desert and rugged mountains. One finds difficulty, indeed, in realizing the immensity of the arid West. It includes about half the United States. The ninety-eighth parallel of latitude, which cuts down through the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas,—a little east of the center of each State,—is the dividing-line; everything to the west of this line is within the region of scanty rainfall or aridity, except a narrow strip of rich country along the Pacific coastline of Washington, Oregon, and California. In all the remaining vast stretch of arid America no crop of any kind will mature with certainty without regular irrigation. Major J. W. Powell, one of the greatest authorities on irrigation problems, has estimated that there are over 1,000,000,000 acres of arid land in the United States. Of this he thinks that about 120,000,000 acres, or a territory equal to all of New England, with New York, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia thrown in, will ultimately be successfully irrigated by the use of all sources of water. At present about 35,000,000 acres, or a territory equal in size to the State of New York, is actually under ditch, the work of reclamation having cost in the neighborhood of \$200,000,000. These figures show what a vast amount of hard work is yet to be done before the empire of the desert is thoroughly subdued. And even after all the water of the West is utilized and every acre of land reclaimed that can be reclaimed, there will still remain vast areas of mountain and plain which can be left in forest, or used for mining and grazing purposes, or set aside for splendid natural parks like the Yellowstone and the Yosemite. As yet these almost inconceivably great resources of the West have only just been touched; they will all contribute to the prosperity of the irrigated country, and that country will in turn supply the miner, the lumberman, the cattleman, and the pleasure-seeker with food. The West is still the name for opportunity.

The development of irrigation in the arid country is rapidly reaching a great and important climax. All of the lands most easily irrigated have already been taken up, for the most part by little bodies of citizens who formed themselves into coöperative associations, built a ditch, and diverted the water to their land by the work of their own hands. This was the method of the Mormons, and



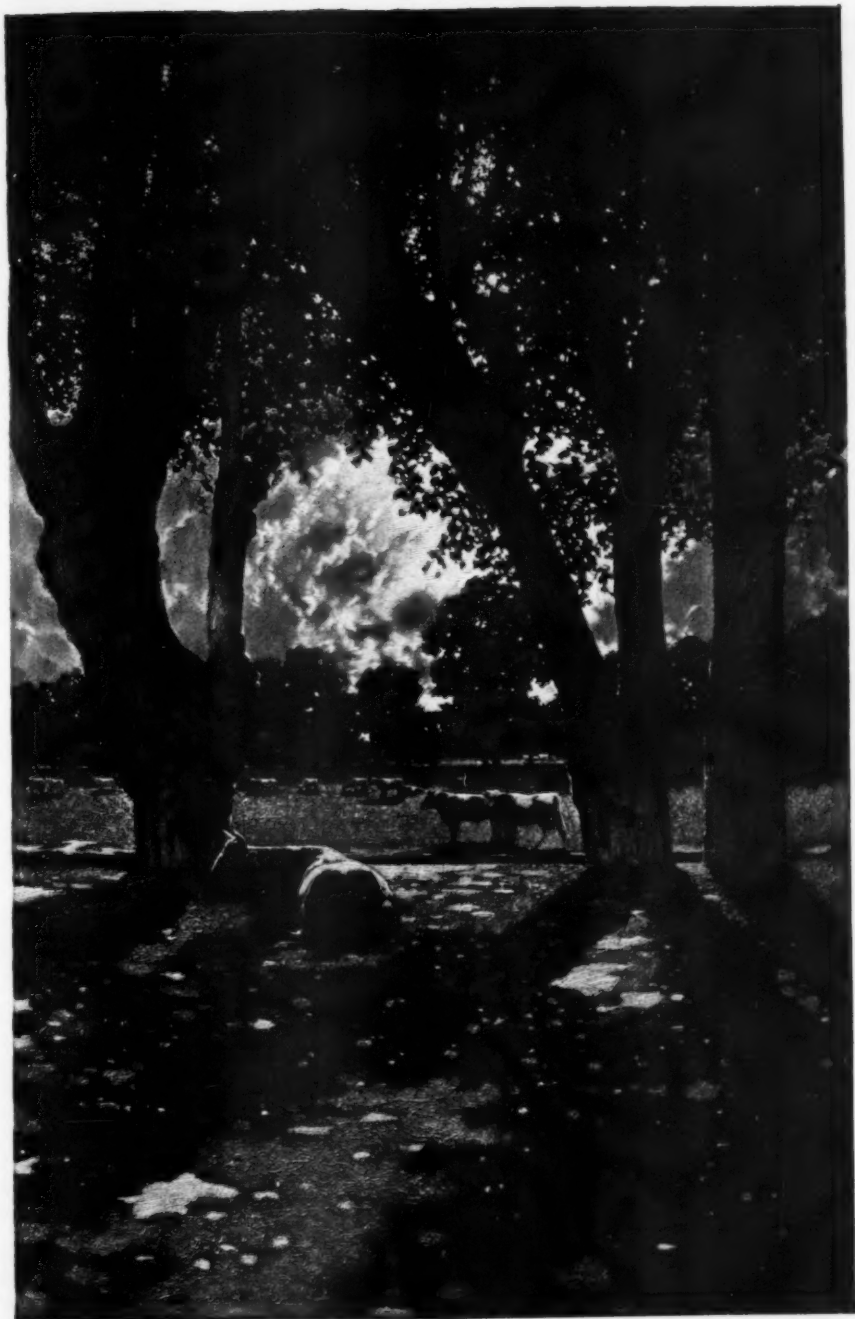
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE DESERT WITHOUT WATER.

this has been the way in which the best farming regions of southern California have for the most part been reclaimed. Never before in America was the spirit of coöperation and communism developed as it has been in the arid West. Now, however, all the water of the smaller streams and much of that of the larger rivers has been diverted and is fully used, except in flood-times. Indeed, in many localities it is much too fully used, for the attraction of the irrigated valleys, with the opportunities of great profits which they afford, has stimulated the opening of more farms than the water can supply. And who can wonder! Here in the Southwest desert land can be had to-day for \$1.25 an acre; turn on the water and tomorrow the land is worth from \$10 to \$20 an acre, and in two years it is worth from \$40 to \$60 an acre, and in ten years it may be worth \$1000 or more an acre. Nowhere else in the world can such profits be made by a farmer working with his bare hands and his native grit. I saw some of the magnificent fields of one farmer in the Salt River valley, an old sailor of the Baltic Sea who came to Arizona in 1878, and after working for day-wages in a flour-mill for a time, he took up 160 acres of government land. He was compelled to borrow money to buy his first plow, but he was a hard worker and a progressive man. To-day he owns a ranch of 1000 acres, all in a high state of cultivation, mostly in alfalfa; he is rated as being worth, clear, more than \$125,000. Well, such instances as these have tempted over-settlement. If there happens to be plenty of rain in the mountains, and the rivers run free, then these new settlers prosper abundantly; but if there comes a dry year or a series of dry years, like that which culminated in 1900, scores of farmers see their green fields wither pitifully before their eyes, and their orchards droop and die, for there is not water enough to go around. In 1900 water-shortages caused the loss of millions of dollars to the irrigated country, and a cry has been raised for more water and a steadier supply of water. The result has been a great uplifting of sentiment; the imagination of the men of the arid land has been stirred as never before, and they are studying some of the most stupendous of enterprises for water-saving. Every year in flood-season vast volumes of water go to waste in nearly all the valleys, for there is no way to hold it back and store it up. One may imagine faintly the feelings of the farmers of a valley when they see precious water thus being wasted, and

know for a certainty that a few months later their crops will suffer because there is not water enough. Consequently there has arisen a great demand for storage-reservoirs for saving the flood-waters of the streams, so that they can be used during the long dry months of the year. Such reservoirs have already been constructed in several important districts. The Sweetwater River has been dammed near San Diego in California, a dam 90 feet high, creating a lake holding 6,000,000,000 gallons of water, a notable engineering feat. Another dam, 300 feet long and 60 feet high, in the Bear valley above Riverside and Redlands in California, furnishes water for a rich irrigated district. Other reservoirs have been constructed in Colorado, notably that on the Poudre River, and in other localities, but the great proportion of the flood-waters of the West is wasted. In the case of the Salt River valley in Arizona, for instance, there are now upward of 125,000 acres in cultivation, raising abundant crops; but that is only a fraction of the land that could be reclaimed and cultivated if all the water now going to waste could be saved and used. It has been estimated that there are over 400,000 acres, a territory equal in size to half the State of Rhode Island, which could be converted into homesteads if there were only water enough, and that the valley could easily support many times its present population.

But the construction of these restraining-dams requires vast capital, vaster than these pioneers of the desert, who have so far done most of the work with their hands, can command. In many instances difficult engineering problems must be met, for the violence of these mountain streams in flood-time is not to be lightly dealt with. Several dams in the West, costing large amounts of money, have been carried away with loss of life and property. How, then, shall these dams be built? the arid West asks itself. If private capital comes in and stores the water, as it has already done in some localities, usually to its misfortune, be it said, there will rise up in greater strength than ever the "water-lord," the master of the people's very life, who is already a force and a problem in the new West. In some localities the people advocate bonding the State or county for the necessary money, but even by this means it would be difficult to raise sums large enough, for many of the communities are poor, the wealth being mostly in prospect. So these people are crying out to the Federal government to come in and help build the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY P. H. WELLINGTON.

THE DESERT WITH WATER.

reservoirs in the mountains, advancing the large capital needed with the assurance that in time it will all be repaid, though without interest. They have organized local associations and appointed committees, and last winter the East heard these new powers voicing their demands in Congress. It was not a loud voice, for the men of the arid land are still comparatively few in number, and it fell on unheeding ears; but it will be heard again and again, for it is the voice of a great purpose, and year by year, as other bold men lay out homes where the prophets said homes could never be, the voice will grow louder and louder until the whole country knows that there is a new spirit born to the Anglo-Saxon race.

But the imagination of these Westerners and their passion for development reach even greater heights. Not only do they seek to store up and utilize the water of the smaller streams, but they are preparing for the time when the water of such continental drainage rivers as the Missouri, the Colorado, the Arkansas, and the Rio Grande shall be in perfect control. The water of all these streams is now used to a certain extent, but none of them is absolutely controlled, and the task seems one of too great magnitude to admit of sober discussion. So far, irrigators have ventured to operate on these mighty streams, subject as they are to great floods, only with diversion works; that is, dams which take out a little of the water and divert it into the canals. A diversion enterprise of magnitude is now in process of development on the Lower Colorado. The water will be taken from the river below Yuma in Arizona, and a canal 50 feet wide and some 50 miles long will be run out into Mexico and around into the State of California, irrigating an area estimated at over 400,000 acres of what is now worthless desert. This canal is now nearly finished.

Those who look forward to the control of the great rivers of America and the use of funds supplied by the government for that purpose point to the fact that England has spent about \$30,000,000 on the new Nile dams and other works for controlling the great Egyptian river and making certain the crops of the valley below, and that she has invested the sum of \$360,000,000 for irrigation purposes in India during the last thirty years. A single canal from the Ganges cost \$15,000,000; it has a total length, including tributaries and drainage cuts, of 3910 miles, and irrigates over 1,000,000 acres of land. These works in India, costly and

stupendous as they have been, are regarded by the English as a profitable investment. There are 6,000,000 acres of land under cultivation in the valley of the Nile, supporting a population of over 5,000,000 people. Mr. Elwood Mead, irrigation expert of the United States government, estimates that the Missouri River and its tributaries, if properly controlled, will irrigate five times as much territory, furnishing an opportunity for the expansion of surplus population that will last the American people for a long time to come. No, these Westerners do not believe in the necessity of foreign islands as an outlet for American colonization; they point rather to their own expanses of unclaimed, cheap, rich land in a climate that is nearly perfect. And the proper control of these rivers, especially the Missouri and the Arkansas, will not only enrich their valleys and make them habitable for great numbers of people, but it will benefit the entire Mississippi valley by relieving it of the danger of floods between St. Louis and New Orleans. Progressive engineers assert that if the sums of money now expended for dikes that must always be built higher and higher, and for jetties and wharves and other flood-restraining improvements on the Lower Mississippi, could be invested in dams and controlling-works on the Upper Missouri, there would be less danger from floods; that with the reduction of sediment now carried down and deposited in the river-channel and in the harbors, the river would even burrow a deeper channel and render less necessary the high protecting dikes. And the sediment which now goes to waste—the Missouri is famous as a muddy stream—is a most valuable fertilizer for land. The Nile bottoms have remained rich for ages because of the silt deposited each year by the river. A series of experiments carried on by the University of Arizona have shown that the water of the Colorado River is so rich in sediment that it will deposit fertilizer of a value of \$9.25 to each acre where water to a depth of three feet is used each year—certainly striking evidence of the lasting qualities of these irrigated lands, and furnishing the strongest of arguments for saving so much life-giving plant food.

Great as are these schemes for controlling and utilizing the waters of the largest of American rivers, the imagination of the Westerners goes a step further: water-saving to him has become a veritable passion. He has long been drawing on the underground supplies of water, and during the past year

or two this work has come to be of momentous importance in many localities. It is a well-known fact that many rivers of considerable size in the Western deserts flow for long distances above-ground and then suddenly disappear in the sand. One river in Arizona disappears and reappears several times in the course of a hundred miles. In Nevada and other States rivers are lost entirely, and it is supposed that they flow into underground reservoirs or lakes. Some of these reservoirs have been tapped successfully with artesian wells, and one whole valley in California is irrigated with the water which gushes up freely from wells sunk from 300 to 700 feet deep. In other localities steam- and gasoline-engines are used to pump the water into the irrigating channels. Indeed, if it were not for these underground sources of water on the ranges in the Southwest, there would be no possibility of maintaining cattle and sheep.

Another scheme of the Westerner for conserving the water-supply has borne rich fruit in the last few years. It is a well-known fact that there is no better conservator of water than a forest with thick undergrowing vegetation. The ground is protected, and the vegetation holds back and regulates the water which falls in rain. Nearly all of the high plateaus and mountain-ranges of the West, where the rainfall and snowfall are greatest, and where all the great rivers have their source, are covered more or less densely with vegetation, often with magnificent forests, hundreds, even thousands, of years old. If it were not for these forests, all the water that fell would run swiftly into the valleys, the streams would rise to floods, and in a few days' time the channels would be dry again. This is actually what now happens in many valleys of the West—great torrents for two or three weeks in the year, absolute drought all the remainder of the time. It is therefore of vital importance that these forests be preserved. The Westerner, led by wise scientists, has taken up the matter, and by good fortune the government at Washington has been aroused to the necessities of the case, and forest reserves and national parks have been created, which will not only go down to future generations as the most notable places of natural beauty on the continent, but they will preserve life and bring happiness to the valleys below. But the work is yet only half done. More forests must be reserved, and more care be given to protecting them from lawless miners and lumbermen. By the judi-

cious cutting of the older trees and the removal of windfalls and waste, which might give food for fires, they can be made a source of lumber for a thousand years to come, and that without injuring their usefulness as water-conservators. But if private greed is allowed to dictate, these splendid forest areas will be left the most desolate of deserts, like those of northern Wisconsin and Michigan—deserts which are far worse than the cactus plains of New Mexico and Arizona.

More than one half of all the world's crops, great and small, are to-day raised by means of irrigation—in India, Egypt, China, and other old countries. To an American who has seen such development and prosperity arise from the pursuit of ordinary agriculture, such wheat-fields as there are in Dakota, such corn as there is in Iowa, such fruit as there is in Michigan, this fact seems at first somewhat startling. But the American has only just begun the practice of irrigation; it is the first time that a republic of free people, having a high conception of the rights of the individual citizen, has developed on a large scale a system of irrigation. Everything is new, strange, unprecedented; customs must be revolutionized, new laws constructed and old ones changed. One of the first teachings of the arid land is that the individual must subserve his interest to that of the community, and that is a hard matter for many an American to do. In the East a farmer may settle on his quarter-section, build a home, raise what he pleases or let the weeds grow, keep up his fences or let them fall down, and no one says a word in objection; he is the most independent of men. But in the desert, where the struggle for existence is more intense, men must march in lock-step: if one man wastes water, allows water to run out on another's field, does not keep up his ditches, does not coöperate with his neighbors in the work of cleaning or repairing ditches, he injures the entire community, and the community must force him sternly into the line of duty. Moreover, he must join with his neighbors in the protection of the water-supply, in case some other community seeks to divert more than its share from the river above; and in cases of drought and low water he must suffer equally with his neighbor, sharing what little water there is to be had, even though his own orchards are dying. All this serves to build up such a community spirit in the irrigated countries as the Easterner cannot appreciate.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

WATER LET IN ON A FIELD OF ALFALFA.

There are human bickerings here as everywhere else, but a man soon learns that the community interest is, after all, greater than that of the individual, and upon every important subject he submits his will to that of the community. From this spirit have arisen those peculiar and powerful coöperative associations of farmers, which all but control the marketing of crops in parts of the West. Instead of trusting to avaricious commission men and engaging in disastrous competition, the orange-growers, the raisin-growers, the bee-keepers, and other classes of farmers, have formed unions and associations which control the whole matter of packing, shipping, and selling the farmers' products. These associations further curtail the rights of the individual, hindering him, for instance, from shipping poor fruit or poorly packed fruit, lest it injure the reputation of the community in the Eastern market; and if there are losses, each man must stand his share. So powerful, indeed, are these associations that they can even venture to fight the railroad companies in the matter of freight rates, as they have done more than once in California. Farming in the East is a sort of guerrilla warfare, every man for himself; in the arid West it is a highly organized and disciplined struggle.

It is interesting to speculate as to the effect which these new conditions of life will have on the American character. Irrigation requires a greater degree of skill than ordinary agriculture; it is more a matter of exact science, less of chance. The Easterner sows his crop and depends on the will of Heaven for his rain; the Westerner goes out to his head-gate and lets in the rain, in just such amounts and at just such times as he pleases. He knows how much water he is entitled to, and its distribution is a simple matter of calculation. But he must be a careful student of his crops; he cannot water his strawberries and his sugar-beets at the same time and in the same amount, for the strawberries are always thirsty, while the beets require only a few waterings in the season. He must also know his own peculiar climate, for fields require much more water in the desert air of Arizona than in the moister climate of southern California, and he must have a care that the water leaves no alkali in his soil. In other words, he must be an intelligent, reading, scientific farmer if he would outwit the desert and compete with the energy of his neighbors. Men in the irrigated lands live closer together than in the East, and farms are

smaller. Some valleys, indeed, seem like villages, each resident of which lives in the midst of handsome grounds; whole districts in southern California are veritable parks for beauty. This brings neighbors closer together, breaks up the deadly isolation of the Middle States farmers, enables a community to have better schools, churches, places of amusement, tempts the mercurial young man to stay on the farm.

The farmer may do all his own work, or keep a steady force of men, for there are no seasons of great pressure as in ordinary farming, no time when hay must be made lest it spoil, or grain cut to save it, with the necessity of great additional outside labor. Of course there are times when the irrigation farmer is busier than at others, but he does not lie virtually idle all winter long, for, especially in the Southwest, he is harvesting crops at all times of the year, and he must irrigate winter and summer alike. In the case of fruit-raising his crop ripens slowly, and he may be harvesting from time to time for months. The first oranges ripen in Arizona in late November, and in southern California the harvest continues from December until the following September.

Then, too, the arid West is without equal in the matter of healthfulness; indeed, it has long been the great health resort of the continent, the tents and homes of invalids dotting the desert everywhere west and southwest from Colorado. Long hours of bright, warm sunshine kill the germs and dispose of decaying matter more surely than the best disinfectants. And there are no swamps and marshes.

An Eastern farmer coming to an irrigated valley finds everything as different from his accustomed life as he can well imagine. He must learn an entirely new language of farming, and a new set of farming rules. His neighbor greets him, not with the remark, "It looks like rain," but, "Have you heard when the water is coming in?" or, "The ditches are low to-day." He learns to speak of miners' inches and acre-feet of water, and he can soon tell at a glance whether a ditch is carrying fifty or one hundred miners' inches of water; he hears wise discussions of head-gates, weirs, laterals, zanjes; he finds that he is "under" a certain canal, which by and by will come to seem to him like an inexorable fate. He will very promptly make the acquaintance of the king of the irrigated land, the *zanjero*,—in Arizona called "*sankero*," in California sometimes shortened to "*sanky*,"—the water-

master or ditch-rider, a bronzed man in overalls and a sombrero, who drives about in a two-wheeled cart, with a shovel and a long crooked-tined fork by his side, and precious keys in his pockets. He is the yea and nay of the arid land, the arbiter of fate, the dispenser of good and evil, to be blessed by turns and cursed by turns, and to receive both with the utter unconcern of a small god. For it is the *zanjero* who distributes the water. He opens the head-gate of each farmer's canal, and when the water has run the necessary time he shuts it down again, and again locks it securely. If the water is short he sees that it is divided properly between Smith and Jones and Brown, usually with Smith and Jones and Brown watching him like cats. It is a hard place, that of *zanjero* in the valleys, subject to accusations, temptations, heartburnings; but be it said to the credit of the American, there is many a *zanjero* who is universally respected in his community as an honest man. The new Easterner will learn the necessity of rubber boots; and he will find that of all known substances water is most perverse, evasive, uncontrollable, and that eternal vigilance is the price of success on the irrigated farm. He will also become familiar with the wonder of midnight farming: he will learn to rouse himself from a warm bed at two o'clock in the morning and go out with his lantern to see that he gets the water that is his due, and that it goes in the right place. And before long he will have a lawsuit with his neighbors, and he will find that there are special irrigation lawyers and irrigation engineers and irrigation experts; and it will cost him so much money that he will never go to law again, but settle his cases, as do his neighbors, by agreement, or submission to a committee of friends. He will learn to harvest in April and sow in October, or sow in July and harvest in January; he will learn that Johnson grass in his ditches is as terrible a weed as purslane or pigweed; and he will acquire a thousand and one other details of strange knowledge. But far and away above all he will learn the great fundamental principle of the arid land, the one commandment that is greater than ten, the law of life: "Water, the greatest thing in the world: save it."

But the life of the irrigator is far from being all sunshine: he, too, has "breaks in his ditches," as they say in the significant slang of the alfalfa valleys. Weighty questions are constantly arising, the decisions of

which, obtained at great expense through the courts and legislatures, will furnish the future laws of the arid country. Here is a valley near the mouth of a river; it receives its water from the river, and millions of dollars of wealth has been created by irrigating the lands. Miles above, another community, perhaps in another State, settles in the valley of the same river, and takes out so much water that the old settlers in the valley below cannot get enough water for their fields and begin to suffer loss. Who shall arbitrate between the two communities? The Bear River, for instance, rises in Utah, flows into Wyoming, returns to Utah, returns to Wyoming, flows into Idaho, and then back into Utah, where it empties into the Great Salt Lake. There is irrigated land in all three States representing an investment of upward of \$100,000,000, and there is not enough water to go around. Who shall decide? All over the West these disputes have arisen or will arise. There is great confusion of laws, and in most States the laws are singularly insufficient. There are great questions to be decided, as to whether there can be private ownership of water, or whether water belongs to the land which it first irrigates, or whether it is the property of the State; whether canal companies are common carriers or dealers in water; and a hundred and one other important points, each of which raises conflicting interests. Then there is the great struggle between coöperation and corporation, the struggle of the community system of canal-ownership and the water-lords.

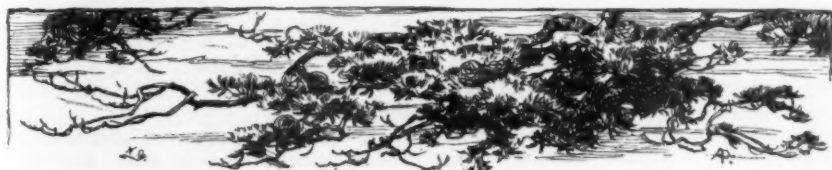
In the dust of all these conflicts which are now being fought out in legislatures and courts the individual settler is often crushed and loses everything; but that is always the accompaniment of such new enterprises. If there were only a wise absolute monarch, a sublimated Kaiser William, who could take hold of these affairs and straighten them out, it would assist materially in the development of the arid West. As it is, they will have to be fought out and settled in the American way, which, while expensive, satisfies the American, and in the end will no doubt produce the best system of control in the world.

There are other perplexing questions of a scientific order, such, for instance, as to the duty of water. What is the amount of water which will irrigate an acre of land in a given climate sowed to a given crop? Many canals supply too much water, and it is wasted; others supply too little: these

errors must be righted. Water in ditches loses much by seepage and evaporation, in some instances as high as forty-seven per cent., a condition which requires much scientific investigation in order that these sources of waste may be reduced. Some valleys are afflicted with alkali salts, the gradual accumulation of which in a field will certainly ruin its productiveness, so that it returns to the condition of a bare desert. A bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture, known as the Bureau of Soils, occupies much of its time in the study of these grave problems and how to remedy them. Many a poor farmer, attracted by the glittering opportunities of an irrigated valley, has seen his fields whiten with alkali and his crops die because he could not rid himself of the salts which the water contained.

And then, perhaps as disastrous as any other one thing, unscrupulous or mistaken promoters have crept into many a good valley, and by using all the arts of advertising have brought in more settlers than there is water to supply, and the whole enterprise is going to destruction, carrying with it many innocent settlers, and in most cases, fortunately, the speculator himself.

But this is the darker side of the development of the empire of the arid land, most of the phases of which are unmistakably bright, and they are all difficulties of the sort which the courage, perseverance, and enthusiasm of these desert pioneers will one day surmount, making the arid regions beyond the Mississippi the better half of the country, the most fertile, the most beautiful, the most populous.



THE PRISONER.

BY S. P. LYON.

WOE to the man who, fettered, far away,
 Shall hear these voices and may not obey;
 Hear the pines whisper and the clear streams say:
 "Come back to us, on the free mountain-side;
 Where thy heart is, there let thy feet abide."

Never may he, a slave to duty, reap
 A pure content who hears, in waking sleep,
 The ruffed grouse drumming in the shadows deep;
 The leap of trout; and hearing may not go
 Back to the hills that have bewitched him so.

Never may he, though lover true and tried,
 Be sure of perfect peace beside his bride
 Who catches in his love's eyes, opened wide,
 The tint of some well-loved, remembered pool
 That lies deep-hidden in the forest cool.

Woe to the man who, wallèd all about,
 May hear these voices calling from without;
 Hear the pines singing and the torrents shout:
 "Come back to us, on the wild mountain-side;
 Where thy heart is, there let thy feet abide."

LITTLE STORIES.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D.,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "François," "Circumstance," etc.

VI. A DILEMMA.

I WAS just thirty-seven when my Uncle Philip died. A week before that event he sent for me; and here let me say that I had never set eyes on him. He hated my mother, but I do not know why. She told me long before his last illness that I need expect nothing from my father's brother. He was an inventor, an able and ingenious mechanical engineer, and had made much money by his improvement in turbine-wheels. He was a bachelor; lived alone, cooked his own meals, and collected precious stones, especially rubies. From the time he made his first money he had this mania. As he grew richer, the desire to possess rare and costly gems became stronger. When he bought a new stone, he carried it in his pocket for a month, and now and then took it out and looked at it. Then it was added to the collection in his safe at the trust company.

At the time he sent for me I was a clerk, and poor enough. Remembering my mother's words, his message gave me, his sole relative, no new hopes; but I thought it best to go.

When I sat down by his bedside, he began, with a malicious grin:

"I suppose you think me queer. I will explain." What he said was certainly queer enough. "I have been living on an annuity into which I put my fortune. In other words, I have been, as to money, concentric half of my life to enable me to be as eccentric as I pleased the rest of it. Now I repent of my wickedness to you all, and desire to live in the memory of at least one of my family. You think I am poor and have only my annuity. You will be profitably surprised. I have never parted with my rubies; they will be yours. You are my sole heir. I shall carry with me to the other world the satisfaction of making one man happy.

"No doubt you have always had expectations, and I desire that you should continue to expect. My rubies are in my safe. There is nothing else left."

When I thanked him he grinned all over his lean face, and said:

"You will have to pay for my funeral."

I must say that I never looked forward to any expenditure with more pleasure than to what it would cost me to put him away in the earth. As I rose to go, he said:

"The rubies are valuable. They are in my safe at the trust company. Before you unlock the box, be very careful to read a letter which lies on top of it; and be sure not to shake the box." I thought this odd. "Don't come back. It won't hasten things."

He died that day week, and was handsomely buried. The day after, his will was found, leaving me his heir. I opened his safe and found in it nothing but an iron box, evidently of his own making, for he was a skilled workman and very ingenious. The box was heavy and strong, about ten inches long, eight inches wide, and ten inches high. On it lay a letter to me. It ran thus:

"DEAR TOM: This box contains a large number of very fine pigeon-blood rubies and a fair lot of diamonds; one is blue—a beauty. There are eleven pearls, for which any woman would sell her soul—or her affections." I thought of Susan. "I wish you to continue to have expectations, and continuously to remember your dear uncle. I would have left these stones to some charity, but I hate the poor as much as I hate your mother's son, —yes, rather more.

"The box contains an interesting mechanism, which will act with certainty as you unlock it, and explode ten ounces of my improved, supersensitive dynamite—no, to be accurate, there are only nine and a half ounces. Doubt me, and open it, and you will be blown to atoms. Believe me, and you will continue to nourish expectations which will never be fulfilled. As a considerate man, I counsel extreme care in handling the box. Don't forget your affectionate uncle."

I stood appalled, the key in my hand. Was

it true? Was it a lie? I had spent all my savings on the funeral, and was poorer than ever.

Remembering the old man's oddity, his malice, his cleverness in mechanic arts, and the patent explosive which had helped to make him rich, I began to feel how very likely it was that he had told the truth in this cruel letter.

I carried the iron box away to my lodgings, set it down with care in a closet, laid the key on it, and locked the closet.

Then I sat down, as yet hopeful, and began to exert my ingenuity upon ways of opening the box without being killed. There must be a way.

After a week of vain thinking I bethought me, one day, that it would be easy to explode the box by unlocking it at a safe distance, and I arranged a plan with wires, which seemed as if it would answer. But when I reflected on what would happen when the dynamite scattered the rubies, I knew that I should be none the richer. For hours at a time I sat looking at that box and handling the key.

At last I hung the key on my watch-guard; but then it occurred to me that it might be lost or stolen. Dreading this, I hid it, fearful that some one might use it to open the box. This state of doubt and fear lasted for weeks, until I became nervous and began to dread that some accident might happen to that box. A burglar might come and boldly carry it away, and force it open, and find it was a wicked fraud of my uncle's. Even the rumble and vibration caused by the heavy vans in the street became at last a terror.

Worst of all, my salary was reduced, and I saw that marriage was out of the question.

In my despair I consulted Professor Clinch as to my dilemma, and as to some safe way of getting at the rubies. He said that, if my uncle had not lied, there was none, but that it was a silly tale and altogether incredible. I reassured him as to the rubies, and offered him the biggest if he wished to test his opinion. He did not desire to do so.

Dr. Schaff, my uncle's doctor, believed the old man's letter, and added a caution, which was entirely useless, for by this time I was afraid to be in the room with that terrible box.

At last the doctor kindly warned me that I was in danger of losing my mind with too much thought about my rubies. In fact, I did nothing else but contrive wild plans to get at them safely. I spent all my spare hours at one of the great libraries reading about dynamite. Indeed, I talked of it until the library atten-

dants, believing me a lunatic or a dynamite fiend, declined to humor me, and spoke to the police. I suspect that for a while I was "shadowed" as a suspicious, and possibly criminal, character. I gave up the libraries, and, becoming more and more fearful, set my precious box on a down pillow, for fear of its being shaken; for at this time even the absurd possibility of its being disturbed by an earthquake troubled me. I tried to calculate the amount of shake needful to explode my box.

The old doctor, when I saw him again, begged me to give up all thought of the matter, and, as I felt how completely I was the slave of one despotic idea, I tried to take the good advice thus given me.

Unhappily, I found, soon after, between the leaves of my uncle's Bible, a numbered list of the stones with their cost. It was dated two years before my uncle's death. Many of the stones were well known, and their enormous value amazed me.

Several of the rubies were described with care, and curious histories of them were given in detail. One was said to be the famous "Sunset ruby," which had belonged to the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa. One was called the "Blood ruby," not, as was explained, because of the color, but on account of the murders it had occasioned. Now, as I read, it seemed again to threaten death.

It was maddening. Here, guarded by a vision of sudden death, was wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." I am not a clever or ingenious man; I know little beyond how to keep a ledger, and so I was, and am, no doubt, absurd as to many of my notions as to how to solve this riddle.

At one time I thought of finding a man who would take the risk of unlocking the box, but what right had I to subject any one else to the trial I dared not face? I could easily drop the box from a height somewhere, and if it did not explode could then safely unlock it; but if it did blow up when it fell, good-by to my rubies. *Mine*, indeed! I was rich, and I was not. I grew thin and morbid, and so miserable that, being a good Catholic, I at last carried my troubles to my father confessor. He thought it simply a cruel jest of my uncle's, but was not so eager for another world as to be willing to open my box. He, too, counseled me to cease thinking about it. Good heavens! I dreamed about it. Not to think about it was impossible. Neither my own thought nor science nor religion had been able to assist me.

Two years have gone by, and I am one of the richest men in the city, and have no more money than will keep me alive.

Susan said I was half cracked like Uncle Philip, and broke off her engagement. In my despair I have advertised in the "Journal of Science," and have had absurd schemes sent me by the dozen. At last, as I talked too much about it, the thing became so well known that when I put the horror in a safe, in bank, I was promptly desired to withdraw it. I was in constant fear of burglars, and my landlady gave me notice to leave, because no one would stay in the house with that box. I am now advised to print my story and await advice from the ingenuity of the American mind.

I have moved into the suburbs and hidden the box and changed my name and my occupation. This I did to escape the curiosity of

the reporters. I ought to say that when the government officials came to hear of my inheritance, they very reasonably desired to collect the succession tax on my uncle's estate.

I was delighted to assist them. I told the collector my story, and showed him Uncle Philip's letter. Then I offered him the key, and asked for time to get half a mile away. That man said he would think it over and come back later.

This is all I have to say. I have made a will and left my rubies to the Society for the Prevention of Human Vivisection. If any man thinks this account a joke or an invention, let him coldly imagine the situation:

Given an iron box, known to contain wealth, said to contain dynamite, arranged to explode when the key is used to unlock it—what would any sane man do? What would he advise?

CURIOUS ELECTRICAL FORMS.

AS SHOWN IN MR. T. BURTON KINRAIDE'S RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS
OF ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES.

BY ANABEL PARKER.

THE remarkable photographs which it is the object of this article to explain constitute a graphic record, a genuine autobiography, of certain phases of one of the most wonderful and subtle of the great forces of nature. They are the result of several years of experimenting by a Boston investigator, T. Burton Kinraide, and are the record of impressions made upon sensitive plates by discharges of electricity. These photographs show the form and character of the so-called positive and negative phases of electric energy, and of a third phase which has never before been revealed. They hint at an apparatus unique in its delicacy of control. Beyond this, they throw fresh light on the very nature and character of this great force.

All the plates here shown were produced by discharges of minute quantities of electricity. From this point of view, they present a striking contrast to the plates published in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1900. Those were photographs of the phenomena resulting from discharges from electrical oscillators of great power. They recorded experiments

made by that consummate genius of electrical investigation, Nikola Tesla, who delights in handling enormous quantities of electric energy.

By a cursory glance at the different plates and at the explanatory lines under them, it will be seen that whatever may be the outline of the entire design on the plate, there is one unvarying structural form for the positive phase and one for the negative. These are so dissimilar in character that they need never be confused. The positive phase has always the branching, fern-like structure which Mr. Kinraide calls filiciform, while the negative invariably shows the soft and feathery appearance which is well described as plumous. Whether the plate shows a single large disk composed of exquisitely delicate forms radiating from a center, or a series of zigzagging comets, one can readily tell by noting the structure whether the discharge which printed itself on the plate was in its positive or its negative phase.

This series of electrographs was, with a

few exceptions, produced by means of a condenser apparatus, upon one surface of which the sensitive plate was placed. This surface can be electrified either positively or negatively at the will of the operator. Suppose it to be negatively electrified, and then touched at the center by a small brass sphere which is in connection with the positive terminal of the apparatus. The instant discharge from the sphere rushes out in all directions over the surface of the plate, and there is produced the beautiful figure shown in Plate I. Suppose, on the other hand, that the condenser surface on which the sensitive plate rests is positively electrified, and that a brass sphere connected with the negative terminal be brought in contact with it. The energy is gathered up, as it were, from the plate, and rushing toward the conducting sphere, leaves on the surface the print of its vanishing footsteps, as in Plate II.

With one or two exceptions, all the plates here shown are based upon the existence of these two sets of conditions, i.e., a surface negatively electrified brought in contact with a positive terminal, and a surface positively electrified brought in contact with a negative terminal. The terminal may be connected with a single sphere, as already suggested, with a roller, or with tiny metallic balls or needle-points. The deft manipulation of these mechanical devices produces the variety of design. The plates which were produced under conditions other than these will be noted farther on.

It is now five years since Mr. Kinraide made the happy discovery which led him to experiment along the lines of electrical photography of which these beautiful plates are the result. The apparatus he at first used was quite unlike the one he is now using, and was without the condenser plates. Many of the results that can be obtained from the one now in use he was unable to obtain by means of the former, but untiring efforts to discover the causes of his failures finally brought a knowledge that enabled him to construct an apparatus capable of producing the perfect plates here shown. As in many other instances, failure lighted the way to success.

It is necessary to touch briefly on the construction of the apparatus and on the experiments carried on by means of it in order to give a clear idea of the way in which Mr. Kinraide has arrived at certain important conclusions. The apparatus has, as an interesting feature, a unique kind of secondary induction-coil consisting of a cir-

cular disk of fine wire wound in about one thousand turns. The peculiarity of this coil is that it will discharge out into the air as easily as the Ruhmkorff coil discharges toward its other terminal. In other words, the electric energy, instead of discharging from two equal potential terminals, as is the case where the Ruhmkorff coil is used, passes into the air almost wholly from one terminal. The non-discharging terminal is connected to an earth-wire, and thus its influence is entirely removed. The coil has a superb insulation, and will easily withstand a pressure under which the Ruhmkorff coil splinters to atoms. Thus the apparatus controls a higher voltage for the quantity than any other so far made.

It was while studying the discharge from this apparatus in the dark that Mr. Kinraide noticed peculiar, fern-like forms of a pale violet color radiating from the two-inch brass sphere which formed the discharging terminal. By manipulating the discharge, he could make a number of these beautiful, quivering forms appear. By using spheres of larger diameters and increasing the potential, he could increase the length and size of the light-forms until they would shoot out thirty inches beyond the sphere and reach an apparent thickness of half an inch. They looked like miniature forks of violet-tinged lightning, cleaving the darkness of the laboratory. By balancing an ordinary photographic plate on the top of the spherical terminal, film side down, and opening and closing the circuit once, a photograph of the quivering light-forms was secured. They recorded themselves as the filiciform or positive phase of electric energy. This was a first effort, and a first success.

Upon a reversal of the current, an entirely different phenomenon was observed. Instead of the branching outshoots of violet light, there appeared plume-like forms resembling the cattail of the meadow-flag. These seemed to be about an inch in diameter and seven inches long. An attempt to secure a photograph of these plume-like forms was made, but though the plate was as carefully adjusted and the current as skilfully manipulated as before, there was no record found upon the plate when it was developed. The experiment was repeated again and again, but with disheartening results. The plumeous forms could not be induced to make any impression on the sensitive plates. For two years Mr. Kinraide experimented, sacrificing plates enough to build a greenhouse. Then he made a discovery. The plumeous

forms were not, as he had supposed, discharging outward from the sphere; they were discharging inward from the surrounding air.

The discovery of this fact was of the greatest significance. It seemed to proclaim electric energy not a dual force with a dual activity, but a single force with a single line of direction for the sweep of its energy. Furthermore, it showed plainly that the so-called positive and negative phenomena indicate, the one an accumulation or heaping up of electric energy, the other a corresponding withdrawal. It was through study of the plumous forms that Mr. Kinraide was led to the discovery of the conditions necessary for the successful production of these photographs. He realized that, in order to secure on a photographic plate the record of the so-called negative electricity, the plate must represent the withdrawal of energy; in other words, it must be electrified and then made to discharge itself into some conductor.

With the condenser apparatus, he found no difficulty in securing the record of the negative phase. A photographic plate placed upon the positively electrified surface of the condenser became in turn positively electrified. Then, when any conductor connected with the negative terminal was brought into contact with it, the stored-up energy immediately sought an equilibrium and rushed from all directions toward the conductor. This produced a condition of withdrawal on the plate, or, in other words, showed the so-called negative phase of electricity.

It was then that Mr. Kinraide made another discovery. Not only did he secure photographs of the positive and negative phases, but there was revealed on some of the plates the existence of comet-like forms in which the positive and negative were seen to be united, base to base. The meaning of these comet forms was not at first understood, nor did Mr. Kinraide know how it was that they appeared on the plates. Former photographs had indicated a separation between the two phases; none had ever shown that they were united. These comet forms, therefore, presented a new field for investigation, and it was only after careful study and experimentation that their significance was discovered.

The comet structure Mr. Kinraide has called, by reason of the conditions under which it is created, the electric entity. It is a record of the entire activity of one small quantity of electric energy, an embodiment, as it were, of the force, and literally an entity

of energy, having a birth, a growth, and a subsequent death or dispersion. Its center, or body part, is plainly neither positive nor negative in character. Mr. Kinraide calls it the third or dynamic phase of electricity. His reasons for this will be apparent farther on.

In order to make clear the way in which the comet structure was secured, it may be well to explain first the development of the figure on Plate III. This is not one of the condenser series of photographs, but was secured from a very different and quite simple apparatus. It is introduced here to make clearer the interpretation of the other plates.

Without describing the apparatus in detail, it is sufficient to say that it presented a flat surface about twice as long as wide. This surface was divided by a narrow strip of dielectric or non-conducting material into two areas of equal extent, each of these being nearly square. The apparatus was so arranged that when the current was turned on, one of these areas would become positively, the other negatively electrified, the dielectric between them preventing the energy from reaching a state of equilibrium.

The photographic plate was placed in position on the flat surface, half of it on one side of the dielectric, half on the other. A metallic bar was then laid upon the plate at right angles to the dielectric. Thus its ends lay at the respective centers of the two areas which were to be oppositely electrified. By closing the current and then breaking it once, Plate III was obtained. The two ends of the photographic plate became oppositely electrified, like the areas over which they were superimposed. When the current was broken, the energy in the two oppositely electrified surfaces immediately rushed to an equilibrium, using the metallic bar as a conductor. From the positively electrified surface the energy shot into the bar, recording its withdrawal in the delicate plumes of the negative phase. Then it hurried along and finally shot out and dispersed itself over the negatively electrified surface in the filiciform streamers, which always indicate the outward rush of the current.

In the evolution of the comet structure, analogous conditions obtain, with the exception that the electric energy uses the air as a conducting medium instead of a metal conductor. This enables it to record the entire history of its action on the sensitive plate. Keeping this explanation in mind, the reader will be able to understand Plate IV, which is one of the condenser series.

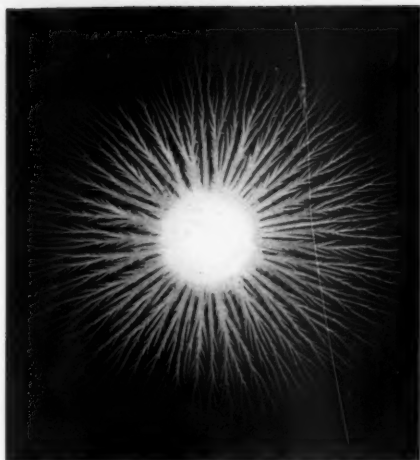


PLATE I. ANODOS.

A discharge of electric energy over the negative surface of a condenser from a two-inch sphere connected with the positive terminal.

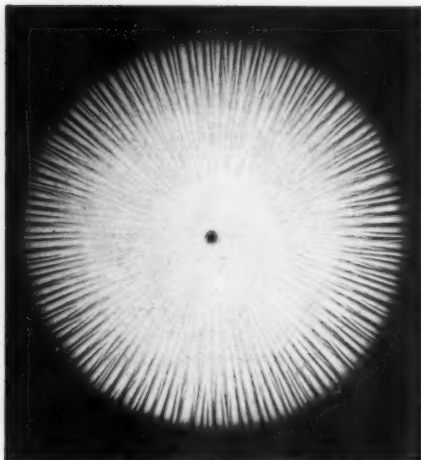


PLATE II. KATHODOS.

A discharge of electric energy over the positive surface of a condenser toward a two-inch sphere connected with the negative terminal.

In order to secure this, the condenser surface upon which the sensitive plate was to be placed was first highly charged with electric energy. Then the photographic plate was carefully placed upon it, film side up. A metallic discharger, fitted with an adjustable spark-gap, was now used. By means of this spark-gap it was possible to regulate the amount of energy to be withdrawn from the plate. After being connected with the negative terminal of the apparatus, the discharger was placed at the center of the plate, and a small quantity of the energy was permitted to escape. This created a circular, negative area on the plate, while surrounding it was a charged area.

As in the case of the two oppositely electrified squares previously referred

to, the energy sought an equilibrium. Small quantities of it shot inward toward the circular, negative area,

and the onward rush was recorded on the plate in the filiciform streamers extending toward the center, while the withdrawal from the outer rim produced the soft plumous forms. All this took place before the discharger in the operator's hand could be withdrawn from its instant of contact with the plate.

The energy started from a condition of diffusion, and ended in a condition of diffusion, but at the instant of its greatest power it was focalized. This instant of focalization is represented on the plate by the slender spindle joining the plumous and the filiciform. This is what Mr. Kinraide calls the dynamic phase of electric energy.

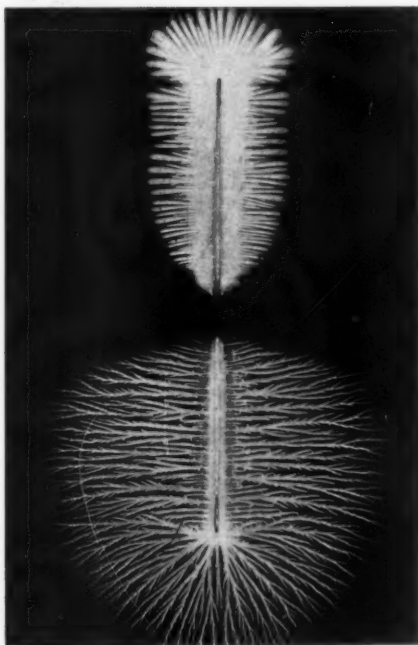


PLATE III. COMPOSITE ELECTRIC ENTITY.

A transfer of electric energy produced by placing a short, metallic rod across the line dividing two oppositely charged areas. The part of the plate upon which the plumous or negative phase is seen is the part which was at first positively electrified. The part upon which the positive streamers are seen was the negatively electrified areas.

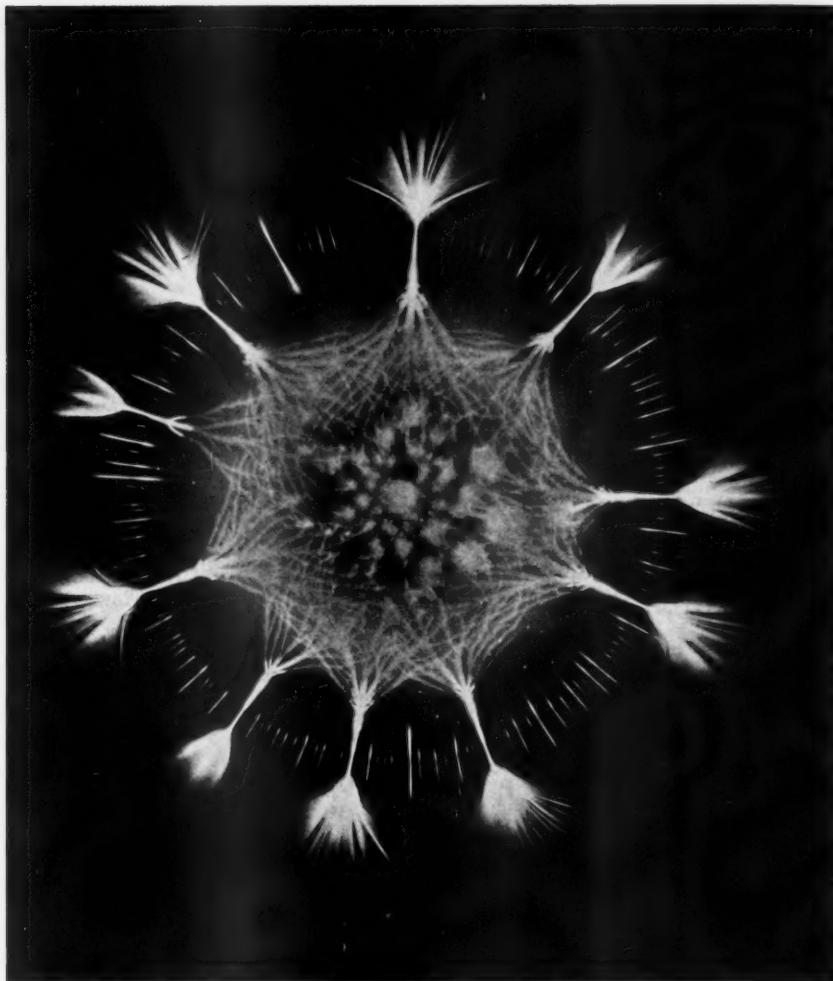


PLATE IV. SYMMETRICAL GROUP OF ELECTRIC ENTITIES.

Each comet structure in the group is a record of the entire history of a small quantity of electric energy.

In general terms, the spindle of one of these comet structures represents the dynamic center of a discharge, for each tiny comet records the entire evolution of an electric discharge, and the phases through which it passes are identical with those through which every uninterrupted discharge must pass.

That this spindle has never before been shown in any photographs of electricity is due to the fact that no apparatus has ever before been constructed whereby the entire action of an electric discharge through the air could be recorded. In the action of the energy in Plate III its moment of greatest

focalization was during its passage through the metallic bar. Hence its form could not be recorded.

Examine for a moment this spindle (see Plate V). It seems to be wound in a conical spiral, as if the lines of energy, which focalize at the point of greatest intensity, assume at once a spiral motion. This spiral whirl is at first very narrow, but as it passes away from the point of greatest intensity, it becomes wider, and its whirls are farther apart. Under favorable conditions they are far enough apart to be seen, forming a sharply pointed cone with a very small base. Thus it seems



PLATE V. ELECTRIC ENTITY, OR EMBODIMENT OF ELECTRIC FORCE. (ENLARGED.)

that the electric energy focalizing at this point translates itself, by means of the electromagnetic action which takes place in the spindle, from its negative phase into a curiously interacting form, the positive phase.

Mr. Kinraide's conclusions may be summarized as follows: The plates here shown, especially those which record the action of the electric entity, form an electrographic demonstration of the meaning of the terms positive and negative electricity. When electric energy changes from a condition of diffusion to a center of focalization it is

passing through its negative phase. When it changes from a condition of focalization to a condition of diffusion it is passing through its positive phase. These two conditions may be correctly termed the anodos, or going in, and the exodos, or going out, of electric energy. They are unmistakably recorded on the photographic plates, which show that there are not two separate electricities, but one developing entity of energy. There is no photograph of the diffused condition in either case. It is only when the energy is passing through one or the other



PLATE VI. POSITIVE ENDS OF ELECTRIC ENTITIES.

A discharge from a metallic roller in its passage over the film side of a photographic plate placed upon the uncoated, negative surface of a charged condenser. The conditions of electrification here are the opposite of those in Plate VII.

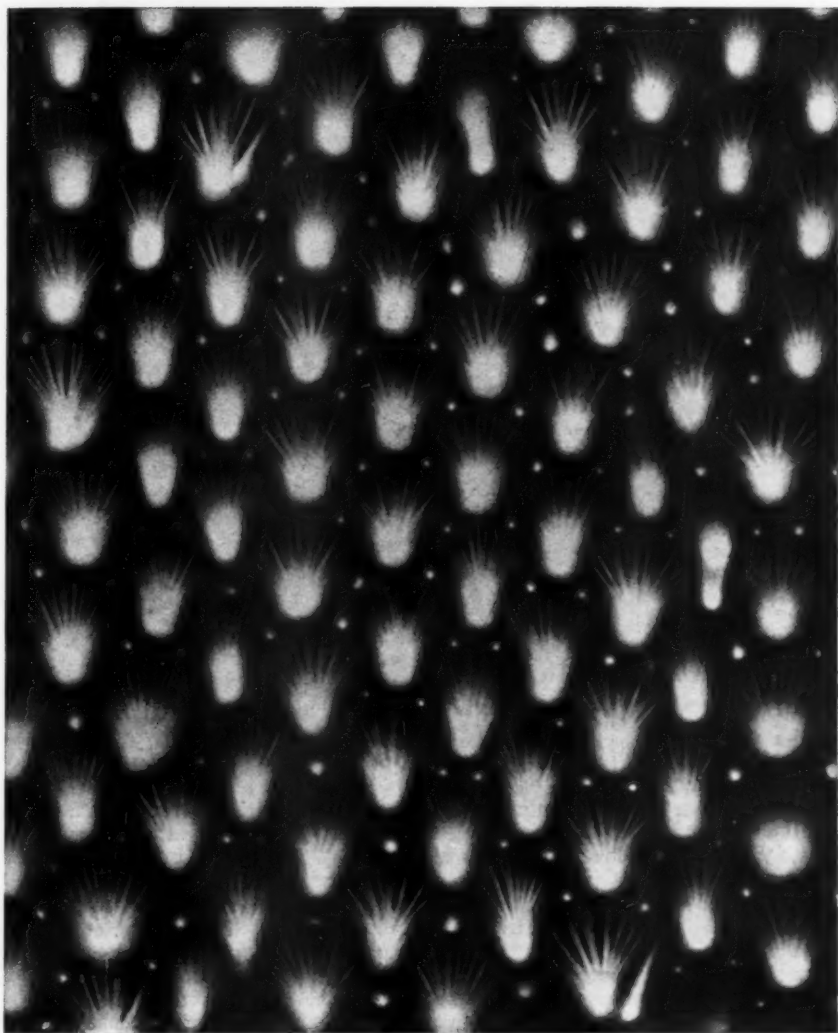


PLATE VII. NEGATIVE ENDS OF ELECTRIC ENTITIES.

A discharge from a metallic roller in its passage over the film side of a photographic plate placed upon the uncoated, positive surface of a charged condenser. This plate is a companion to Plate VI.

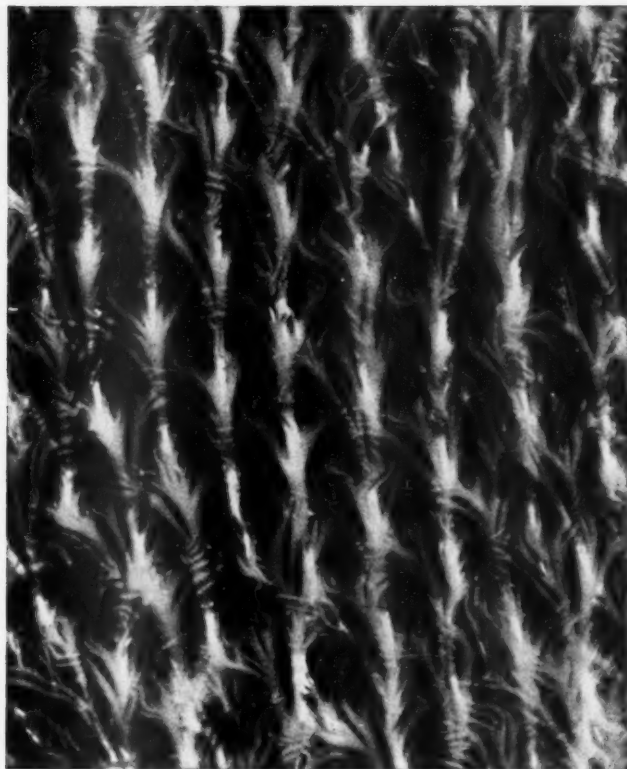


PLATE VIII. ELECTRIC ENTITIES IN SERIES.

A discharge between plates produced by the passage of a metallic roller over a photographic plate laid film side down upon a positively charged, uncoated condenser surface.

of its three phases that it becomes manifest upon the sensitive plate.

Plate V is an enlarged record of one small quantity of electric energy: its origin, or negative phase; its transformation, or dynamic phase; its final diffusion, or positive phase. In the negative phase the energy consists of numerous units of energy uniting to produce a single unit, which, after spiraling through a small space, is changed into a number of streamers to be again diffused.

Plates VI and VII, which show respectively the positive and negative ends of electric entities, belong to the condenser series. As explained in the lines under them, they were secured by means of a roller passing over the surface of the photographic plate. Plate VI shows the outrushing or positive ends of the tiny entities that shoot off from the roller on to the negatively electrified plate as the roller is passed over the plate. Plate VII shows the retreating or negative

ends of the entities that rush from the positive plate into the negative roller.

Plate VIII shows how comets in series are formed when the energy *between* condenser surfaces is permitted to escape into a metallic roller passed over the outer surface of the plate. This was secured by placing the photographic plate film side down.

The photographs here reproduced form a representative selection from many hundreds secured by Mr. Kinraide. They are much reduced in size, the negatives being eighteen by twenty-two or eight by ten inches. A set consisting of about fifty photographs has recently been presented to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where it is available to students and other interested persons.

The conclusions as to the nature of electricity reached by Mr. Kinraide through his study of its movement differ to a considerable extent from those reached by Lord Armstrong, the noted English scientist who

has conducted experiments along similar lines. Lord Armstrong has secured some extremely interesting photographs of the phenomena resulting from discharges of electricity over dust plates. He has also experimented with photographic plates, and a number of the results secured in both cases bear an interesting resemblance to those obtained by Mr. Kinraide. Lord Armstrong has not, however, shown the development of the electric entity.

It may be interesting to add that, as a result of his study of electric energy as manifested in these plates, Mr. Kinraide inclines to the theory that every form of energy, as heat, sound, light, gravity, etc., has what he would term an entity of energy, corresponding in structure and function to the electric entity, and that it only requires

a knowledge of how to create conditions in order to demonstrate this.

He asks the interesting questions: "May it not be that the whirlwind and the water-spout proclaim the presence of entities of thermal energy, the whirlpool the presence of an entity of gravity, and the sound-waves recently photographed the presence of the entity of sound force?" He maintains, also, that if the conditions are constant, the entity will be constant. *A prime condition must be that the energy be able to mold the substance which is the medium of its manifestation into its own form.* Its power to do this demonstrates that it is a force-entity. Mr. Kinraide proposes to experiment with other forms of energy and to obtain, if possible, a complete demonstration of this theory.

THE PASSING OF COCK-EYE BLACKLOCK.

BY FRANK NORRIS,

Author of "The Octopus," etc.

WELL, m' son," observed Bunt about half an hour after supper, "if your provender has shook down comfortable by now, we might as well jar loose and be moving along out yonder."

We left the fire and moved toward the hobbled ponies, Bunt complaining of the quality of the outfit's meals. "Down in the Panamint country," he growled, "we had a Chink that was a sure frying-pan expert; but *this* Dago—my word! That ain't victuals, that supper. That 's just a' ingenious device for removing superfluous appetite. Next time I assimilate nutriment in this camp I'm sure going to take chloroform beforehand. Careful to draw your cinch tight on that pinto bronc' of yours. She always swells up same as a horned toad soon as you begin to saddle up."

We rode from the circle of the camp-fire's light and out upon the desert. It was Bunt's turn to ride the herd that night, and I had volunteered to bear him company.

Bunt was one of a fast-disappearing type. He knew his West as the cockney knows his Piccadilly. He had mined with and for Ralston, had soldiered with Crook, had turned cards in a faro game at Laredo, and had known the Apache Kid. He had fifteen

separate and different times driven the herds from Texas to Dodge City, in the good old, rare old, wild old days when Dodge was the headquarters for the cattle trade, and as near to heaven as the cow-boy cared to get. He had seen the end of gold and the end of the buffalo, the beginning of cattle, the beginning of wheat, and the spreading of the barbed-wire fence, that, in the end, will take from him his occupation and his revolver, his chaparejos and his usefulness, his lariat and his reason for being. He had seen the rise of a new period, the successive stages of which, singularly enough, tally exactly with the progress of our own world-civilization: first the nomad and hunter, then the herder, next and last the husbandman. He had passed the mid-mark of his life. His mustache was gray. He had four friends—his horse, his pistol, a teamster in the Indian Territory Panhandle named Skinny, and me.

The herd—I suppose all told there were some two thousand head—we found not far from the water-hole. We relieved the other watch and took up our night's vigil. It was about nine o'clock. The night was fine, calm. There was no cloud. Toward the middle watches one could expect a moon.



DRAWN BY J. N. MARCHAND. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

"THE MARSHAL DON'T STAND FOR NO SHORT-CARD MEN, AND CLOSES COCK-EYE UP."

But the stars, the stars! In Idaho, on those lonely reaches of desert and range, where the shadow of the sun by day and the courses of the constellations by night are the only things that move, these stars are a different matter from those bleared pin-points of the city after dark, seen through dust and smoke and the glare of electric lights and the hot haze of fire-signs. On such a night as that when I rode the herd with Bunt *anything* might have happened; one could have believed in fairies then, and in the buffalo-ghost, and in all the weirds of the craziest Apache "Messiah" that ever made medicine.

One remembered astronomy and the "measureless distances" and the showy problems, including the rapid moving of a ray of light and the long years of its travel between star and star, and smiled incredulously. Why, the stars were just above our heads, were not much higher than the flat-topped hills that barred the horizons. Venus was a yellow lamp hung in a tree; Mars a red lantern in a clock-tower. One listened instinctively for the tramp of the constellations. Orion, Cassiopeia, and Ursa Major marched to and fro on the vault like cohorts of legionaries, seemingly without call of our voices, and all without a sound.

But beneath these quiet heavens the earth disengaged multitudinous sounds—small sounds, minimized as it were by the muffling of the night. Now it was the yap of a coyote leagues away; now the snapping of a twig in the sage-brush; now the mysterious, indefinable stir of the heat-ridden land cooling under the night. But more often it was the confused murmur of the herd itself—the click of a horn, the friction of heavy bodies, the stamp of a hoof, with now and then the low, complaining note of a cow with calf, or the subdued noise of a steer as it lay down, first lurching to the knees, then rolling clumsily upon the haunch, with a long, stertorous breath of satisfaction.

Slowly at Indian trot we encircled the herd. Earlier in the evening a prairie-wolf had pulled down a calf, and the beasts were still restless. Little eddies of nervousness at long intervals developed here and there in the mass—eddies that not impossibly might widen at any time with perilous quickness to the maelstrom of the stampede. So as he rode, Bunt sang to these great brutes, literally to put them to sleep—sang an old grandmother's song, with all

the quaint modulations of sixty, seventy, a hundred years ago:

With her ogling winks
And bobbling blinks,
Her quizzing glass,
Her one eye idle,
Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
With his broadsword, saddle, bridle.
Whack, fol-de-rol!

I remembered that song. My grandmother—so they tell me—used to sing it in Carolina, in the thirties, accompanying herself on a harp, if you please:

Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,
With his broadsword, saddle, bridle.

It was in Charleston, I remembered, and the slave-ships used to discharge there in those days. My grandmother had sung it then to her beaux; officers they were; no wonder she chose it,—“Oh, she loved a bold dragoon,”—and now I heard it sung on an Idaho cattle-range to quiet two thousand restless steers.

Our talk at first, after the cattle had quieted down, ran upon all manner of subjects. It is astonishing to note what strange things men will talk about at night and in a solitude. That night we covered religion, of course, astronomy, love-affairs, horses, travel, history, poker, photography, basket-making, and the Darwinian theory. But at last inevitably we came back to cattle and the pleasures and dangers of riding the herd.

“I rode herd once in Nevada,” remarked Bunt, “and I was caught into a blizzard, and I was sure freezing to death. Got to where I could n't keep my eyes open, I was that sleepy. Tell you what I did. Had some eating-tobacco along, and I'd chew it a spell, then rub the juice into my eyes. Kept it up all night. Blame near blinded me, but I come through. Me and another man named Blacklock—Cock-eye Blacklock we called him, by reason of his having one eye that was some out o' line. Cock-eye sure ought to have got it that night, for he went bad afterward, and did a heap of killing before he *did* get it. He was a bad man for sure, and the way he died is a story in itself.” There was a long pause. The ponies jogged on. Rounding on the herd, we turned southward.

“He did ‘get it’ finally, you say,” I prompted.

“He certainly did,” said Bunt, “and the story of it is what a man with a’ imaginary

mind like you ought to make into one of your friction tales."

"Is it about a treasure?" I asked with apprehension. For ever since I once made a tale (of friction) out of one of Bunt's stories of real life, he has been ambitious for me to write another, and is forever suggesting motifs which invariably—I say invariably—imply the discovery of great treasures. With him, fictitious literature must always turn upon the discovery of hidden wealth.

"No," said he, "it ain't about no treasure, but just about the origin, hist'ry, and development—and subsequent decease—of as mean a Greaser as ever stole stock, which his name was Cock-eye Blacklock.

"You see, this same Blacklock went bad about two summers after our meet-up with the blizzard. He worked down Yuma way and over into New Mexico, where he picks up with a sure-thing gambler, and the two begins to devastate the population. They do say when he and his running mate got good and through with that part of the Land of the Brave, men used to go round trading guns for commissary, and clothes for ponies, and cigars for whisky and such. There just was n't any money left *anywhere*. Those sharps had drawn the landscape clean. Some one found a dollar in a floor-crack in a saloon, and the bar-keep' gave him a gallon of forty-rod for it, and used to keep it in a box for exhibition, and the crowd would get around it and paw it over and say: 'My! my! Whatever in the world is this extremely cu-roos coin?'

"Then Blacklock cuts loose from his running mate, and plays a lone hand through Arizona and Nevada, up as far as Reno again, and there he stacks up against a kid—a little tenderfoot kid so new he ain't cracked the green paint off him—and *skins* him. And the kid, being foolish and impulsive-like, pulls out a pea-shooter. It was a *twenty-two*," said Bunt, solemnly. "Yes, the kid was just that pore, pathetic kind to carry a dinky twenty-two, and with the tears runnin' down his cheeks begins to talk tall. Now what does that Cock-eye do? Why, that pore kid that he had skinned could n't 'a' hurt him with his pore little bric-à-brac. Does Cock-eye take his little parlor ornament away from him, and spank him, and tell him to go home? No, he never. The kid's little tin pop-shooter explodes right in his hand before he can crook his forefinger twice, and while he's a-wondering what-all has happened, Cock-eye gets his two guns on him, slow and deliberate-

like, mind you, and throws forty-eights into him till he ain't worth shooting at no more. Murders him like the mud-eating, horse-thieving snake of a Greaser that he is; but being within the law, the kid drawing on him first, he don't stretch hemp the way he should.

"Well, fin'ly this Blacklock blows into a mining-camp in Placer County, California, where I'm chuck-tending on the night shift. This here camp is maybe four miles across the divide from Iowa Hill, and it sure is named a cu-roos name, which it is Why-not. They is a barn contiguous, where the mine horses are kep', and, blame me! if there ain't a weathercock on top of that same,—a golden trotting-horse,—*upside down*. When the stranger an' pilgrim comes in, says he first off: 'Why 'n snakes they got that weathercock horse upside down—why?' says he. 'Why-not,' says you, and the drinks is on the pilgrim.

"That all went very lovely till some gesabe opens up a placer drift on the far side the divide, starts a rival camp, an' names her Because. The boss gets mad at that, and rights up the weathercock, and renames the camp Ophir, and you don't work no more pilgrims.

"Well, as I was saying, Cock-eye drifts into Why-not and begins diffusing trouble. He skins some of the boys in the hotel over in town, and a big row comes of it, and one of the bead-rock cleaners cuts loose with both guns. Nobody hurt but a quarter-breed, who loses a' eye. But the marshal don't stand for no short-card men, an' closes Cock-eye up some prompt. Him being forced to give the boys back their money is busted an' can't get away from camp. To raise some wind he begins depredating. He robs a pore half-breed of a cayuse, and shoots up a Chink who's panning tailings, and generally and variously becomes too pronounced, till he's run outen camp. He's sure stony-broke, not being able to turn a card because of the marshal. So he goes to live in a' ole cabin up by the mine ditch, and sits there doing a heap o' thinking, and hatching trouble like a' ole he-hen.

"Well, now, with that deporting of Cock-eye comes his turn of bad luck, and it sure winds his clock up with a loud report. I've narrated special of the scope and range of this 'ere Blacklock, so as you 'll understand why it was expedient and desirable that he should up an' die. You see, he always man-aged with all his killings and robbings and general and sundry fimflamming to be just

within the law. And if anybody took a notion to shoot him up, why, his luck saw him through, and the other man's shooting-iron missed fire, or exploded, or threw wild, or such like, till it seemed as if he sure did bear a charmed life; and so he did till a pore yeller tamale of a fool dog did for him what the law of the land could n't do. Yes, sir, a fool dog, a pup, a blame yeller pup named Sloppy Weather, did for Cock-eye Blacklock, sporting character, three-card-monte man, sure-thing sharp, killer, and general bedeviler.

"You see, it was this way. Over in American Cañon, some five mile maybe back of the mine, they was a creek called the American River, and it was sure chock-a-block full of trouts. The boss used for to go over there with a dinky fish-pole like a buggy-whip about once a week, and scout that stream for fish and bring back a basketful. He was sure keen on it, and had bought some kind of privilege or other, so as he could keep other people off.

"Well, I used to go along with him to pack the truck, and one Saturday, about a month after Cock-eye had been run outen camp, we hiked up over the divide, and went for to round up a bunch o' trouts. When we got to the river there was a mess for your life. Say, that river was full of dead trouts, floating atop the water; and they was some even on the bank. Not a scratch on 'em; just dead. The boss had the papsy-lals. I never *did* see a man so rip-r'aring, snorting mad. I had n't a guess about what we were up against, but he knew, and he showed down. He said somebody had been shooting the river for fish to sell down Sacramento way to the market. A mean trick; kill more fish in one shoot than you can possibly pack.

"Well, we did n't do much fishing that day,—could n't get a bite for that matter,—and took off home about noon to talk it over. You see, the boss, in buying the privileges or such for that creek, had made himself responsible to the fish commissioners of the State, and 't was n't a week before they were after him, camping on his trail incessant, and wanting to know how about it. The boss was some worried, because the fish were being killed right along, and the commission was making him weary of living. Twicet afterward we prospected along that river and found the same lot of dead fish. We even put a guard there, but it did n't do no manner of good.

"It 's the boss who first suspicions Cock-eye. But it don't take no seventh daughter

of no seventh daughter to trace trouble where Blacklock 's about. He sudden shows up in town with a bunch of simoleons, buying bacon and tin cows¹ and such provender, and generally giving it away that he 's come into money. The boss, who 's watching his movements sharp, says to me one day:

"'Bunt, the storm-center of this here low area is a man with a cock-eye, an' I 'll back that play with a paint horse against a paper dime.'

"'No takers,' says I. 'Dirty work and a cock-eyed man are two heels of the same mule.'

"'Which it 's a-kicking of me in the stummick frequent and painful,' he remarks, plenty wrathful.

"'On general principles,' I said, 'it 's a royal flush to a pair of deuces as how this Blacklock bird ought to stop a heap of lead, and I know the man to throw it. He 's the only brother of my sister, and tends chuck in a placer mine. How about if I take a day off and drop round to his cabin and interview him on the fleetin' and unstable nature of human life?'

"But the boss would n't hear of that.

"'No,' says he; 'that 's not the bluff to back in this game. You an' me an' Mary-go-round'—that was what yve called the marshal, him being so much all over the country—'you an' me an' Mary-go-round will have to stock a sure-thing deck against that maverick.'

"So the three of us gets together an' has a talky-talk, an' we lays it out as how Cock-eye must be watched and caught red-handed.

"Well, let me tell you, keeping case on that Greaser sure did lack a certain indefinable charm. We tried him at sun-up, an' again at sundown, an' nights too, laying in the chaparral an' tarweed, an' scouting up an' down that blame river, till we were sore. We built surreptitious a lot of shooting-boxes up in trees on the far side of the cañon, overlooking certain an' sundry pools in the river where Cock-eye would be likely to pursue operations, an' we took turns watching. I 'll be a Chink if that bad egg did n't put it on us same as previous, an' we 'd find new-killed fish all the time. I tell you we were *fitchered*; and it got on the boss's nerves. The commission began to talk of withdrawing the privilege, an' it was up to him to make good or pass the deal. We *knew* Blacklock was shooting the river, y'

¹ Condensed milk.

see, but we did n't have no evidence. Y' see, being shut off from card-sharping, he was up against it, and so took to pot-hunting to get along. It was as plain as red paint.

"Well, things went along sort of catch-as-catch-can like this for maybe three weeks, the Greaser shooting fish regular, an' the boss b'iling with rage, and laying plans to call his hand, and getting bluffed out every deal.

"And right here I got to interrupt, to talk some about the pup dog Sloppy Weather. If he had n't got caught up into this Blacklock game, no one 'd ever thought enough about him to so much as kick him. But after it was all over, we began to remember this same Sloppy an' to recall what he was; no big job. He was just a worthless fool pup, yellor at that, everybody's dog, that just hung round camp, grinning and giggling and playing the goat, as half-grown dogs will. He used to go along with the car-boys when they went swimmin' in the resevoy, an' dash along in an' yell an' splash round just to show off. He thought it was a keen stunt to get some gesabe to throw a stick in the resevoy so 's he could paddle out after it. They'd trained him always to bring it back an' fetch it to whichever party throwed it. He'd give it up when he'd retrieved it, an' yell to have it throwed again. That was his idea of fun—just like a fool pup.

"Well, one day this Sloppy Weather is off chasing jack-rabbits, an' don't come home. Nobody thinks anything about that, nor even notices it. But we afterward finds out that he'd met up with Blacklock that day, an' stopped to visit with him—sorry day for Cock-eye. Now it was the very next day after this that Mary-go-round an' the boss plans another scout. I'm to go too. It was a Wednesday, an' we lay it out that the Cock-eye would prob'ly shoot that day, so 's to get his fish down to the railroad Thursday, so they'd reach Sacramento Friday—fish-day, see. It was n't much to go by, but it was the high card in our hand, an' we allowed to draw to it.

"We left Why-not afore daybreak, an' worked over into the cañon about sun-up. They was one big pool we had n't covered for some time, an' we made out we'd watch that. So we worked down to it, an' clumb up into our trees, an' set out to keep guard.

"In about an hour we heard a shoot some mile or so up creek. They's no mistaking dynamite, leastways not to miners, an' we knew that shoot was dynamite an' nothing

else. The Cock-eye was at work, an' we shook hands all round. Then pretty soon a fish or so began to go by—big fellows, some of 'em, dead an' floatin', with their eyes popped 'way out same as knobs—sure sign they'd been shot.

"The boss took and grit his teeth when he see a three-pounder go by, an' made remarks about Blacklock.

"'Sh!' says Mary-go-round, sudden-like. 'Listen!'

"We turned ear down the wind, an' sure there was the sound of some one scrabbling along the boulders by the riverside. Then we heard a pup yap.

"'That's our man,' whispers the boss.

"For a long time we thought Cock-eye had quit for the day an' had coppered us again, but byne-by we heard the manzanita crack on the far side the cañon, an' there at last we see Blacklock working down toward the pool, Sloppy Weather following an' yapping and cayoodling just as a fool dog will.

"Blacklock comes down to the edge of the water quiet-like. He lays his big scoop-net an' his sack—we can see it half full already—down behind a boulder, and takes a good squinting look all round, and listens maybe twenty minutes, he 's that cute, same 's a coyote stealing sheep. We lies low an' says nothing, fear he might see the leaves move.

"Then byne-by he takes his stick of dynamite out his hip pocket,—he was just that reckless kind to carry it that way,—an' ties it careful to a couple of stones he finds handy. Then he lights the fuse an' heaves her into the drink, an' just there 's where Cock-eye makes the mistake of his life. He ain't tied the rocks tight enough, an' the loop slips off just as he swings back his arm, the stones drop straight down by his feet, an' the stick of dynamite whirls out right enough into the pool.

"Then the funny business begins.

"Blacklock ain't made no note of Sloppy Weather, who 's been sizing up the whole game an' watchin' for the stick. 'Soon as Cock-eye heaves the dynamite into the water, off goes the pup after it, just as he'd been taught to do by the car-boys.

"'Hey, you fool dog!' yells Blacklock.

"A lot that pup cares. He heads out for that stick of dynamite same as if for a veal cutlet, reaches it, grabs hold of it, an' starts back for shore, with the fuse sputtering like hot grease. Blacklock heaves rocks at him like one possessed, capering an' dancing;

but the pup comes right on. The Cock-eye can't stand it no longer, but lines out. But the pup 's got to shore an' takes after him. Sure, why not? He thinks it 's all part of the game. Takes after Cock-eye, running to beat a' express, while we-all whoops and yells an' nearly falls out the trees for laffing. Hi! Cock-eye did scratch gravel for sure. But 't ain't no manner of use. He can't run through that rough ground like Sloppy Weather, an' that fool pup comes a-cavort-in' along, jumpin' up against him, an' him a-kickin' him away, an' r'arin', an' dancin', an' shakin' his fists, an' the more he r'ars, the more fun the pup thinks it is. But all at once something big happens, an' the whole bank of the cañon opens out like a big wave, and slops over into the pool, and the air is full of trees an' rocks and cart-loads of dirt an' dogs and Blacklocks and rivers an' smoke an' fire generally. The boss got a clod o' river-mud spang in the eye, an' went off his limb like 's he was trying to bust a bucking bronc' an' could n't; and ol' Mary-go-round was shooting off his gun on general principles, glarin' round wild-eyed an' like as if he saw a' Injun devil.

"When the smoke had cleared away an' the trees and rocks quit falling, we clumb down from our places an' started in to look for Blacklock. We found a good deal of him, but they was n't hide nor hair left of Sloppy Weather. We did n't have to dig no grave either. They was a big enough hole in the ground to bury a horse an' wagon, let

alone Cock-eye. So we planted him there, an' put up a board, an' wrote on it:

Here lies most
of
C. BLACKLOCK,
who died of a'
entangling alliance with
a
stick of dynamite.

Moral: A hook and line is good enough
fish-tackle for any honest man.

"That there board lasted for two years, till the freshet of '82, when the American River— Hello, there 's the sun!"

All in a minute the night seemed to have closed up like a great book. The east flamed roseate. The air was cold, nimble. Some of the sage-brush bore a thin rime of frost. The herd, aroused, the dew glistening on flank and horn, were chewing the first cud of the day, and in twos and threes moving toward the water-hole for the morning's drink. Far off toward the camp the breakfast fire sent a shaft of blue smoke straight into the moveless air. A jack-rabbit, with erect ears, limped from a sage-brush just out of pistol-shot and regarded us a moment, his nose wrinkling and trembling. By the time that Bunt and I, putting our ponies to a canter, had pulled up by the camp of the Bar-circle-Z outfit, another day had begun in Idaho.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

IF success meant only the accomplishment of the end in view, Columbus, in discovering this continent, met with signal failure. He was not looking for a new world, but simply for a short cut to India. Far from succeeding in this, he came upon a cul-de-sac; and to this day European trade remains unprovided with the outlet which he was endeavoring to find, and which, by common consent, is regarded as essential to its full development.

From the days of Sir Francis Drake to

those of Baron Alexander von Humboldt, from the time when Commodore Vanderbilt obtained the concession to the terms of which England took umbrage and which led to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty down to the present day, the direct or indirect effort to control the interoceanic facilities which all felt must some day be established at some point of the isthmus has overtly or covertly occupied the thoughts of statesmen. The story of bucaneeering and piratical attempts made at intervals upon the region is inferior in

interest only to that of the international diplomatic fencing to which the question has given rise.

Large sums have been expended by governments and private persons with a view to creating artificially the straits which, in 1523, Charles V peremptorily ordered Cortés to search for and to find. Grants have been

therefore unnecessary here to rehearse the facts connected with the history of the scheme, as published reports supply such data. There is, however, a stage in the evolution of the Nicaragua Canal project which has been more or less overlooked by recent writers on the subject, and which, nevertheless, is interesting to the historian in its



FROM AN ENGRAVING, BY H. ADLARD, FROM A LITHOGRAPH, BY A. DUOOTES, OF A DRAWING BY H. B.

PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON IN 1840.

secured from Central American states authorizing companies to cut the isthmus at Nicaragua, Panama, or Darien, and to establish trade routes across the isthmus for transportation by express-wagons or by rail at Tehuantepec and other points.¹

If we believe the old Spanish writer Herrera, the Nicaragua Canal project goes back to the sixteenth century. Recently its revival as the burning question of the day has brought out a mass of literature upon the subject. Its advocates and its antagonists have dealt with its merits and demerits so exhaustively that it would seem as though nothing more could be said about it. It is

bearing upon some of the most dramatic chapters in the life of Napoleon III. Moreover, as it forms a link in the long chain of international events through which our country has worked out its destiny, it cannot be without importance to the general reader.

On August 6, 1840, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, with a little band of nineteen adventurous friends, accompanied by thirty-eight servants, all disguised in the uniform of the Fortieth Infantry Regiment, crossed the English Channel in the ship *City of Edinburgh*, which had been chartered for the purpose, and landed at Boulogne.

¹ The concession obtained by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1849 was to cut a canal and otherwise to control transportation across the isthmus. The company established a line of wagons and did a thriving business until the Panama route was started. Considerable effort and means were also expended upon the Tehuantepec Railroad project.

This was the second armed attempt made upon the throne of France by the nephew of the great Napoleon. Like the first, it proved a dismal failure. Indeed, it was worse than a failure, for in its execution there were interwoven certain details which added a grotesque touch to the defeat, and ridicule, dangerous everywhere to a pretender, is especially disastrous in merry France.

After the first Bonapartist demonstration, known in French history as the "Échauffourée de Strasbourg," the government of King Louis Philippe had affected to see in the riot nothing more alarming than the escapade of a young madcap, quite unworthy of serious consideration. The officers who had taken part in it were put on trial, but the young pretender himself, having been provided with a substantial amount from the king's private purse, had simply been sent on the frigate *Andromède* to enjoy himself in the United States.¹

Whether this policy was dictated by a superior statesmanship or was influenced by the pleadings of Louis Napoleon's mother, Queen Hortense, no course could have been wiser. The attempt at once appeared in the light of a foolish prank. It was soon, if not forgotten, at least spoken of lightly, while the prince, for a time, lost all prestige among his countrymen. He landed at Norfolk, Virginia, on March 30, 1837, after a wearisome journey which lasted several months. He was soon received in the best society of the cities which he visited. At the houses of General Scott, General Watson Webb, the Roosevelts, and other well-known Americans, he met the most brilliant minds of the country, and while enjoying the hospitality of the Schuylers, the Hamiltons, the Livingstons, and the Bayards, he obtained glimpses of the political and commercial possibilities of the United States which strongly impressed his imagination. This appears in a letter written by him at this time to his brother's former preceptor, M. Vieillard. During his brief stay he had learned just enough about the resources of the United States to realize its probable future, and this future appeared to him full of menace to European commercial supremacy.

Three months later he returned to Europe to see his dying mother. His presence in

Switzerland now alarmed the king of the French. A demand for the prince's extradition only added to his importance as a pretender. The plucky Swiss declined to surrender him. The prince, however, soon relieved their embarrassment by voluntarily crossing over to England, where, in time, he organized his descent upon Boulogne. Captured before he could return to his ship, he was tried, and condemned to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Ham.

Here his enforced leisure was devoted to study. He became a voluminous writer. From time to time he contributed articles to the papers of the opposition and entertained relations with its leaders. Thus he kept himself well before the public eye, and prepared his way to leadership, should the opportunity offer.

The leniency of the Orleanist government in allowing a state prisoner to enter the journalistic arena against its policy is remarkable. The prince was permitted to publish his advanced views upon all labor and economic questions then agitating France, and his progressive ideas, often bordering upon radicalism, brought him a popularity which increased in proportion to the administration's disfavor.²

Among the many economic questions dealt with by him at this time, the possibility of cutting a waterway through the American isthmus attracted his attention. Encouraged by American friends, he had read reports, studied maps and statistics, until the project had taken shape in his mind, and he had entered into correspondence with influential Central Americans with regard to the superior advantages presented by Nicaragua for the purpose under consideration.

In 1844 the states of Guatemala, San Salvador, Nicaragua, and Honduras sent M. François Castillon as plenipotentiary to treat with King Louis Philippe. He had full powers to offer France the highest commercial advantages in exchange for its protection. But the Orleanist government had other views. An engineer, M. Garella, had recently (1842) been sent on a mission to survey the ground at Panama with reference to the proposed cutting of the isthmus at this point.³ M. Castillon's overtures were therefore not favorably received.

He then asked permission to confer with

¹ See Guizot, "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de mon temps."

² In 1844 he received a round-robin of sympathy from working-men. In acknowledging this he wrote: "I shall endeavor to serve the suffrage of that immense

majority of the French people whose welfare is as precious as are their political rights, although this majority is the source of every form of riches."

³ See M. Garella, "Projet d'un canal de jonction à travers l'isthme de Panama" (Paris, 1844).

the state prisoner at Ham; and it is another singular fact in this curious episode that the cabinet of Louis Philippe allowed the Central American representative to visit the prince.

M. Castillon pressed upon Louis Napoleon the leadership of the great undertaking. Unsuccessful, however, he eventually concluded a treaty with the Belgian Company of Colonization, which was signed by M. de Hompesch (December 2, 1844).

This course was not regarded with favor by his constituents, and some time afterward the negotiations with Prince Louis Napoleon were opened anew by a letter from the latter to M. Castillon, which was published in Spanish, and in which the prince declared his willingness, if set free, to devote himself to the enterprise. This letter embodies the views later elaborated by the prince in his brochure on the Nicaragua Canal (1846).

As a result, a number of Central American notables addressed a petition to their government¹ requesting that the execution of the projected canal be intrusted exclusively to the prince; and M. Castillon wrote to the latter, under date of December 6, 1845, a remarkable letter expressing every confidence in the success of the enterprise if conducted under his leadership. The popularity which surrounded his name throughout the world, he said, could not fail to inspire confidence in the two hemispheres.

Some months later the prince received an official communication from Señor de Montenegro, Minister of Foreign Affairs for the Central American states, conferring upon him the necessary powers to organize a company in Europe. At the same time he informed the prince that by a decree dated January 6, 1846, the government had decided to call this great work, destined to open a new road to the commerce of the world, by the name of "Canale Napoléone de Nicaragua."² Following upon this came a visit (June, 1846) from Señor Marcoleta, the chargé d'affaires of Nicaragua to Holland, who, under instructions from his government, repaired to Ham for the purpose of signing the agreements necessary to give the prince full power to carry out the undertaking.

¹ In 1823 a federated republic was constituted, including five states: Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador. Subsequently these states resumed their independence, but in their diplomatic relations they acted in concert. They did so when they entered into negotiations with Prince Louis Napoleon.

² See (Euvres de Napoléon III, Vol. II, p. 472.

It is evident that the promoters of the scheme—no doubt basing their belief upon the king's former clemency—assumed that the prince's release might be secured by a pledge on his part never to return to France. At least, every possible device was put into play to bring about his freedom. Lord Malmesbury added his influence to those already at work. The prince himself informed the government of the proposals made to him. He begged for permission to go to Florence to see his aged father, ex-King Louis, after which he pledged himself to repair to America. He furthermore agreed, if released, to return whenever required to do so by the government and to constitute himself a prisoner. To this overture, however, he received no reply.

Meanwhile the ex-King of Holland, who also had written in vain to King Louis Philippe begging that his son might be allowed to visit him, died (July 25, 1846), and the prince became more than ever absorbed in his political and financial scheme. In his work "Le Canal de Nicaragua," published about this time, he reviewed the five parts of the isthmus which, in his opinion, offered possibilities for a transisthmian canal: Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama, and two lines across the Isthmus of Darien. Like the French political economist M. Michel Chevalier, he dismissed offhand the first one and the last two as expensive or otherwise unfavorable, and he strongly inclined toward Nicaragua as superior to Panama in natural wealth, healthfulness, and availability.

A most important part of his scheme was the creating of a prosperous Central American state capable of holding its own against the growing influence of the great Northern power the rapid development of which was even then giving anxiety to European statesmen.

European powers, he wrote, must be pleased to see Nicaragua take a high rank among states. England itself could not fail to look with approval upon the creation of a considerable power which, by supporting Mexico, might be able to check new encroachments from the North.³

Owing to their geographic situation, he regarded Leon or Masaya as calculated to

³ "A flourishing state through which the balance of power may be reestablished by the creation in Spanish America of a new center of industrial activity sufficiently powerful to create a strong national sentiment and to prevent, by supporting Mexico, new encroachments from the North." (Euvres, "Le Canal de Nicaragua," Vol. II, pp. 483, 484.

become a modern Carthage or a Western Constantinople, that is, a central point in the Western commercial world.

In the mind of Prince Louis Napoleon, even at this early date,¹ the proposed plan was not merely a simple time-saving cut across the isthmus for the purpose of facilitating Europe's intercourse with Asia and Australia; it must, above all, make of Central America a strong maritime state, prosperous through the development of its own resources and through the creation of a great emporium. This prosperity was to be fostered by means of colonization. Part of his plan was to attract a European population interested in the success of the venture. He suggested offering to each immigrant stockholder twenty acres of arable land, to be purchased by him at a nominal price. Ten years were to be allowed him in which to pay for his holding, as well as for such advances as might be made by the company for tools and the preliminary expenses necessary to enable the colonist to make a start.

The prince advocated San Juan de Nicaragua, on the Gulf of Mexico, and Realejo, on the Pacific coast, as the termini of the canal, claiming that no other points of the coast could in any respect be found to compare with these. The cost of such a waterway, capable of floating vessels of twelve hundred tons, he then estimated at one hundred million francs.

On May 25, 1846, the prince, disguised as one of the workmen who had been sent by the authorities to make some repairs to his apartment, and carrying on his shoulder a stout beam that partly concealed his face, succeeded in making his escape from the fortress of Ham and in reaching the Belgian frontier. Thence he passed once more into England.

In the following summer (1847) he entered into negotiations with Mr. R. Haynes of Manchester street, London, the solicitor of his personal friend Count Bathyanyi, with a view to forming a company in England with a capital of four million pounds. Count d'Orsay was interested in the transaction. Mr. Haynes submitted the project to Mr. Benjamin Oliveira, F.R.S., a capitalist who took it under consideration.²

The political events which in France preceded the revolution of February, 1848, interrupted these negotiations by turning the prince's attention to the unlooked-for chance

for the immediate fulfilment of his higher ambitions. The sequel is well known. But there is little doubt that to the thoughts and studies of the prince at this time may be traced at least two of the most striking events of the Second Empire.

It is not often that a political economist is elected to an imperial throne and is given a chance to test the practical value of his theories. It is therefore of peculiar interest to follow the early ideas evolved in the brain of the young prisoner of state, through the romantic vicissitudes of his checkered career, until his more mature years, when, a powerful monarch reigning over the most brilliant court of his time, we find them, with the help of subtle diplomacy supported by powerful armies, forced upon the reluctant world, regardless of cost or of human suffering and slaughter.

In 1854, with the sanction of Saïd Pasha, the preliminary survey for the Suez Canal was begun. The work was to occupy fifteen years and was destined to become one of the most glorious undertakings of France under Napoleon's reign. Through this channel M. de Lesseps opened a short waterway for European trade with Asia; but the early dream of Louis Napoleon to erect in Central America an obstacle to the overpowering development of the United States had not faded out of his mind when he ascended the imperial throne; and M. de Lesseps's engineering triumph could not set at rest his anxious consideration of the strategic value to France of a foothold upon the American continent.

When, in 1861, Napoleon III turned his attention to Mexico, and, profiting by the Civil War then raging between the North and the South of the great American republic, undertook to build up the power of the Latin and Catholic peoples in the Western hemisphere, he was carrying out his ideas as to the position which Europe should occupy in America if she would retain her share of the commerce of the world. After reading Prince Louis Napoleon's brochure on the Nicaragua Canal, it becomes easier to understand why the refugees of the defeated Clerical party in Mexico so readily obtained a hearing at the court of the Tuileries: these refugees were merely reviving in the emperor's mind his early dreams of a Central American empire supported by Europe, and upon whose soil the Latin powers could make a

¹ This thought is already foreshadowed in the prince's pamphlet on the sugar question, published in 1842, where he points out the commercial antagonism which must array France against America.

² B. Jerrold, "Life of Napoleon III," Vol. II, p. 329.

stand in the coming struggle for commercial and political supremacy. Beneath the crown of the emperor in 1861 still throbbed the brain which had inspired the pen of the promoter of the Nicaragua Canal scheme in 1846.¹

The French expedition to Mexico was a fruitless effort to control the future and to secure to Europe a point of vantage which now indisputably belongs to the United States. Forty years ago the Mexican question seemed as vital as the Eastern question, and there were writers who asserted that if the latter involved the equilibrium of Europe, the former touched upon its gravest interests—its material, social, and political independence and its future prosperity.

In 1869,—that is, less than two years after the tragic close of Maximilian's short-lived empire,—M. Charles d'Héricault,² after reviewing, with a frankness that did honor to his honesty as a historian, the losses and humiliations brought upon France by its intervention in Mexican affairs, gave an expression to his forebodings regarding the future of European interests in the New World, which in the light of recent events takes on the tone of prophecy. In this may be recognized the same antagonism of the Latin race against the Anglo-Saxon, the same distrust of the United States, the same unwillingness to recognize its destiny among nations, that appeared in the Continental press during the recent Spanish War.

"The attempt," he says, "to protect [Mexico] against the encroachments of the United States, who fostered a state of anarchy and weakness which had already enabled them to rob it of a part of its territory, . . . in fine, to prepare a base of resistance in the future struggles which must precipitate Europe and America one upon the other," was a great and generous thought. But, he asks, was it realizable? Were the means well chosen to carry it out?

To the last question he answers:

The only logical road leading to Mexico was neglected. It was by way of New Orleans that Napoleon should have reached it. . . . The generally admitted opinion was that the only means of success was boldly and deliberately to support the South, and thus to break the terrible [effroyable] strength of the United States. The French government sought the British alliance in the

furtherance of its plans, but three times did England refuse to enter upon the venture against the Federal government. Henceforth [he sarcastically adds] there was but one course left: to rely upon Providence, and to trust that it might sufficiently smile upon the French policy to permit one hundred thousand Confederates eternally to stand against one million Federals.

We planned, in the name of Europe, to weaken America. The Yankees have forced Europe to back down. They are now defiant, and the example of our failure must prevent any other power from facing them. . . . Yet the ideas involved were great ideas: . . . to arrest the ambition of the United States was obviously wise; . . . to prepare for Europe ready allies in the future struggles which must take place between the Old World and the New was perhaps good politics. Indeed, I verily believe that our descendants will regret above all that we shall not possess one solid ally upon American soil.

This generation is qualified to judge of the truth and wisdom of these previsions. It has witnessed not only the last struggle of Latin Europe for supremacy on this continent in 1862-66, but its last struggle for existence in 1898. The fate of the transisthmian canal hung upon the result.

Had France succeeded in establishing a flourishing empire south of the Rio Grande, governed in the interest of European powers, the control of the gates to the Pacific, and all the commercial advantages which are implied therein, must have been lost to the United States.

In the recent offer of the French Panama Company to surrender its concessions and possessions to the United States government, we have the last and natural consequence of Napoleon's defeat in Mexico in 1866, and of the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago de Cuba in 1898.

The recent war with Spain, which at the time seemed forced upon the United States by the dramatic incidents of the Cuban insurrection and of the destruction of the *Maine*, must be recognized by posterity as a link in the evolution of the national policy imposed by Fate upon the Northern republic in its dealings with European powers—a policy the success of which now leaves the United States the unquestioned guardian of the American continent, the recognized owner and protector of the transisthmian canal.

author, a French officer who served during the Mexican campaign, enjoyed the esteem of Maximilian as well as that of his countrymen. He had exceptional opportunities to deal with the subject, and there is no doubt that he expressed the general opinion of the intelligent class in France, for such are the views which the writer herself repeatedly heard expressed at the time.

¹ Napoleon III, writing at Fontainebleau under date July 3, 1862, said: "If . . . Mexico preserves its independence and maintains the integrity of its territory, if a stable government continues there with France's assistance, we will have restored to the Latin race on the other side of the ocean its strength and its prestige."

² "Maximilien et le Mexique" (Paris, 1869). The

THE HEART OF TRUTH.

BY L. FRANK TOOKER.

DEAR, my love I do not hold
Just a thing to barter for:
Say I love you if you love;
Scorn you if you should abhor.

Rather, I would give you all—
All, though asking naught in fee,
Like the grape unto its wine,
Like the raindrop to the sea.

Love for me high service is,
Just to make your life complete:
Do you need a knight? I go.
Victim? I fall at your feet.

Naught is trifling that you ask;
Naught so great I would not strive.
Would my dying serve you, dear,
It were shame to be alive.

This is all that I could wish:
Say, "This day she spoke a word
Kindly to me as I passed";
Or, "She looked up when I stirred."

But I ask not that. I ask
Only that my love may run
On and on unchecked by you,
Like a shadow 'neath the sun.

Is it folly? I'm content
Once for all, dear, to be true,
Though my doubtful card-world spins,
I the needle, pole-star you.

Why should you, then, grieve if I,
Tired of feigning, drop my mask
Just this once? Is truth less truth
If unspoken, may I ask?

Had I kept to silence, I
Should have known your step the same,
Listened for it on the stair,
Trembled when I heard your name.

All your little tricks of speech,
Ways of moving—all I knew;
I first saw you in the spring,
So spring seemed a part of you.

Day for me began when I
Saw your face across the room;
If you then but turned and smiled,
Even winter seemed to bloom.

Wall on wall divided us.
What if I unlocked the door,
For an instant showed my face
To your startled eyes—no more?

God has set you high, in truth.
Can my love make you less high?
Does the glassing, small pool vex
The blue radiance of the sky?

Nothing now is changed. My days
In the old way come and go,
Warped by neither joy nor grief.
Naught is changed, dear—but you know.

WITH FUGITIVE THINGS.

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX.

I shall go my ways, tread out my measure,
Fill the days of my daily breath
With fugitive things.

SWINBURNE.

AT last the train started. It pulled slowly out of the great wooden shed, where empty cars lounged idle, passed over the squirming mass of intersecting rails leading from the city, through a sooty tunnel or two, over uncertain boarded places that cover dirty ditches, and then bowed smoothly

between the straggling, suburban farms. Here and there lay streaks of dirty slush, but where the snow had melted, the earth showed fresh, sodden green. I turned sideways and stared out of the window, trying to elude all consciousness of the overheated, crowded car.

Would she see me? I had sent ahead a piteous appeal for at least a last word. She had rigidly refused every one else, and my hopes wavered. And if she gave me a hearing? Then? It seemed to me I was staking everything upon this throw. If she would not? I could not look beyond. Life was concentrated into the issues of the next few hours.

"My dear old fellow," Oliver had said to me the night before, bracing his back against the mantel and speaking between puffs as he lighted his cigarette, "I am desperately sorry. We all had virtually renounced her and conceded your prior rights. I had already felt a certain solace in reflecting how your supervising eye would improve her very modern medieval castle. You would unquestionably have eliminated the one feature or the other. I trusted you, dear boy, as I would trust few men, to make it blatantly, lavishly, flamboyantly modern-American, and we should have been reunited there and so comfortable."

I was in no mood to talk. I stared into the fire, and Oliver flung his cigarette away.

"Dash it all!" he said, "she needs a beneficent tyrant. If I had authority, I'd constrain her to marry you and do the thing that is expected of her. But what's the use of talking? She is a very queen of caprice, and the deed is done. Yادemos is sold to the Sydneys, who will disgrace it, and I shall never, never frequent Katherine's medieval castle once they're in it."

"The castle be hanged!" I moaned. "Who cares for castles! What's going to become of her? Heaven knows what madnesses she'll commit with no one to look after her. She will write books like each disgraceful French decadent that arises. I myself confiscated all her manuscripts when D'Annunzio furnished the ideal. It would not so much matter if it went below the skin with her, but it does not. It is a mere combination of ignorance and lack of educational bias. A man would like to protect her from herself. A month after D'Annunzio, it was all Maeterlinck and mysticism, and a great deal of the time she writes nothing more harmful than reflections upon the dogmas of the early church fathers."

Oliver turned to the fire and laughed; then he, too, stared at the castles crumbling there.

"T is true, 't is pity!" he said. "One can but try, and if she refuses you to-morrow, Torrence, I am going to give her another go at me for the—yes, it will be the

sixth time. It is really becoming part of the discipline of life to be refused every now and then by Katherine."

"He sha'n't have the chance!" I muttered below my breath out of the car window, and the train stopped at Wilton. Two more stations, and I should be at Blue Hills, and I had no plea ready. What I wanted to say seemed hardly persuasive. Would she listen if I began frankly: "Dear, rich, reckless lady, I am a poor, struggling author resolutely refusing to make money by hack-work, and you are a wealthy widow with no more worldly wisdom than should be the heritage of an untutored child of five; therefore, even though these seem not very cogent reasons to you, accept me for your husband and allow me to lead you in the paths of righteousness."

Katherine's supreme guilt was complexity. She had neither stable standard nor unvarying conviction. Yet if she were capable of faith, she must believe in my devotion. It began when I first knew her—when, having just returned from England, she lived with her aunt, Mrs. Sydney, in New York. The Sydneys were of the smart set, with whom Katherine had no affinities. She hated her position there of poor relative, and bore it with none of her usual *elan*. She was pathetically patient and hopelessly depressed.

The Sydneys were always quite candid in mentioning to every one that her income was an impossible one. The first change in her life came when Morell made it clear to every one that it was neither of the Sydney girls he intended to marry. The Sydneys were people of a noble generosity, and when Morell asked for Katherine they were as delighted as if he had bequeathed his millions to Miss Gwendolen. They used every argument to persuade her to marry him.

Poor little thing! She was just twenty, and quite visibly and hopelessly unhappy and uncertain. I think Morell clinched the matter when he bought Yادemos and asked permission to deed it to her as a birthday present. She refused the gift, of course, but she was visibly touched, although less by the gift, perhaps, than by his saying: "There is no one in the world to whom I care to give things but you; believe in me enough to keep it and feel there are no conditions attached." When she told me, there were tears in her eyes, and she added: "I have n't heard any one say anything beautiful for so long." She was always susceptible to the beautiful in sentiment. Well, Morell was a Western fellow and every day of fifty-five,

and perhaps he thought it a possible proceeding. The engagement was announced soon after.

"Think of the view across the Hudson from the western windows of Yademos," Katherine said to me, "and think I shall have it to live with all the rest of my life."

She blossomed out beautiful after the marriage. Morell had said once to the Sydneys, in the earlier stages of courtship, that Katherine reminded him of his mother, and that her presence gave him peace. Well, if she reminded him of his mother, he, at any rate, treated her with all the tender consideration one might give a daughter. He was no more exigent with her than he would have been with a rare orchid. She kept Yademos full of interesting people and spent her money royally. It was not only the house and the money that attracted; she was the kind of woman to whom singers liked to sing and writers to talk. She herself made effectively emotional little songs, and, moreover, as I have already intimated, she had a facile and imitative pen.

It was after Morell's death, when they had been married six years, during the deep seclusion of her first year of widowhood, that she began to write the fastidious and complicated little essays which gained her so wide a recognition. The tone was one rarely adopted in our reviews, where the traditions of English have been little disturbed by the euphuisms of Lyly. I myself reviewed her first collected volume, signed by a man's name, never once suspecting her, and granting this new writer unquestionable claim to distinction and high reticence.

As little by little we gathered about her in Yademos during the next year, the feeling grew up that Katherine should marry again, and thus gain the protection she needed for herself and her estate. It came as a blow that Yademos was sold, and that she was to live abroad.

At her door I was refused admittance. I took out my card and scribbled a message on the back. "Take this up to Mrs. Morell, and I shall wait for an answer," I said.

When the footman returned, he led me up the great stairway into the western wing, where he threw open the door of Katherine's private living-room. It was a spot I knew well. She had all her own books and writing-implements here, and I remember when she first introduced Oliver and me to it, she said:

"This room is mine—all mine, and I defy you to find a feminine touch anywhere."

We looked. She was remarkably unattached to fripperies and small decorations, and we were about to give in when Oliver exclaimed:

"Oh, come!—how about the Severn head of Keats over the mantel?"

She had indeed a large and very beautiful reproduction of the Severn Keats.

"Oh, that," she said, "is a memory."

"But a woman's," Oliver persisted.

"Yes,"—she mused a moment,—"*I believe you have found me out.*"

To-day I walked up and down the room, looking at the unchanged furnishings, and as I sank into the Savonarola chair by her writing-table I chanced upon a new photograph in a Russian enameled frame. It was a man's head, suggesting that of Keats over the fireplace. I was turning the thing over, as if to guess the identity from the back, when a cordial voice called out:

"I don't in the least want to see you, you know."

I looked up from the picture, and Katherine stood in the doorway in a soft, trailing white gown, with antique silver ornaments about her. She was holding out her hand to me and looking as fresh and sweet as a white-rose petal.

"Katherine," I said, "this is bad news. What does it all mean?"

"Oh, if you are going to discuss it with me, suppose we sit down first and make ourselves duly comfortable. Did you walk up from the station?"

"Yes."

"Do take an easy-chair, then, and make up your mind to stay for luncheon. Here, take one."

She offered me a flat gold cigarette-case.

"I don't want a cigarette, nor an easy-chair," I said pettishly, standing up by the fire and looking down at her as she arranged the cushions behind her back on the divan.

"There is no use taking it standing," she said. "It will be none the less irrevocable for your discomfort. The deed is done. The die is cast. I mean to finish my life where I began it. The homing-instinct has caught me, and I must smell the English lanes where I played when I was a child."

"Go, then, for a month or two. Some one will take you and bring you back."

She rolled up her handkerchief into a string, and threw it over her knee, pulling it by both ends, and gazed steadfastly into the distance above my head.

"I don't know whether to say it or not," she said.

It was a little habit of hers to tempt the Fates shyly; to hesitate when she meant to be very outrageous.

"Yes, say it," I urged. "You always do in the end, you know, and it will save time."

"Well, then," she began, "I know what you have come here for as well now as I shall after you have told me, and it was the very reason I did not want to see you again. I know what I want to do. I have always wanted it. I have waited patiently until the proper time. It would be useless to undertake to explain reasons. Will you not please go away? Accept the simple statement of fact and say nothing. I have been your good friend for ten years, but now I am going away to live."

"I can't leave the matter so. I want you to try to explain," I answered seriously. "I am not, perhaps, so dense as you may fancy."

"You are quite, quite sure you want me to tell you?" She leaned forward, questioning. "Very well; sit down and be comfortable and smoke, and I'll raise reminiscences. You see, when you first knew me, ten years ago—do light the cigarette!—so—and look at the fire—not at me. Yes—that's better; I am freer to talk now. The story is long and not very interesting; it has not what one could call incident; it consists mainly of what did not happen. Are you quite sure you want to hear?"

"Quite sure. I am very miserable about you, and if there is any explanation—go on."

"It won't make you less miserable, you know," she responded; "at least not just at first."

"Please go on," I insisted.

"Will you hand me the photograph in the frame on my table there? It will help me along."

"Katherine," I started, "I did n't dream there was a man in it!"

"Oh, did you think there was a convent?"

She took the picture from me, and sat comparing it with the Keats head above.

"I've always thought it was very like about the eyes and brow, and there is the same overhanging lip. You remember Harold Vaughan's name, do you not?"

"What! Vaughan, the poet?"

"Yes, it is he," she said, and handed me the photograph.

"I've never seen one before." I seized it. "I never understood your not liking his book."

"I not like his book! What do you mean?" she asked.

"I gave you a copy, and you sent it back, and said you did not care to keep it."

She looked at me and smiled. Then she rose, went to her writing-table, unlocked a drawer, and took out something.

"Here is the solution," she said, handing me a book. It was a first edition of Vaughan's "Alone to the Alone." On the title-page, in a queer, small, crabbed writing, were the words, "*Summa fides et observantia*," and beneath these was Harold Vaughan's name.

"Katherine," I said, looking up at her with new awe, "you knew him?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him."

"How strange it seems, and new!" After a pause, I added, as I looked over the book: "He died too young. Did he do anything more? There was some talk of his brother's editing fragments."

"I don't know. I shall perhaps see his brother. My own feeling is that he did enough in the one small volume. It is not so much, but it is perfect as far as it goes. He himself was the wisest judge of what was fit for publication. The perfect things, the quatrain on Silence, the sonnet beginning 'Frustrate from birth,' and the exquisite lines:

So lies the buried past. Yet laboring deathward,
I have forced these tones—

these are living bits of the actual structure of English letters. The minor poets have made sonnets from his chance phrases, and long, windy poems from his few complete utterances. People know his work and quote it, though the man's name is half forgotten. You see, in life itself, he never quite came off. His consciousness never seemed to deepen, and he had no more intimate personality to give than he offered in this volume."

"Strange that so rare and exquisite a talent should have been capable of but one book," I mused.

"Yes; but then he had but one great passion—a passion for giving up the fight and believing himself defeated. The poems were done in the early eighties, and they seemed to be the one venture he could hazard. He scorned his critics for not seeing the flaws he saw. His fastidiousness paralyzed effort."

I was looking at the photograph and thinking of this man, who had been the veriest hero to us at Harvard in his day. It had been said that no book had so taken youth by storm since Swinburne's first series of "Poems and Ballads" burst upon Oxford twenty years before. But this man had virtually died with his one book. He

refused correspondents, he overlooked criticism. Praise and dispraise alike failed to elicit notice, and he wrote no more.

Suddenly my interest veered from the man and his book to the man and his relation to Katherine Morell. So markedly had she held aloof from mention of the book in the past that we had set her down as incapable of any sympathy with so psychological a dilettante, so mutilated a dreamer. I sat staring at the sensitive poet's face in the picture. Finally my mind returned to the present.

"And what has this dead man got to do with your life, Katherine?"

"Tell me why you came here to-day." She looked me fairly in the eyes, and literature and heroes of the pen were all dead issues beside the living need to win the fragile creature whom I had loved for years.

"Katherine," I blurted out, "I love you, I love you, I want you—"

"Yes, my friend, I know. In fact, I knew you came to say that, and yet I had to make you begin before I sacrificed my little tale to the cause. I did not want to tell it—and yet, if I must. In my affections, I am sure, you realize I have been happy. I have eked out a very possible life with books and music and flowers and the view from the windows. But as for the emotions, mine had an instant's life and died. It is of that I am going to tell you. I was but eighteen at the time, and Harold Vaughan twenty-five. His type of personality is of course one to be met in the walks of literature up and down the ages, beginning with the delightful gentleman who wrote 'Ecclesiastes,' nodding to him in 'Hamlet' and 'Faust,' and ending with Amiel, Langham, and Des Esseintes, and many of the studies of Bourget, Rod, Stendhal, and Mallock in modern days. Yet you can fancy, can you not, the glamour such a man could cast over the astonished infant imagination of eighteen?"

"It was there in his native town, at the one great moment of his success, which he so scorned, that I knew him. I saw that he had known all the secret travail of the heart, which I had, as yet, not gone forth to meet. I saw that he suffered from a mortal fatigue of life, an insistent sense of the destiny of the dust. The vanity of effort, the essential defeat of living, were haunting convictions born with him, to grow with his growth. And yet there were times when he could offer a richness of living, an intensity of vivid pleasure in his talk, I have never since

experienced; times when old men as well as young women bent to his charm. Belonging, however, to the most incurable type of pessimist, an idealist with no faith in immortality, he could not away with the lasting disagreement of the will and the flesh, our attempts and their puny results, our far-reaching dreams and the hideous abortions of hope. These pressing contradictions penetrated his consciousness and swamped his energies. He forced no reconciliation between the illusion that vanishes and the reality that imposes itself."

"But the book," I said—"the book and its success must have been solace to him."

"No," she answered, "it was n't. I don't know how he even brought himself to publish it; but once done, he would have stopped the sale of it if he had been able. He had a vague knowledge that it appealed only to a specific cult, and yet he felt that somehow he was cheapened; that it was, in a way, a violation for people to be reading his thoughts, quoting his words. He gave me that volume, and it was, he said, the only volume he offered any one."

She paused. My own mind, however, was at a stand with the statement that Harold Vaughan had given away but one copy of the "Alone to the Alone," and that one to Katherine. The very thought invested her with a new sacredness. I was quiet while I faced this fact; I felt awed.

"How was it you never married him?"

She leaned back among the cushions, and laughed, a low, long, rippling laugh, and then exclaimed:

"Can anything be more futile than conversation! You don't understand! He never distantly suggested such a course to me. He, indeed! He had no use for a wife. What would he have done with one? But if he had ever contemplated marriage at all, I think, recognizing himself for what he was, he would have looked about for a comfortable wife. I don't think,"—and she suddenly dimpled all over her face,— "I think I could hardly be called comfortable, do you?"

"Yes," I hazarded boldly—"yes."

"Oh, how you are playing to win! How you are playing to win!" she remonstrated. "Well, then," she picked up the thread, "that seems to be all the story. I knew Harold Vaughan, and I worshiped him, as one would and should. I should have been fervently happy to have lived out my life worshipping him for a life's activity, growing more and more alert to his needs, understanding better the tragedy of his tempera-

ment, his shrinking, and his incapacity. But my father judged my disposition futile. He picked me up quickly and brought me to my aunt in New York, where he hoped I would do what I have done and live the life I have lived. He died before it came about, so that he gained nothing, and I—I—oh, I regret nothing. It was the same here as there. Believe me, it is not what happens or does not happen. It is not what we have had. It is what we have foregone, the haunting presence of what has not been, that sustains us. "T is the intensity of feeling, the fervor of consciousness with which we invest a dearth, that makes for the life more abundant."

I was thinking over what she told me, and it threw an illumination like a search-light upon her character, her light-handed acceptance of life, a certain way of being in it and yet in no wise of it.

"I begin to see you more clearly, Katherine, and to understand better."

"Oh, yes. No woman ever made a whole life more completely out of what she did n't have."

"And he never loved you?" It seemed incredible to me, who looked, and found her adorable.

"No; I fancy he would have liked to feel, but his horror of possible banality and repulsion was greater than any desire; and he was, too, an esthete who took fuller satisfaction in an apposite phrase for a passion than in anything the passion itself could have offered. If he had loved, though, he would not have loved me. This also I take into account. It would never have been the turbulent temperament, the intellect and character at variance, the undisciplined nature. He would have loved a fine, calm woman, harmonious in her limitations."

"And now," I went on, "I am trying to see what this odd little tale of knowing a man who did n't love you has to do with selling all this." I rose and looked out at the still noon, flooding the grounds with sundust, and at the gentle slope of the lawn to the Hudson. Katherine turned her head and looked, too.

"It's beauty enough to fill one's soul forever, is n't it? But I am haunted by the grave—the grave! It besets my dreams, and lives all through my days. I must stand by it and look at it. It is all real in my mind now. How I shall live there in the very house in which I was a girl—a little house, not so big as the wing of this. I shall live quietly, and make no more books, thank

God! That was always a strain. I forced it. It was just a little flag of defiance I waved in the face of a buried life. There I shall look upon the very sunsets he has seen all these years, and every day I shall walk out through that hazy veil of dreamy atmosphere that drops low over mid-England, and stand beside his grave."

She seemed, by these confessions, to be already far from me. My love lay dormant, and I felt only a great pity for the unfulfilled demands of her life.

"And shall you never regret this—the ten years you have left behind you here?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes. You must write to me occasionally, and send me all your books. The unreal years are a part, too; they are a part. You have been very kind to me,—you young fellows who have the grip of the reviews. You said nice things about my little concoctions. They were all made literature—made from the head without a throb of the heart; all purely artificial; a little pose, an affectation, a way I had of diversifying the tedious times in life. I am, in truth, not fastidious. That was the merest imitation of the habit of his mind. He discarded incompleteness. He refused to touch the greater things where scope makes vague. And so—oh, because he lived, I suppose—I threw away all natural impulses and learned to chisel. I made little things, and spent the time finishing them off. The songs, indeed, were my only sincerities. They were the spontaneous outcry of my heart, and that is why people liked them. Do you remember hearing Mme. Harlowe sing 'My Awakening' at one of the symphonies? And how the audience liked it! Did n't they? Poor little song! It had in it all my passion, all my young, unrestrained grief. And now I am going back to live near his grave, to spend the days peacefully in communion with a life's dead sanctities—to stand by a grave and say: 'Here lies all that was real of love in a life!'"

"But he did not love you," I interposed. "If he had—"

"No, he did n't. He stood off and looked at life. He could do no otherwise. He had renounced the natural instinct of enjoyment, the taking part in life. He was given to the cult of perfection, not of happiness, and all the life of impulse was overgrown with amplitude of thought. He had listened too long to the reaction of this mind upon his nerves. How could he feel when he not only watched himself feel, but watched himself watching himself feel?"



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"HE TOOK UP HIS HAT AND WENT, AND I STOOD LEANING AGAINST THE WALL, LOOKING STRAIGHT AHEAD."

"And did he never get enough beyond himself to know you loved him?"

"Yes, I fancy he knew it; but, then, I was only a nice child to him. And he pretended, in the main, as he did of whatever seemed to him excessive or ill judged, that it did not exist. When he knew that I was to be taken back to America and suffered, he came to see me, and he came braced for action. He talked to me about it; he talked as a poet would talk to a nice child. He spoke little, but what he said was very beautiful and very effective. When he finished, the main thing I knew was that he was aware—distantly, gently, humanely aware—of my sentiments; but for reasons pertaining, I dare say, to his temperament, or perhaps to his consideration for me, he did not intend to recognize them. But he said good-by to me, and told me to be happy, to be very happy. It was, he said, what I was born for—to be unreflectingly happy. He was warning me from the depths of his own temperament. After that he sent me a few letters—very beautiful, impersonal letters, full of exquisite and delicate kindliness. It was upon his letters that I formed my style. You see, I made the little essays from them."

"And that is all?"

"Well, no; not all, exactly. He took my two hands and held them, and for a moment or two he looked at me. It was a look such as, when it comes to one at eighteen, must haunt the dreams for a lifetime."

"And then?"

"And then nothing. He took up his hat and went, and I stood leaning against the wall, looking straight ahead and breathing hard. Then I fled up-stairs into an attic, a place I rarely had courage to invade even in broad daylight. But life was simple to me at that moment. I knew what the unity of the ecstatic vision meant. I locked the door, and sat down on the floor in the dark, and hugged my knees, and sobbed and was glad all together. I don't know how long I stayed. I remember looking up through an opening, a slant window in the roof, to the sky, where I could see a star or two glimmering. I do not know if I slept or woke. By and by the long gray fingers of the dawn stretched across the little space, and I could see the stars grow wan and flee, and still I sat there protesting to the bit of heaven that I should never ask for anything more, that I had everything—everything! Well, it seems so, still! That was enough."

"And the next day?"

"The next day, or the next week—there was no time then, it was all a state—all the demands upon life awoke again. There was the long, slow, sordid struggle with the hours, followed by all the things to do and the other things to leave undone. Time has been very long. I have kept watch upon his life, as best I could, from the distance, always feeling sure that as it was progressive renunciation, so also it was progressive appeasement. But you understand—do you not?—that it is with something of youth's excitement that I want to go back and stand by his grave and let the strangled thoughts have their little day of thriving, so that, before I die, I too may have made the one great surrender of the mind and soul. I can fancy, too, as I see life now, a fuller happiness in praying by his grave than in any life love could have offered."

"And that is the end?"

"Yes, that is the end. And better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof."

We were both silent. Then I rose, anxious to be gone.

"Good-by."

"That is right. Good-by," she answered. "And you understand, do you not, why I have told you?"

"To send me away."

"No, no; to help you forget me. If you think of me, think of what my whole life has been given to. Remember that in all these times you have stood here talking of devotion I hardly listened. I tell you frankly, nothing ever filled the void, and the silence he kept was louder in my ears than all the protestations of all the others, yours in with the rest. Remember that when you have reproached me for coldness, it was really that I was looking at him, in the distance, over your head, and hearing again his soft, infrequent speech. If you will remember, your hurt will heal."

"And this is all?" I said, and turned from her to go out the door.

"Quite all."

I stopped at the door and looked back. She was flushed from speaking so earnestly, and her eyes were full of tears. I had never seen her more radiantly lovely.

"It is all a horrid, barren dream of futility," I said angrily.

She dropped back among the cushions, and as I turned away I heard her say: "Ah, but who knoweth the interpretation of a dream!"

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF A BLUE JAY FAMILY.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.



F a pair of blue jays, whose home I chanced to find, could relate to us the peculiar adventures that befell them one June day, there would be no excuse for my assumption of the office of scribe. But jays, in

spite of their powers of expression, use only the language of their kind, and if the tale is to be told, it must be by an interpreter.

Birds possess so many of man's mental attributes that the sympathetic student of their habits often, unconsciously perhaps, endows them with the mind of man entire, when, using the human parallel, the explanation of their every act is merely a matter of ingenuity or imagination. The result is often interesting, but quite as often misleading: good fiction, but poor natural history.

Now, the blue jay holds close kinship with the raven, jackdaw, crow, and rook, birds which, if classification were based on mental development alone, would without dissent be accorded a perch on the topmost bough of the avian tree of life; and in attempting to assign reasons for a jay's actions the ornithologist is beset by unusual temptations, which, if it be the human side of bird life that appeals to him, he will find difficulty in resisting.

In the present instance, however, the facts in the case are irrefutably recorded by the camera, and the reader may accept or reject

their explanation according to his belief or disbelief in the intelligence of individual animals. Facts like these emphasize the value of the camera as an aid to the student of nature. How unconvincing these pictures would be if they were simply the work of an artist, no matter how skilful his attempt to give form to something he had never seen!

It is also to be noted how attempts to photograph birds and beasts of necessity increase our intimacy with them. This, it is true, is not work for the stroller and the dilettante naturalist, whose observations are made chiefly from the wayside, but for the earnest, enthusiastic student of nature, whose ardor in pursuit of her secrets is intensified by the possibility of actually capturing them in such definite, graphic form that they become at once additions to the sum of human knowledge.

Bird photography presents a fascinating but most difficult field for expenditure of effort. The beginner sees the successful results of another's work, and, knowing nothing of the failures, determines "to take bird pictures." The immediate outcome is doubtless a sacrifice of photographic material and also of bird life, as too great freedom with the nest surroundings, in the desire to secure better lighting, induces the bird to desert her home.

The would-be bird photographer, then, should master the technic of photography on such patiently immovable objects as



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"ONE OF THE PARENTS SUDDENLY APPEARED AT THE BACK OF THE NEST."

houses, barns, or bridges, which will give fresh "sittings" when former ones fail, and then when the problems of exposure, developing, etc., have been solved, he may go afield for wilder game.

Somewhat over a year after this particular study was made, a novel method of overcoming the difficulties imposed by site in bird-nest photography was described and illustrated. Its author states that when the nest is not in a position where it may be photographed to advantage, it may be removed with its contents to a more convenient situation near a tent which has been previously erected for the concealment of the photographer and his camera; whence the parent birds, on returning, may be photographed at leisure. But the dangers to which the nest contents, usually well-grown young birds, are exposed are so numerous that this method should be employed only by the most humane, careful, and skilful student, thoroughly fitted to avail himself of the

resulting opportunities. As has well been said, "It is emphatically not a method for the general public."

However, to return to our blue jays:

One may pet or patronize, according to one's nature, a chipping sparrow, bluebird, or phoebe, but he is indeed well coated with self-esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd, independent, and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more of a success as a bird than most men are as men. Conspicuous by voice and action during the fall and winter, when other birds are quietest, he becomes silent when other birds are most vocal. If he has a love-song, it is reserved for the ear of his mate. At this season he even controls his fondness for owl-baiting, and with it his vituperative gifts.

The robin, the catbird, and the thrasher seem eager to betray the location of their nest to every passer-by, but the blue jay

gives no evidence of the site of his habitation by being seen in its vicinity. He is not common in my region during the summer, and, connecting this fact with his secretive habits, I rejoiced with a bird-lover's joy when systematic search resulted in the discovery of a blue jay's nest five feet from the ground, on the south side of a young pine-tree. A better location, from a bird-photographer's point of view, the birds could not have chosen.

The surroundings affording no opportunity for concealment from which the birds might be observed, an artificial bower of canvas, painted to resemble tree-bark, stretched over a light frame and liberally draped with poison-ivy vines, was erected within ten feet of the nest.

It was on the morning of June 3 that I set up my camera in this none too large or too cool shelter, with the object of recording

somewhat of the home life of jays. An hour passed. Occasionally a jay's voice was heard from the neighboring wood, but one might have thought that the nest in the pine was deserted had not five gaping mouths been tremulously raised at intervals in the supplicating attitude of the young bird's constant prayer for food.

At the end of an hour and a half one of the parents suddenly appeared at the back of the nest. He, or she, was evidently keenly suspicious. Who had parted the boughs which had previously concealed their home? What was this mass of disarranged vines at their threshold? Clearly something was wrong, and after a moment's stay she—if she it was—slipped quietly out of the tree. Her alert but cautious manner seemed indicative of unexpected powers of discrimination and self-control. She did not scream her undoubted alarm at the changes ob-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUESLER.
"CAREFULLY FED HER YOUNG."



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

"THE PARENT, WITH COMPLETE COMPOSURE, PERCHED
BESIDE HER NEST."

served, but, without audible note, departed as noiselessly as she had come.

Even more surprising were the actions of the young birds. That they were exceedingly hungry was beyond

question. Doubtless the parents, under normal conditions, visited the nest every few minutes, and the frequency with which the yellow-lined mouths had been opened during the preceding hour and a half intimated an approaching famine. Still, under the stimulus of conditions which must have strongly suggested food, not one of the blind, naked little creatures gave evidence of life. It was an impressive exhibition of instinctive obedience to some, unheard by me, parental command. In her absence, however, although without the incentive of her form above them, they showed no hesitation in making their wants known. Hence we may conclude either that the parents could not communicate with the young from a distance, or that the presence of one of the adults was necessary to insure obedience.

Believing that the jays would not resume their family cares, I determined to experiment with them, and taking a mounted blue jay, I wired it to a limb below the nest. Blue jays are pugnacious, and doubtless their anger at the intrusion of this stranger would outweigh their fear of the bower, when I should witness the manner in which jays evict an unwelcome guest.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"A JAY CAME TO THE NEST-TREE, SCREAMING IN ALARM."

It was well that my reputation as a bird-student was not staked on the result. Scarcely had I returned to the bower when one of the jays reached the nest, and, to my complete astonishment, apparently paid no attention to the mounted bird, but at once carefully fed her young, whose eagerness now added to my wonder at their previous self-restraint. One visit, during which several, and perhaps all, of the young were fed, strangely enough satisfied their hunger, when the parent, with complete composure, perched beside her nest and slightly opened her bill, as birds sometimes do when at rest, forming as beautiful a picture of bird life as artist or naturalist could well desire. Here in truth the camera might record a scene from the home life of jays.

So completely had the mental attitude of the bird altered that my movements in the bower were wholly ignored, and it was actually necessary to walk up to the nest-tree before she could be induced to leave her perch.

What had occasioned so complete a change in the bird's actions? Possibly it was not the same parent that had visited the nest so hurriedly; but if the other one of the pair was

so much the tamer, why had it not come to the nest during the hour and a half after I had entered the bower? Could the dummy bird below have been mistaken for its mate by the bird that perched so composedly above? It is true that the second one of the pair did not appear; but as neither of them went far from the nest, it is more than probable that the absent mate was within sight and sound during the whole proceeding.

Observation, then, is here at fault. It is true we may resort to theories more or less plausible. One cannot prove that the dummy jay did not closely resemble a relative or dear friend of the nest-owners, though, if this were a fact, I should infer that their associates were by no means a reputable lot. However, be the explanation what it may, there can be no doubt that the presence of that frowzy, stuffed jay was wholly satisfactory and reassuring to the bird at the nest.

If these birds received one of their own kind so graciously, how would they treat a screech owl, a bird which, as far as human mind can discern, is the common enemy of all jays? The dummy jay was therefore removed, and a mounted screech owl was securely fastened about two feet from the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"FROM NEAR-BY LIMBS THEY SHRIEKED NOTES OF DEFIANCE."

nest. The jays were not visible, but that they were watching my movements from the neighboring wood was shown by the tense note of alarm they uttered almost as soon as the owl was posed—a high, shrill call, differing from any I had previously heard.

A moment later a jay came to the nest-tree, screaming in alarm at the unconscious, yellow-eyed bunch of feathers so dangerously near its offspring. Soon it was joined by its mate, and with uncontrolled fear and excitement they flew from limb to limb, but, much to my surprise, made no attempt to attack or even to threaten the owl, and after a minute or two of wild flitting and calling they returned to the woods. Surely this was enough to destroy one's confidence in our supposed knowledge of the jay's character; but the birds soon further illustrated the danger of theorizing.

While this supposition credits them with a power of reasoning I am not prepared to say they possessed, their subsequent actions seemed strongly to indicate that they had mentally grappled with this wholly unexpected problem which had so suddenly con-

fronted them, and, after due consultation, had reached certain conclusions upon which they acted. In any event, the incident serves well to illustrate the ease with which one uses the human parallel in describing the conduct of animals from the point of view of the sympathetic observer, eager to recognize human traits in the bird and beast—indeed, to claim kinship with them.

In this particular instance the jays had already thoroughly aroused my interest, and it needed little imagination to put myself in their place and conjecture my own actions if, without a moment's warning, I should see the ogre of my tribe, a creature whose power experience had taught me to fear, standing at my threshold. That I should for a time lose my self-possession and perhaps call aloud in alarm would seem wholly natural, and, in view of the superior strength and armament of the enemy, it would also be expected that I should consult the partner of my joys and sorrows, and now companion in arms, as to the most expedient method of conquering this intruder without undue risk.

Be this as it may, after flying about the

nest-tree for several minutes in the most wild and excited manner, the birds deserted the place and retired to the woods. Then I heard them uttering for the first time the low, conversational *eck, eck, eck* note of their kind. It is a note which I have never heard from a solitary jay, and is therefore probably used for purposes of intercommunication. One frequently hears it from a party of jays when they are gathering chestnuts or acorns.

For ten seconds or more the discussion, if discussion it was, continued, and at the end of this time a plan of battle had evidently been decided upon, which they lost no time in translating into action. They returned to the nest-tree, not now a screaming pair of excited, frenzied birds who in the control of an unheard-of experience had completely lost their heads, but two deter-

mined, silent creatures, with seemingly well-fixed purpose. The difference in their actions when the two visits to the nest were compared was in truth sufficiently impressive to warrant a belief in the birds' ability to grasp the situation intelligently.

Without a moment's hesitation one of the pair now selected a perch above the owl, paused only long enough to take aim, and then, with a flash of wings, sprang at its supposed enemy. What followed, the camera, although set for a hundredth part of a second, failed definitely to record. The heart of the little pine seemed rent by the explosion of a blue jay. It was no feint, but a good honest blow delivered with all the bird's force of body and pinion, and the poor little owl was completely vanquished, upset, at the first onslaught. The jay had given a most



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

"FIVE PLUMP, WELL-FEATHERED, BRIGHT-EYED BIRDS."



convincing exhibition of the highest type of courage: it had mastered its fears and deliberately gone to battle. I felt like applauding.

But its troubles were not ended. This was a peculiar kind of owl, different, doubtless, from any that the jay had ever before encountered. It was conquered, but instead of flying away to some dark nook to nurse its wounds, it persisted in remaining on the field, retaining its grasp of the limb, not upright, however, but hanging upside down, as no owl was ever seen to do before, and, indeed, as only wired owls could. Such unheard-of behavior excited the jays even more than the owl's first appearance, and from near-by limbs they shrieked notes of defiance until, in mercy to their throats and my ears, I removed the cause of their alarm, bent the branches back to conceal their nest, and left them to discuss their remarkable experiences at their leisure.

Ten days later, when I parted the pine-

boughs, I could with difficulty believe that I saw the same nest. In place of five skinny, naked, sightless, squirming creatures, were five plump, well-feathered, bright-eyed birds almost as large as their parents. They had grown mentally as well. The sense of fear had developed, and as I looked at them, with a common impulse they jumped from the edge of the nest and fluttered to



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"I . . . PLACED THEM IN A ROW ON THE LIMB OF A NEIGHBORING PINE."
"LIFTED UP THEIR HEADS IN A MUTE BUT UNANIMOUS AND UNMISTAKABLE, 'YES, WE ARE.'"

the ground below. Disregarding the protests of their parents, I gathered them together, placed them in a row on the limb of a neighboring pine, and then addressed them in what I esteemed to be the tongue of their tribe.

Perchance in this narrative both the speech and the actions of jays have been misinterpreted, but in this concluding scene of our relations the most skeptical could not doubt that I was not only intelligible, but eloquently expressive, to the five birds on the limb, which, in quick response to my question, "Are you not very hungry?" lifted up their heads in a mute but unanimous and unmistakable, "Yes, we are."



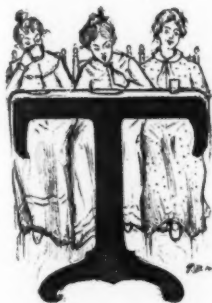
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"LEAVING THE OLD BOARDER AT THE TABLE, THEY RAN OUT TO THE FRONT PORCH."

A MOUNTAIN MATCH-MAKER.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

WITH PICTURES BY GEORGE B. WALDO.



HE Widow Trumley's three daughters hastily gulped down their dinner, and leaving the old boarder at the table, ran out to the front porch. It was a hot, still day in the summer-time, and through the open hall the boarder could hear their gay laughter and spasmodic spells of giggling.

"Gone out thar to watch them fellers go back to the thrasher," he said with a grunt to the short, red-faced girl who was waiting on him.

"I reckon that's it, Mr. Buford," answered the girl. "It does look like they have a sight o' fun. Did you want anything else?"

"Yes; I'll take some more o' them cold beans an' a slice o' middlin'. I'd ruther have the cold ef they are jest as handy. I never

could make much o' a' out with fresh-cooked beans. It's been so long sence my wife died that I'm clean out o' the hot-truck habit."

"Don't you want another glass o' butter-milk?" suggested the girl. "It's exactly the way you like it, jest the least bit sour. I let yesterday's churnin' set over beca'se I knowed you'd be here to-day."

"No; I would n't chose any more, thank you, Miss Mary." He looked at her curiously. "What's made yore face so blamed red? Why, I never seed the like!"

She smiled good-naturedly as she wiped the perspiration from her brow with her blue-and-white-checked apron. "I've been parchin' coffee over a big chestnut fire. It feels like it's blistered. An' then, I've been ironin' all mornin'. I reckon I'm a sight. The gals has so many white things to do up, it looks like thar's no end to a week's washin'."

Old Buford raked a heap of beans on to

his plate and forked out a square piece of bacon. "Huh! do you reckon all that 'll ever marry 'em off?"

The girl laughed out impulsively. "It would me ef I had half the'r chance. Five or six young men come here every Sunday an' sometimes through the week. Some nights they won't let me sleep with the'r chatter right under my window. They all had a big buggy-ride over to bush-arbor camp-meetin' last night. Joe Thornhill got here too late an' had to go back by hisse'f. Pete Moore got ahead of 'im with Mandy."

Buford took a deep draught from his glass, and wiped his gray beard on his handkerchief, which lay across his knees. "Don't they ever ax you to go 'long, Miss Mary?"

"Me? The idee!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, they not only don't ax me, but they poke a lots o' fun at me fer not gittin' to go nowhars. When Joe Thornhill got left last night I heared 'em all a-teasin' 'im an' a-hollerin' to 'im from the bars to go ax me. They seemed to think it was a fine joke."

"Look y' here,"—the old man pushed back his plate and turned to her,—"look y' here; don't you never think o' gittin' married an' quittin' this eternal slavery? Don't you know now's the time ef you ever intend to do sech a thing—now while yo' 're young an' got yore good looks?"

The girl was silent for a moment, then she treated herself to another hearty laugh. "I reckon I have thought about it, Mr. Buford," she said frankly. "I reckon it 'ud be hard fer a gal not to give sech a thing a thought, ef she had a speck o' pride, while so much love-doin's is a-goin' on around 'er. Lord! I 've laid awake many a night jest wishin' an' wishin' that some nice feller 'd come along an' pick me out, an' tell 'em all I was jest the thing he 'd been a-lookin' fer, an' that he was goin' to have me in spite o' all possessed. I reckon all gals is foolish that away, especially them that don't have a fair show. Yes, I 'd marry, Mr. Buford. A gal that would n't, to git out o' the mess I 'm in, would be a born simpleton."

"I 've thought a sight about yore condition here lately," confessed the old man, sheepishly, "an' I 've got some'n on that line to tell you. The truth is, I 've been lookin' about fer you fer the last three months."

"You don't mean that, shorely, Mr. Buford!"

"Yes, I mean it; an' I don't know but what I 've run across about the right thing, as fur as I 'm able to jedge. You know, I take a load o' some'n mighty nigh ever' day to

town. Sometimes I have a few eggs or a pound o' butter that some old woman on the road axes me to barter fer coffee or sugar, an' I do my tradin' at a little store run by a young feller that I sorter took a likin' to. He 's jest a plain farmer-boy that 's made what he 's got by hard licks, an' he ain't one o' yore town dudes. From what I kin pick up, he ain't never had nothin' much to do with women of any sort. When I fust fetched the subject up he got as red as a beet, but he seemed powerful tickled an' anxious to talk. You see, me 'n' 'im has got purty thick; I go to his shebang in the middle o' the day to buy me a cold snack o' cheese an' crackers or the like, an' set thar an' munch 'em. That 's his dull time, an' we talk. He bunks in the back room, an' one night when the river was up so I could n't cross, he made me sleep with 'im. That was the night I axed 'im why he did n't have 'im a wife to make things sorter comforterble fer 'im. It pleased 'im powerful, an' he up an' said he knowed he was makin' a big mistake an' that the matter had been givin' 'im a lot o' trouble. He said ever' now an' then it 'ud occur to 'im that precious time was a-passin' an' nothin' bein' done in that line, but that he had never found time to get down to it right. He said most o' the women that come to his store was a fussy set that looked lazy an' thriftless, an' that he was afeard to tackle 'em. Then he axed me what I thought of women in general, an' then I set in. I told 'im what a blessin' my wife had been to me in 'er lifetime, an' then I switched off on you. I thought at the time that I was talkin' as earnest as a preacher at a rantin' revival; I got his eye, an' I held it clean through to the finish. I told 'im what a worker you was, an' how I heared you outside ever' mornin', as peert as a cricket, singin' with the early birds. I told 'im, too, that you had a look about the eyes that was p'int-blank like the way my wife looked when I fust begun to court 'er. I told 'im all about how this triflin' gang o' young folks treat you, makin' a drudge outen a pore orphan an' pokin' fun eternally, an' then you ort to 'a' heared 'im cuss; he actu'ly got white in the face, an' got up an' walked about the room as mad as the Old Nick."

"Mr. Buford, are you tellin' me the truth?" cried the girl. "Shorely you are a-jokin', jest to see what I 'll say."

"No; I 'm a-givin' you straight goods, Miss Mary," declared the old man, "an' I ain't through, nuther. He set down then an' axed me jest how you looked, an' ever'thing I said seemed to please 'im. I told 'im you had big

blue eyes that was always full o' pure devilment in spite o' yore plight out here, an' that you was middlin' height an' would strike 'im about the shoulder, an' that you was slender-like, an' had yallerish, brownish hair, an' so much of it that it was always in yore eyes.

an' somehow I feel sorter friendly towards 'im beca'se he tuk my part. I 'll bet he 's got a good heart." She took the plates out to the kitchen, and returned. "If you are through," she said in quite another tone, "I reckon you 'd better git up so I kin shake



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"MR. BUFORD," SAYS HE, "I 'LL BET MY HAT SHE 'S A CORKER!"

An'—an'—well, I reckon you would n't 'a' found fault with what I did say," finished Buford. "I made the best out I could, an' I did n't raise false hopes, nuther."

"Well, what did he say?" asked the young woman, making a feint at stacking a lot of plates on the opposite side of the table.

Buford hesitated and looked down. "Well, he 'lowed the description was all right, an' he did n't say the goods was n't likely to come up to the sample, but he said what little he 'd made in business had been made by bein' careful, an' that he never laid in a stock o' anything without lookin' at it."

"Well, I do say he 's got plenty o' cheek," said Mary, and then she burst into a rippling laugh. "I 'll bet he 's got lots o' fun in 'im,

the cloth out. I 've got a lots to do this evenin'."

Buford rose, and stood in the open doorway, brushing the crumbs of bread from his baggy trousers.

"I 'm goin' back to town in the mornin'," he said. "Got any word you want to send that feller?" The girl had drawn both ends of the cloth to the center of the table, and was about to fold it again, but paused.

"No, I hain't no word to send to anybody," she answered. "I 've told you how I feel—that I 'd marry to git out o' this mess; but I 'd have to feel jest right about it. He may be all right, an' then ag'in he might turn out to be a regular terror in the camp."

The following evening, just after dark,

when Buford drove his horses into the barnyard he found Mary there, milking the cow. She was a brave, erect little figure as she stood in the soft black loam of the lot. "So, so!" she was saying in her sweet, persuasive

The old man turned his horses into their stalls and fed them with fodder and corn in the ear, and came and leaned on the rail fence behind her. She was now crouched down under the cow, and the milk was run-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

"I THOUGHT I WOULD," SHE SAID. 'I 'VE NEVER BEEN TO A SHOW IN MY LIFE.'"

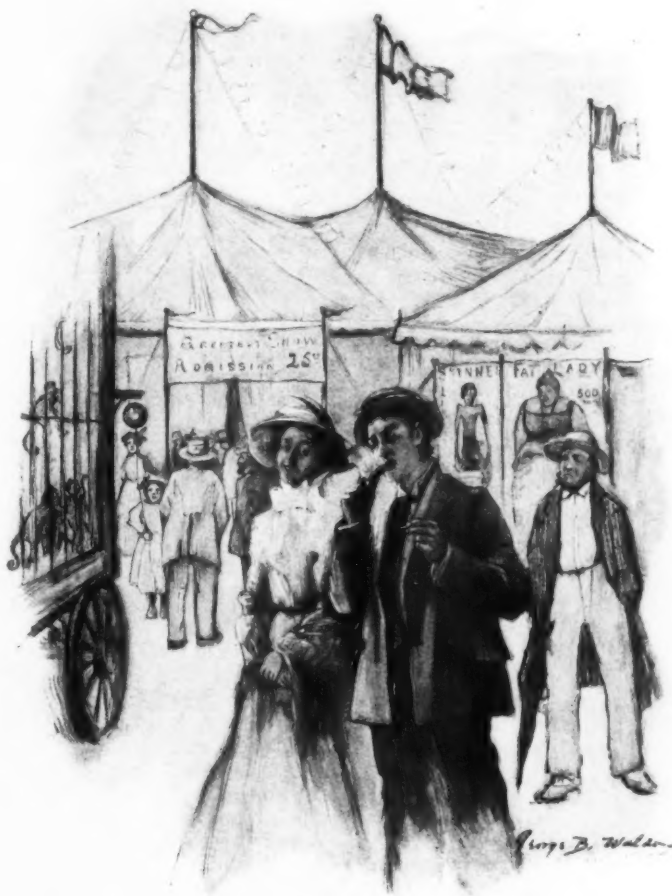
voice to the cow. "Cayn't you stand still an' keep that pesky fly-bresh outen my eyes? Them hairs cut like so many knives when they are whisked about like a wagon-whip. You mought as well let me git that milk outen you. It's so heavy now you cayn't hardly tote it."

ning into her tin pail with a sharp, intermittent sound. Above the back of the cow in the gathering darkness Buford saw the outlines of the farm-house. There was a yellow light in the dining-room and a bank of red logs in the kitchen fireplace. Buford waited till she had finished.

"Well," he began, as she stood up and saw him, "I seed that feller ag'in to-day."

"You say you did?" She came toward him, bent slightly to the right by the pail she carried.

"Well, sir," said Buford, "I thought he'd split his sides a-laughin'. He had started to take some butter I'd fetched 'im outen Mis' Horn's bucket, an' he liter'ly doubled up under the counter an' slapped his hands with the



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"LONG WAS SMOKING NERVOUSLY."

"Yes, I seed 'im, an' I told 'im what you said."

"What did I say, I'd like to know?"

"You said you'd marry ef it suited all round; at least, that was the gist o' what you said."

"Yes, I did say some'n' like that," confessed the girl; "an' as I meant it, I hain't got nothin' to take back."

paddle. 'Mr. Buford,' says he, 'I'll bet my hat she's a corker! I don't have to see her to know what she is; I'll bet she's a daisy!'

"He must be a funny sort o' man," commented the girl, with a laugh. She gave Buford the pail of milk, and drawing her feet out of the mud, she climbed over the fence and stood beside him. "What else did he say?"



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

"SUNDAY NOTHIN!" EXCLAIMED LONG, RUBBING HIS HANDS TOGETHER."

"He said a lots," replied Buford. "I did n't know he could be so talkative. Ef he axed me one question about you, he did a hunderd. Says he, 'She certainly takes the rag offen the bush.' An' then he set in to rip these here gals up the back. He's seed 'em a time or two in town, an' he seems to 'a' tuk a great dislike to 'em. He says the fellers that's a-flyin' round 'em ain't wuth the powder an' lead that it 'u'd take to kill 'em. He made me go in the back room so we could be undisturbed, an' while we was thar a man come in the store an' begun to poke around like he wanted to buy some'n'; but Long said—I ain't never told you his name yet, have I? Well, it's Long, Jasper Long. Says he, 'Don't make any noise; he 'll go out in a minute,' an' so the man did. I reckon he thought ever'body had gone to dinner."

"He must be a funny sort o' storekeeper," remarked Mary, critically. "I don't see how anybody could run a store right that 'u'd do that away."

"Oh, he knows what he's about," said the old man, earnestly. "He's as close as the bark on a tree in a trade; he'd skin a flea fer its hide an' tallow. But it was a' extra occasion with 'im, an' he was powerful anxious to hear what I had to say. Why, I tell you, you never seed the like. I never dreamt it was in 'im; he jest could n't keep his hands an' feet still. I told 'im right out that he was a-actin' strange, bein' as he 'd never seed you. That kind o' set 'im back, but he said he reckoned it was beca'se you was a-havin' sech a tough time of it out here, an' he reckoned he had let it prey on his mind a good deal. I got away from 'im an' went to the wagon-yard to hitch up; but, lo an' behold, he follered me down thar an' wanted to talk some more. I hitched up an'

got in the wagon an' tuk the lines, but he still helt on to me. Finally he got desperate an' said, says he, 'Look here, Mr. Buford, I'd as well be plain with you. I don't see how I 'm ever goin' to git my mind on my business till this thing is settled one way or t' other. I lay awake all last night thinkin' how much better off that gal 'u'd be, an' how much better off I'd be, ef we was comforterbly spliced. I don't like the way that gang out thar is a-doin' of 'er, an' I want it stopped. I've made up my mind that she's jest what I'm lookin' fer, an' I want you to bring it to a head."

"Well, I declare!" said Mary, a pleasurable flush on her face. "He must be a caution."

"An' then he come out with a proposition," went on the old man, "an' I believe on my soul he'd 'a' keeled over ef I had n't agreed to it. He mentioned the big circus in town next Friday, an' he axed me to bring you in to it an' let 'im take a day off to show you around. He said it would be the time of his life ef it could be arranged. Well, I had to git away from 'im, as it was gittin' late, an' so I promised 'im I'd ax you to come; that's all I could do, bein' as you was n't thar."

The girl glanced toward the house and put out her hand for the pail of milk, and as she took it she said thoughtfully:

"I don't exactly like the hurry he's in, but I don't believe in actin' no lies. I never felt more like marryin' in all my life 'an I do to-day. Them gals will drive me crazy ef I stay here much longer. They've been in a wrangle all day with me about not ironin' their duds so they kin go to a picnic to-morrow. The Lord knows I've done the best I kin with the'r old wore-out fixin's. A body cayn't do much washin' things that's as easy

to tear as wet paper; they are too short o' cash to buy new ones, an' they want to force me to make the'r rags last always. It 'ud do me good to tell the whole lay-out that I was goin' to marry a storekeeper. I reckon you kin tell 'im it's all right—the circus part, I mean. He may not like my looks, but I won't keer; I kin say I don't like his, an' I reckon I won't ef he turns up his nose at a helpless orphan."

On the morning of the circus Buford drove round to the front door of the farm-house and waited for Mary to join him. When she appeared she wore the best dress she had, a white muslin adorned with pink ribbons. The old man had never seen her look so well. "I declare," he smiled proudly, "you are goin' to cut a dash; the' won't be a woman thar to-day that kin head you off."

"I've got my all on my back," she said laconically. "I believe in a body makin' as good a show as they kin."

To his surprise, she was not as talkative as usual and spoke only when he addressed some remark to her. As they were driving into the outskirts of the town she suddenly turned to him, a look of considerable concern in her eyes.

"The show don't begin till after dinner," she said. "What are we a-goin' to do till then?"

"Why," said the old man, "I 'lowed we 'd drive to Long's shebang an' alight; he's got a cheer or two about, an' we could kinder set aroun' till—"

"You kin go thar ef you like," she broke in, "but I ain't goin' a step—huh!"

"You say you hain't?" Buford could only stare at her in astonishment.

"Why, no; I ain't a-goin' to drive right up to a feller's store that I hain't never laid eyes on, an'—an'— My Lord! I 'd be the laughin'-stock of the whole round earth ef he was to claim I did n't fill the bill. My goodness! he may not suit me, nuther, as fur as that 's concerned. The world 's full o' men."

"Oh, I see!" floundered Buford. "I did n't know what was the best thing to do. He sorter expects it, though. I jedge that by what he said."

"Well, you cayn't drive me up thar an' unload me like I was a turkey or a hen or a coop o' fryin'-chickens fer 'im to bid on. He 's made a mistake ef he 'lows that. I say, huh!"

"We mought drive down to the wagon-yard," suggested Buford, at the end of his resources. "It 's right whar they unload the

animals from the stock-cars, an' you could set in the wagon an' see it all."

She seemed to approve of the plan, for she did not oppose it, though Buford had the distinct impression that she was vaguely displeased. In the wagon-yard he unharnessed his horses and hitched them to a rack. There were a good many other wagons there, and some camp-fires, showing that several mountain families had spent the night in the yard, that they might be early on the spot.

Leaving his charge in the wagon watching the unloading of the cars and the crowd passing to and fro in the street, Buford hastened down to Long's store. The young man was there, giving instructions to a man who was to take his place for the day. Seeing Buford alone, his face fell.

"Why," he cried, as he extended his hand, "I 'lowed you was—"

Buford grinned and explained, much to Long's relief.

"It don't raily make much difference," Long told him, "but I had kinder fixed up a little in the back room; I had a nigger make me some lemonade with ice in it, an' was calculatin' on havin' us three eat back thar. I wanted to do the right thing, you know, to show her I knowed how to make a woman comfortable. But we'll go down whar she 's at. We kin see the procession from thar as well, I reckon. My Lord! I have a mighty quar feelin'—sorter like a forewarnin' that I ain't a-goin' to walk straight into this thing. Ef she 'd 'a' driv' right up to the front I 'd not 'a' been so skeered; but I dunno. How do I look, anyway?"

"Oh, you are all right," declared Buford, admiringly. "I never seed you in yore Sunday-go-to-meetin' before. When I first seed you I thought you was a drummer, with that cigar in yore mouth. Got the mate to it?"

"You bet; go to the show-case an' he'p yorese'f. By hunky! ef you pull me through this alive I 'll set up a smoke every day the rest o' yore life. Somehow I feel like I hain't got much of a showin'."

"I won't take but one," said the old man from behind the show-case. "I never like to take pay in advance, an' I 'm free to say I don't know how she 's goin' to act. I knowed women was curi's as a general thing, an' I don't know why I was sech a fool as to think I could depend on her; but you come on an' see what you think."

As the two men approached the wagon where Mary sat looking steadily in an opposite direction, old Buford cleared his throat

to attract her attention, and when she looked round he mumbled out something in the way of an introduction, accompanying the formality with a mechanical laugh intended to disguise his own awkwardness. The young people looked at each other. Mary was unruffled and calm, while Long was flushing hotly from head to foot.

"Come to the show?" he said, with an untoward jerk of his body, for he had tried to put his foot on the hub of the front wheel and missed it. It was certainly a most pronounced bow, and Buford was absolutely astonished to see her laugh out impulsively and then wipe the smile from her face as Long drew himself up.

"I thought I would," she said. "I've never been to a show in my life, an' have heard so much about 'em."

Then the conversation languished. Buford was plainly not a success as a manager of delicate situations. What puzzled him beyond any mystery he had ever encountered was Mary's evident enjoyment of his and Long's awkwardness. At any rate, he told himself that he could get out of it by moving away, and that was something in which he had the advantage over them.

"I see a' old feller over thar at that kivered wagon," he said, pulling at the cigar, "that was banterin' me fer a hoss trade t' other day. I believe I'll go see how he talks now. Thar 'll be a sight o' hoss-flesh changin' hands to-day. They say showmen an' Gipsies are the dickens to swap hosses."

"Hold on thar a minute," called out Long, as he was moving away. "I want to see you jest a minute."

Buford pulled up a few yards away, and the young man joined him.

"Are you goin' to leave me the bag to hold?" Long asked uneasily.

"Well, I don't see as I am doin' you one bit o' good," answered the old man. "This is yore day o' grace. Ef you cayn't do some'n to-day,—an' a circus on hand, too,—I reckon we'd better call it off. Whenever I feel bothered about what a woman's goin' to do, I want to git drunk; seems to me a blind, soakin' drunk is the best condition to be in when a woman is actin' contrary."

"Do you reckon she'll go to the show with me?" asked Long.

"Yes, she'll do that," grinned Buford. "As soon as the band strikes up, an' the Queen o' Beauty drives by in 'er chariot, she'll hang on to you like the woods was afire. Give 'er all the goober-peas she kin

eat, an' wet 'er throat with plenty o' lemonade. But what you think o' 'er?"

"She's as purty as red shoes," said Long, enthusiastically. "Oh, she's got me! I felt that away even before I seed 'er, an' I know it now."

All the rest of the morning the old man managed to keep the pair in sight. For some time Long kept the same position, his foot on the wheel, his face upturned to Mary's. It was the passing of the procession that furnished Long with a valuable opportunity, for he climbed up in the wagon-seat by her. Later, when the glitter and din of the pageant had died out, Buford saw the pair get out of the wagon and cross the street to a restaurant, and about half an hour afterward they emerged side by side. Long was smoking nervously, and still had the uneasy expression on his face. They fell into the crowd that was moving toward the showgrounds, and Buford lost sight of them.

He did not see them again till the show was over and they returned to the wagon-yard. The old man's spirits sank. He could detect nothing in their manner to prove that they had reached any sort of understanding. Mary was quite as reserved in her bearing, and Long even more ill at ease.

"Hello! here you are," Buford called out to them. He looked up at the declining sun. "I reckon by the time I git hitched up we'd better start back," he said to the girl.

"Yes, it's high time," she answered. "I've got a lots to do."

She climbed into the wagon, and Long followed Buford to his horses. "Well," said the old man, as he began to put the collars on the animals, "how'd you make out?"

"I hardly know, Mr. Buford," returned Long, slowly. "She's jest what I'm a-lookin' fer, but I don't know any more 'n a rabbit what my showin' is. Part o' the time she'd appear to be listenin' to what I said on the subject, an' then ag'in she'd seem to have 'er attention called off by somethin' passin' along. I reckon a show-day was a bad time to select."

"I 'lowed it was as good as any," said Buford, in a tone that hinted at the general incorrigibility of womankind.

"Another thing that floored me," said Long, "was her quar way o' actin' about money matters. She would n't let me pay her part o' anything. Whenever the time come she hauled out 'er pocket-book an' planked down her half."

Buford laughed out in spite of the gravity of the situation.

"I wondered how she'd be on that line," he said—"that is, I did when she would n't go anigh yore store. She's as independent as a hog on ice. An' you say you could n't lead 'er up to—you say she shied at the mention o' marryin'?"

"That's what she did; she 'lowed thar was n't any use o' bein' in sech a powerful hurry. She's a-goin' to let me come out an' take 'er to bush-arbor meetin' next Sunday. I axed 'er ef she'd decide then, but she would n't say. I know in reason this is a-goin' to unfit me fer business. I'm a man that's always closed his deals right up on short notice."

During the drive home Mary seemed wilfully uncommunicative, and she and Buford were silent all the way. As they neared the house, however, she drew a deep breath and said:

"Well, I certainly have had a day of it; ef I did n't have a good time, I reckon no gal ever did."

"But," said Buford, whose enjoyment of the day depended on the progress of the affair he was engineering, "from what Long says it appears that you an' him did n't quite come to a' understandin' of any—I mean, any permanent sort."

The girl laughed merrily. "Men are so foolish," she said. "They want a thing o' that sort over in a minute, while a woman—a woman naturally wants it to last. Ef he'd jest inshore me he'd keep talkin' like he did to-day after we was married, I would n't hesitate; but women tell me men don't keep it up. I wish you'd let me take it in hand now, Mr. Buford. I think I know what I'm about."

"Oh, I'm willin'," said the old man. "I was jest thinkin' o' throwin' up the job, anyway."

The next day Buford went to town, and on his return at dusk he found Mary down in the dewy meadow, driving up the cow. He went to meet her, glad of an opportunity to see her alone.

"I tried to dodge that feller," was his smiling greeting, "but he heard I was in town, an' follered me from place to place till he run up on me. I have never seed sech a crazy duck in my life. He was all of a tremble, an' said he hardly closed his eyes last night. He said he'd tuk up the notion that some other feller was in the race, some feller livin' nigher'n he did, an' he wanted to know. He was so upset he actully doubted my word about it, an' fer a little while I felt like slappin' his jaws."

"I don't see no reason fer tellin' 'im thar was n't *anybody* but him," the girl frowned. "Lawdy! I let on to 'im that I had oodlins o' chances; an' so I have, ef I'd run about an' look 'em up, like other gals."

"The thing's gone too fur to joke about it now," remarked Buford, discontentedly. "I don't believe in devilin' a turtle on its back. That feller is good-hearted an' means well, an' the plight he's in now ain't a-goin' to do him a bit o' good."

Mary picked up a stick and threw it at the cow, which showed a tendency to take a wrong direction.

"I was forced into makin' his acquaintance by my trouble out here," she said thoughtfully, "an' it may be that it'll force me to take 'im quicker'n I'd like fer the looks o' the thing. I've had my big halleluiah time with these folks to-day. It was as nigh a fight as could be without throwin' rocks an' breakin' skulls. They begun to hint that I was settin' my cap fer you, an' said I acted shameful in goin' to the circus with you."

"Did they say that?" gasped Buford.

"Yes; they all got around me, an' laughed at me, an' said other gals o' my age had young men to go with 'em. That's whar I got my foot in it. I up an' told 'em about Mr. Long, an' 'fore I knowed what I was about I had said we was engaged. They would n't believe it at fust, beca'se they said he never had had anything to do with women, an' was a fine ketch. But I showed 'em some'n' he writ on my fan, an' they wilted. Mandy tuk it harder'n any o' the rest, an' I'm sorter sorry fer 'er. You know, Joe Thornhill is as pore as Job's turkey, an' 'er ma's been devilin' 'er all day about me makin' the best haul."

"So," said Buford, "you have made up yore mind to be easy on 'im?"

"Yes; I don't see any other way out of it an' git even with them. So when you see 'im you'd better tell 'im it's all right. Next Sunday we'll set the day. I'll go over to Aunt Maud's in the Cove; she'll let me stay thar till I'm married."

Silence fell between them. Buford seemed trying to think of something appropriate to say. Finally he said: "You hain't once said how you like his looks, or *him*, as fer that matter."

Mary smiled the smile of a knowing woman. "Oh, I reckon he'll do. It don't matter what I think of 'im; ef I thought he was as nice as a pie with the sugar runnin' out of it, it would n't do to tell 'im; an' you

—you'd run right straight to him with anything I said. Huh! talk about women not keepin' anything! Adam was a-talkin' 'fore Eve was made."

Buford laughed good-naturedly. "I reckon you are right," he admitted. "Ef I could 'a' eased Long up to-day, I 'd 'a' done it, no matter what it cost."

The next morning Buford drove straight to Long's store. The young man, aided by a negro, was weighing sacks of corn on the big floor-scales; but he left it when Buford passed into the back room to take a drink from the water-bucket.

"Well, how 's things, Mr. Buford?" he asked fearfully, as he came up behind the old man.

"Yore cake 's dough, Long," said Buford. The face of the storekeeper fell.

"I knowed it 'u'd turn out that away," he said. "The minute I laid eyes on 'er I was afeared she'd never take to a thing like me."

There was a twinkle in Buford's eye as he put the dipper back into the bucket and faced the sufferer.

"Yes, it's dough, my boy; it's been dough ever sence you started to live the life of a bach in a room like this: but you've got somebody to cook it fer you now, an' she kin make the best biscuits on the face o' the earth."

"What do you mean?" Long was staring wildly.

"She says it 's all right," laughed Buford. "She says you kin set the day when you git thar Sunday."

"Sunday nothin'!" exclaimed Long, rubbing his hands together. "I'm goin' out thar to-day."



TO OUR "MERRY CHANTER."

(FRANK R. STOCKTON. DIED APRIL 20, 1902.)

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

HIS ship of fancy flew the flag
Of goodly mirth and banter.
No sounder sail e'er breasted gale
Than owned our *Merry Chanter*.


Its hold was stored with priceless freight—
Pure humor, fun capricious;
Beneath the cheer there lurked no sneer,
Cold, cynical, malicious.

It spurned the bitter tang of brine,
It plumbed no depths of trouble;
It rode the sea as light and free
As it had been a bubble.

Its course was ever clear and true,
Its steersman loved bold faring.
Where is one now to point a prow
With such delightful daring?

Dear Captain of a craft we love,
In life you led our laughter;
Now you have passed into the Vast,
Our tears fain follow after.

A Campaign against the Mosquito.



I. PREFATORY NOTE: THE GROWING INTEREST IN MOSQUITO-EXTERMINATION.

BY DR. L. O. HOWARD,¹

Entomologist of the Department of Agriculture.

IT is my firm opinion that, wide-spread as the interest in mosquito-extirpation seems to be at present, it is not a temporary interest, but the beginning of a great and intelligent crusade. My own correspondence on the subject has been little less than enormous. I have received during the past year many thousands of letters about mosquitos, most of them inquiring about methods for relieving individual houses, neighborhoods, and communities from these annoying and dangerous creatures. New Jersey, a State which has suffered a great economic loss from the abundance of mosquitos, is giving attention to the matter not only in isolated communities as community work, but also by State action, the legislature having passed a bill to promote investigations, but, unfortunately, without an appropriation. Last summer the towns of Summit and South Orange carried on community work, which is to be continued this summer. The cities of Elizabeth, Newark, and Jersey City are, I believe, to do some drainage-work with this end in view. The work to which Mr. Weeks's article refers has been large-scale work carried on by an association of private citizens. Earnest efforts are being made in Baltimore to carry on similar work under a city appropriation, and a mosquito topographic survey of the suburbs of the city has already been made by Drs. Hirshberg and Dohm. The Board of Health of New Orleans has taken up the matter, and is doing intelligent and satisfactory work. Nashville, Tenn., Rome, Ga., Talladega, Ala., Winchester and Norfolk, Va., and a number of other places are looking into the matter with a view to immediate effort, and smaller communities all over the country, North, South, East, and West, either have the matter under consideration or are already beginning work. The authorities of the Michigan Agricultural College, near Lansing, have authorized their entomologist, Mr. Pettit, to undertake a mosquito crusade the present summer. Dr. Felt, the New York State entomologist at Albany, writes me that he will begin mosquito work at once, while Dr. Davenport, director of the Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, tells me that efforts will be made to determine some practical points of great importance at Cold Spring Harbor. Morris Cove and Lawrence, Long Island, are organizing for work, the latter with an appropriation of one thousand dollars. Dr. Stiles is lecturing on anti-mosquito work before the Army Medical School at Washington, and posting all the young army surgeons who have been ordered in for instruction. The admirable results achieved under our army administration of sanitary affairs in Cuba have been an inspiration not only to communities in the United States, but to foreigners.

¹ See Dr. Howard's article, "Malaria and Certain Mosquitos," THE CENTURY for April, 1901.

Major Ronald Ross of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine writes me, under date of February 20: "By dint of constant driving I think we are getting this country to do something at last. It is, however, doubtless the example of Havana that has chiefly set them going."

It appears from all this that exact details of so large a piece of work as is being carried on by the enterprising and public-spirited members of the North Shore Improvement Association of Long Island, as described by Mr. Weeks, will be virtually of world-wide interest.

II. OPERATIONS AT OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

BY HENRY CLAY WEEKS.

WITH no claim to be acting under other than well-known principles of engineering and insect-destruction, putting forth nothing as new in field or laboratory, there has been going forward to a demonstration, on Long Island, since January, 1901, the movement of which this article is the subject.

The purpose is to describe what is probably the first attempt by a community to exterminate mosquitos on a large scale in this country. Three years ago the whole press of the country would not have printed in a month a column of matter on a subject that is now treated in serious and able articles daily. The contrast in the popularity of the subject is strongly shown by the press clippings of that time and the present, and while much of the writing is what one aptly terms "mosquito stuff," it all doubtless helps in the battle that is now on, the watchword of which is, "The mosquito can and must be exterminated." This possibility and necessity have been strongly urged by some writers for many years, notably by Dr. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., who has persistently endeavored to make serviceable his wide information on the subject by visits and lectures through the country. Of his recent book on "Mosquitos" an enthusiastic man of letters says: "For the insurance of peace and comfort it is worth all the systems of philosophy published during the last fifty years, and for pleasurable exhilaration I would back it against a hundred thousand modern novels taken at random."

Indissolubly allied to the subject of extermination is the very important subject of the reclamation of valuable marsh-lands, the esthetic improvement of wet or marshy areas, the enhancement of land values throughout extensive regions of the country, and, what is now proved beyond a doubt, relief from

malarial diseases, and the consequent betterment of the living conditions of all persons in malarious districts.

The methods to accomplish all this, and use to the best advantage the resources of nature, require the skill of an adept, a certified graduate of a new school—that of applied economics. In short, one must be an economic engineer. What university will be the first to turn out such a one? Fields are waiting for many graduates.

With a daring that seems almost unreasoning, many of the shrewdest financiers and men of affairs in the country have located in the region where this test was made. They have purchased and improved vast estates and erected veritable mansions, all in defiance of the fact that at the season of the year when an outing is most needed it was well-nigh impossible, on account of mosquitos.

The result of the successful work in 1901 on Center Island, near Oyster Bay, has led to a plan of action covering a territory about fifteen miles long and five miles wide, and preliminary work has already been completed. Professor Charles B. Davenport and Mr. Frank E. Lutz of the University of Chicago, each with an assistant, have made an entomological survey of the region, locating every water surface and determining and reporting the kind and extent of larvæ in the breeding-places. Professor N. S. Shaler of Harvard University was retained to inspect and report upon the value of the marine marshes, if reclaimed. The physicians of the territory were invited to answer a series of questions tending to show the close connection between *Anopheles* mosquitos and malaria. The result of this comparison is confirmatory of previous experiments in Europe and America. Lastly, the engineer having the movement in charge considered what engineering and other work should be recommended. A map of the whole area

was prepared, showing the findings of all the experts, and an estimate was made of the cost of all the relief-works. The extensive reports covering this preliminary work are in book form, and illustrate what work may be done by a large community.

The Center Island work was the outcome of a hurried reconnaissance of a territory of about thirty square miles made by the writer during three days in October, 1900, at the request of some residents who had previously invited Dr. Howard to visit the region and state whether, in his view, relief was possible. His opinion was strongly favorable, and he suggested that the present writer, of whom he knew by contributions to the "Scientific American" as early as 1899, but whom he had met only once, would be helpful with plans of relief.

The writer's report of 1900 showed the advantage of an extended operation, of having it under one supervision and control, and advocated by a number in association; for thus would unanimity of action be secured, obstructive people be the better conciliated, and boards of health and other town officers be the more easily induced to the necessary coöperation in draining roadsides and treating the property of unreasonable persons. Legislative action was urged to meet difficult situations. It was stated that if the work of relieving their region was thoroughly prosecuted, the movement would spread about the world. Dr. Howard indorsed the plan as "a very comprehensive bit of work, which would not only be effective, but most instructive; and it is safe to say that such a work as this will attract the attention of the whole civilized world."

This report, covering many pages, was printed by one of the residents, Mr. William J. Matheson of West Fort, Lloyds Neck, who must be designated as the "father" of the movement, and two editions were sent by him throughout the region. But the whole territory was not then ripe for action, and there was an opportunity of molding public sentiment only in a small part of the

large area, namely, Center Island, in Oyster Bay Harbor.

Center Island, of irregular shape, about two miles long and half a mile wide, was peculiarly adapted for relief-work, though there were conditions that made it a difficult field. It is connected with a famous breeding-region by a narrow strip of land, along which, as well as over the intervening water, it was feared mosquitos would be borne. A large, sodden marsh ran through the middle, wherein were numerous marsh-holes, always excellent breeding-grounds. Shore ponds were numerous, where high tides would leave water behind barriers of sand, which water would become brackish by rainfalls and seepage.

Fortunately, there were few spaces affected by springs, and there were only a few domestic breeding-places, as cisterns and rain-barrels. Unfortunately, however, all the inhabitants of the island were not informed of the value and success of relief-work, and were not in sympathy with the movement; in fact, were unwilling that anything should be done on their premises.

As a whole the island was a rare

breeding-place, and its reputation for mosquitos was well earned.

Furthermore, the unapproached heavy rains of April and May, 1901, followed by the exceptionally hot summer, made the time for the test a trying one. Indeed, this was preëminently a mosquito year.

There were some helpful features connected with the work; for instance, the island was owned by comparatively few people, and the fewer the better in a work of this kind. Most of the owners were informed on the subject, and coöperation was given in proportion to individual information; they were generally enthusiastic on the theme, probably all agreeing on the theory, but all having more or less doubt of the ability of any one to put the theory into practice. They were men of large business interests, and willingly gave carte blanche to the engineer, thus centralizing responsibility.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club



MAP OF CENTER ISLAND AND VICINITY,
OYSTER BAY, LONG ISLAND.

showed its small confidence in the scheme by putting up a hundred feet of screen-work on the piazzas. In fact, screens went up everywhere. Nevertheless, the work went forward to a demonstration.

Of course the enemy is the same, though of great variety of species. He—or rather she, for it is only the female that bites—seeks blood wherever it can be found. She seeks water for oviposition as industriously as do the roots of a tree for nutrition, and

places, destruction would result for want of air. It is the *insistence* of operations under these ideas that insures success.

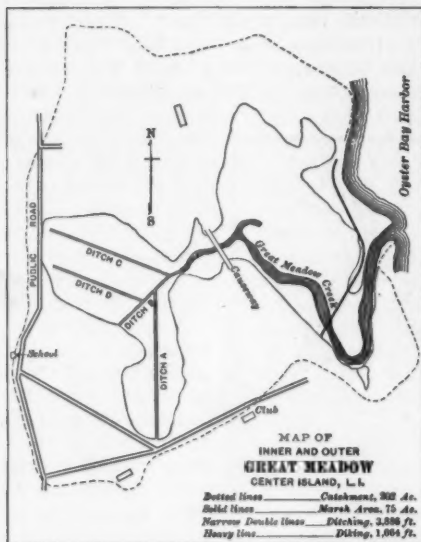
So the work has consisted of the employment of drainage and petroleum. But while that appears simple, it entails careful planning and exactness in execution. Drainage is the permanent cure, petroleum the temporary expedient, but each is essential in its sphere. The former must be employed thoroughly, the latter slightly. It is not, necessary, as some have intimated, to consider the depth of a pond, but only its superficies. The film of fuel-petroleum does the work.

Eight oil-stations were established on the island, where one or two barrels were placed on platforms in the shade of trees, and at these the petrolier would fill his knapsack sprayer and sally forth for the enemy. Ten barrels were purchased, but only five were required throughout the island, and now that so many points are permanently reclaimed by drainage and the filling in of pools, probably one barrel, or at most two, will be sufficient this season. Only five complete tours of the island were found necessary from May 1 to October 1, though applications were often required at special points. Few men are qualified to act as petroliers. They must be quick in seeing larvæ, thorough, systematic, intelligent, patient, obedient, and strong.

As it was impossible to do all the permanent work before the breeding-season began, both remedies were worked coördinately. This was done in order to show best results. To leave any breeding-places untreated would have thrown discredit on successful work at other points.

Surveys were first taken for the drainage-work, to ascertain the entire catchment of the worst point, namely, Great Meadow, so as to plan the number of ditches necessary to hold the water in case of a heavy rainfall. Too much excavation results in a waste of money; too little in a flooding of the reclaimed area and injury to crops. Levels were taken for the ditching, and it was found that only one inch of descent could be had in sixty feet, though this was sufficient, owing to the great care in grading.

A squad of about twenty-five men was engaged for many weeks on the ditching and diking. Where no dikes were required, the soil from the ditches was used in filling the marsh-holes and streams, or was graded back at the edge of the uplands, leaving no holes for water to settle in. The finding of shells and imperishable grass-roots at a depth



with a determination as irresistible. Her ingenuity almost baffles human skill, and one has to meet her on the same grounds of persistence, giving close attention to natural instincts, times, and conditions. It would be useless to attempt to enumerate the strange places mosquitos seek for laying their eggs—from high-water tanks and clogged roof-gutters to wells a hundred feet deep; from a hole in a tree holding only a few spoonfuls of water, discarded tinware, or the foot-prints of animals, to a quiet pond of many acres.

With the knowledge that water is absolutely required for breeding, it involved no great brilliancy to say that water must be denied the enemy. Her breeding-places must be abolished by draining marshes or pools, and water-barrels and the like must be done away with. Knowing also that in the larval and pupal states (wigglers) air is required for breathing, it was equally patent that if a thin film of oil was placed on their breeding-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

DIKE OVER MARSH, OUTER GREAT MEADOW, APPROACHING THE CREEK CROSSING.

of many feet revealed the history of this marsh. The overflowing tides had brought with them a trace of soil in suspension and had deposited it; the watershed contributed its washings from storms; vegetable and marine life had existed there and died, and very gradually a soil was built up, until now the surface of the marsh is about at high tide. The marsh-holes referred to were at points where this formative process was not completed, though now much less in area than old residents remembered them to have been.

These pools formed perfect breeding-places, and the general sodden condition of this marsh made ideal breeding-conditions. Early in the season (before May 1) the pools were found to be alive with larvæ, and unless one had absolute confidence in the processes of extermination, a glance into one of them would have destroyed all hope of success. While the excavation

was progressing, the petroliers were set at work, and by care and close supervision scarcely an insect got to wing. Of the few that did, it was found that near them a little water surface had been overlooked, which showed two things: that mosquitos do not fly far from their native place, and that most careful work is essential for complete results.

The writer has been informed that, in other years, to drive along the borders of this marsh was a perilous undertaking for man and beast, but he walked over it many times during and after the work, and did not encounter a single mosquito.

Another source of great trouble had heretofore been the brackish ponds formed on the shore within barriers of sand by extra-high tides. In these cases the plan was carried out of excavating an opening, and allowing the water to run off at low tide, which would carry off



THE PETROLIER AND AN OIL-STATION.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

VIEW OF THE PART OF THE DIKE ONCE A SAND-BAR.

a stream black with larvæ. In the finish of work at such points an automatic tide-gate had to be inserted in the opening, which is set somewhat below the level of the bottom of the ponds. A number of these ponds were so thoroughly dried out that no breeding occurred in them, and one could walk through the former beds and about their vicinity, where formerly it was well-nigh impossible.

The automatic tide-gate lets out the water as soon as the tide has fallen below its level, and closes when the tide begins to rise, so that in these shore ponds, as well as in larger marshes, the inner ditches must be large enough to hold the water which has collected between tides, without its overflowing the land.

Dikes are built along the shore line to exclude the tides, and the gates are set in at the dike line. In the case of the large marsh, it was not found possible to do this, from lack of coöperation on the part of owners. An attempt was made to shut out the sea at a distance from the mouth of the creek,—the easiest and least expensive point,—and a great expense was thereby unnecessarily involved—a plan which cannot ever drain the entire marsh. In one case the creek was about fifteen feet wide at low tide, and in the other about one hundred and six feet, with a strongly moving stream, and water at times about nine feet deep.

The diking has largely followed the crest of the beach, at no place very near the water's edge, even at high tide. It was mostly made of sand, with parts of its base strengthened by burying logs found alongshore. It is also contemplated to place boulders along its outer base and to transplant into its face beach-grass, which is important in many places as the constructor and preserver of beaches by its interception of wind-driven sand. The roots are several feet long, and have many shoots, all seeming to thrive in burning-hot, high, and dry sands. In some regions there is a legal penalty against its destruction.

Where the dike descends to the low-lying marsh level, it is changed to a shape and size to withstand the pressure of the highest tides. In the sketch of the dike, the small ditch under the dike is made so that a more perfect tie of the soil of which it is built shall be made to its foundation soil. Instances have been known where a dike has been moved bodily inward by the pressure of tides of extra height. To prevent the washing of the face of the dike by the cutting sweep of the waters, the sods taken from the inside ditch were placed like paving-blocks along its outer face. The sod, taking root, presents as green a surface as when in its natural marsh-bed.

The inside ditch, the materials of which

were used to construct this part of the dike, was kept well back from the base of the dike, so as to circumvent muskrats, a source of great loss in many cases, as they make breaks in the dikes by burrowing in them.

The results of this skirmish have been very pronounced, so much so that the committee having the work in charge says of it that "it was in every way successful and gratifying, and that although the season of

1901 was unusually favorable to the breeding of these pests, yet Center Island was practically entirely relieved from mosquitos, and, for the first time, at almost all hours of the day and evening, we were able to enjoy the use of our piazzas and lawns without the annoyance of these pests. The results achieved by the use of fuel-petroleum were simply remarkable, and we were astonished to find how little it was necessary to use to accomplish the results desired."



CHILLON.

BY LEONARD C. VAN NIPPEN.

I STAND within the grandeur-girdled room
 Where Bonnivard heard the dull oozing hours
 Drip from his stagnant life; here where the powers
 Of shuddering Death from shadows hewed a tomb.
 I feel the horrors crawling through the gloom,
 And Judgment frowns, and trembling Conscience cowers.
 Here broods the Night, and Hell's vast terror lowers,
 And all the air is dread with coming doom.
 The mountains o'er these dungeons of despair
 For ages kept their silent sentinel,
 Guarding the ghastly secrets of the waves.
 Then Byron woke the specters slumbering there:
 Once more is heard the midnight-shivering bell,
 And the dumb waters are alive with speaking graves.



Tuesday 9 P.M.

Mr. Carlyle.

3 Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

THOMAS CARLYLE'S VISITING-CARD GIVING AN APPOINTMENT.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION OF CARLYLE BY A "CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY."

BY JAMES D. HAGUE.

WHEN it was first announced that his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia would be the guest of honor at a festive breakfast to which would be bidden to meet him a chosen company of "Captains of Industry," one hundred in number, it is probable that very few if any of the elect centurions remembered, if they ever knew, the origin of that now distinguished title. The term was not wholly strange, having the ring of a popular campaign phrase, perhaps suggesting, especially to some not of the elect, a more familiar expression of questionable credit. It was only after taking their places at table and opening the beautiful little parchment-covered books prepared for the occasion, setting forth the names and distinctive achievements of the chosen Captains of Industry, that many readers discovered in a brief sentence quoted from Thomas Carlyle the source of the newly conferred degree:

One class of captains and commanders of men, recognized as the beginning of a new, real and not imaginary "aristocracy," has already in some measure developed itself: the Captains of Industry; happily the class who, above all, or at least first of all, are wanted in this time.¹

It was, in fact, seven years earlier, in 1843, that Carlyle had already given the title "Captains of Industry" to a chapter of "Past and Present," with frequent use of the term in other papers.

This reminiscence naturally brought to my mind a long-treasured memory of a per-

sonal interview with Mr. Carlyle many years ago, the recollection of which at once became especially interesting and somewhat amusing when, after finding in the little book, among the Captains of Industry, my own name mentioned there as one distinctively connected with the production of gold and silver, I clearly recalled what Mr. Carlyle had said to me, on the occasion referred to, touching the value of gold and the utility of producing it.

For this rare opportunity of seeing Carlyle in his own home I was indebted to the late Professor Tyndall, who, having invited my friend the late Rear-Admiral Raymond Rodgers to go with him on an appointed evening to pass an hour or two with Mr. Carlyle, kindly asked me to join in the visit. This was in February, 1871. Our appointment was for 9 P.M., at Carlyle's house in Cheyne Row. We drove there from the Athenæum Club, and, on arrival, found Carlyle in his study, sitting comfortably by the fireside and tea-table, awaiting the coming of his expected visitors, reading, as he told us, a favorite volume, always kept at hand for a moment's pastime, the first part of "Faust." The strangers were introduced, and all sat down before the hearth, Carlyle at one end, and at the other Tyndall, who, for our entertainment, kept up an active fusillade of questions and suggestions to draw the old man's fire, first in one and then in another direction.

The talk touched mainly upon topics of the day. I remember that there was some

¹ "Latter-Day Pamphlets," No. 1, "The Present Time," February 1, 1850.

discussion concerning the Revised Version of the Scriptures, in which work a commission of eminent scholars and theologians was at that time engaged. Carlyle seemed to regard the undertaking with but little favor. He thought it useless, and said he believed the old familiar version would retain its place with the common people. Little good was to be hoped for from the new. "One thing is certain," he said: "every man who helped make the old version believed that unless he did his whole duty he would be eternally damned, while not a single one of the new lot believes anything of the sort."

Early in the conversation Carlyle, apparently interested in the personality of his visitors, turned to me with an inquiry touching my vocation and career. I told him I was a practical geologist, especially concerned in mining pursuits.

"What do you mine for?" he asked.

"Gold and silver," I replied.

"Gold!" he exclaimed. "You mine for gold! That's a good - for - nothing pursuit. The biggest gold nugget ever found was never half so useful to the world as one good mealy potato."

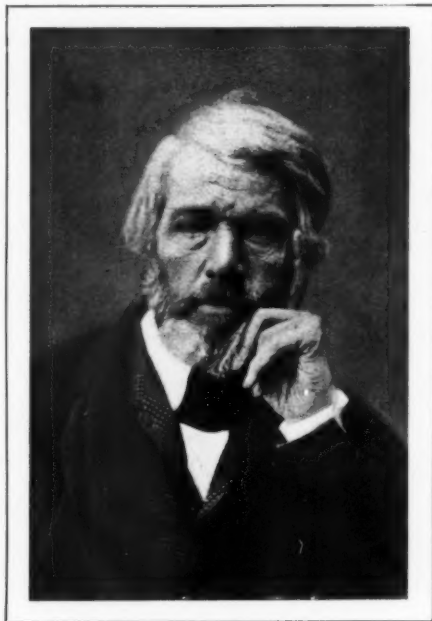
I sought to defend my position by saying that many a good mealy potato and many other things of equal value had since grown in California and elsewhere, which never would have grown at all if the way had not been opened by those who went there first to seek for gold. This did not seem to change his mind; but when we came away, he went with us to the door, asking after several friends in America and sending personal greetings; and at last, turning to me and placing his hand on my shoulder, he said, as nearly as I can now recall his words, "Young man, don't let anything I have said to you to-night change your mind about your work.

Do your work industriously and stick to it faithfully, and all will be well in the end."

It is with the spirit of this good advice that the Captains of Industry, "still achieving, still pursuing," have generally attained success.

To commemorate the visit of his Royal Highness Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States in 1902, a medal has been struck by the American Numismatic and Archaeological Society of New York City, an institution which was founded in 1858 for the purpose of establishing and preserving collections of coins, medals, and numismatic literature, the dissemination of information upon numismatics and archaeology, and the commemoration of important events by the striking of medals.

Within the period of a few years past the society has struck several notable medals, among others the Columbus medal, celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America; the Muhlenberg medal, commemorating the opening of the new St. Luke's Hospital; the Grant medal, in honor of



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN WATKINS, LONDON.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

the dedication of the Grant mausoleum on Riverside Drive; the Greater New York medal, in 1898, and now, in 1902, the Prince Henry medal.

When the writer came to know that such a medal would be struck in gold for presentation to Prince Henry, it seemed to him important that the metal for that purpose should be fitly chosen, sentimentally significant, of known origin, native American, virgin, never used before for any purpose, and therefore much to be preferred above commercial gold, coming from nobody knows where, the product of the melting-pot in the fusion of ordinary bullion with sweepings, scraps, and especially coin that may have been long in circulation, passing from



FROM A COPPER REPLICA OF THE MEDAL BY V. D. BRENNER.
GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

hand to hand, the price of nobody knows what.

It so happened that I had in my possession a sufficient quantity of native, virgin gold which I had myself mined under peculiar circumstances. A few years ago, while I was on a visit of inspection deep down in a gold-quartz mine, locally known as the "Stockbridge," at Grass Valley, California, one of the underground mine-foremen came hastening to report that up in the No. 7 stope, a little above the eight-hundred-foot level, a blast in the vein had just exposed a very rich bunch of gold quartz, which, as an unusually interesting occurrence, I was invited to look at before it should be mined out. On reaching the place I found a beautiful streak of rich ore, exposed in a vein of pure white quartz glittering with gold, which, with little further blasting and picking, I caused to be broken out, collecting the best of it in a candle-box, which was carried to the surface, where the quartz was crushed in a hand-mortar, and the gold, washed out and melted, was cast into several

little bricks, which I brought home to New York, ready for use whenever special occasion might occur calling for gold of such peculiar quality and certain origin.

My offer of this gold, or enough of it for the proposed purpose, was promptly accepted by the Numismatic Society, with due appreciation of its sentimental significance, and so it came to pass that the Prince Henry medal, struck in commemoration generally of the American visit, and incidentally a souvenir of the Prince's breakfast with the Captains of Industry, was made, not of commercial gold, of unknown origin and questionable record, but of native American, virgin gold, which had been actually mined and given for the purpose by one of the Captains of Industry present at the breakfast, to whom, by noteworthy coincidence, more than thirty years before, the original author of that chosen title, the "Captains of Industry," Thomas Carlyle, who valued potatoes above nuggets, had flatly denounced the mining of gold as a good-for-nothing pursuit.



THE MENACE.

BY JOHN ALBERT MACY.

ALONE I could outface the staring fate
That gloats above me with relentless hate;
But oh, the straining patience in her eyes
Who clings beside me, brave and sorrow-wise!

THE LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS AT NEW HOPE.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS,

Author of "Two Runaways," "De Valley an' de Shadder," "His Defense," etc.

THE feud between the New Hope and the Laurel Grove churches had passed from bitter congregational warfare into an acute stage, where father was arrayed against son, and mother against daughter. So far as the African element could scandalize the cause of religion, it was scandalized, and the professedly wicked laughed openly over the glaring inconsistencies of the professedly elect.

The disorder extended into the quarters, and from there into the fields, where its influence for evil on labor forced the attention of the dignified gentry who maintained the white or parent church. Quiet but earnest consultations were held day by day between the disturbed element and their white friends. Colonels, majors, judges, and doctors might have been seen at times, under the shade of an isolated persimmon-tree, or by the roadside in friendly fence-corners, or with crossed legs in buggies, patiently discussing doctrinal and ethical questions with black friends who stood by, hats in hand, to all appearances earnest seekers after light. These discussions, though pertinent to the issue, are not pertinent to the history of its settlement.

It is not surprising that, among the host of advisers, one man at length put forth a suggestion which struck a popular chord. This suggestion involved a public trial of the vexatious issue between the two churches; and all parties, now well wearied of the long contention, agreed to abide by whatever decision might be thereby obtained.

It was a day full of excitement when the warring factions met in the spacious New Hope Church. Every seat was filled. Men and women stood against the walls, and even the gallery mourned with black faces. The pulpit had been removed, and on the rostrum was a little table, behind which, clad in a dignity befitting their respective duties, sat Colonel Ledbetter, Judge Dewberry, and Major Worthington. The first-named was the choice of the New Hope Church, the

second represented the faith of Laurel Grove, and the last, who owned Rockledge, a plantation in the neighborhood, had been called in from his quiet home at Woodhaven, in the adjoining county of Baldwin, by his two associate referees as a non-partizan, impartial referee. The mere presence of these distinguished citizens was sufficient to establish good order and insure perfect attention. Childlike happiness was visible on the faces of the great congregation, for nothing so pleases the country negro as a realization of the fact that he and his affairs are attracting attention in the courts of the mighty. Something like awe settled over all when Colonel Ledbetter rapped on the table.

"My friends—" he began.

"By the way—excuse me, colonel," said Judge Dewberry, who was short and plethoric. "Aleck! Aleck!"

"Yes, sah!" eagerly replied a negro who had flattened himself against the wall.

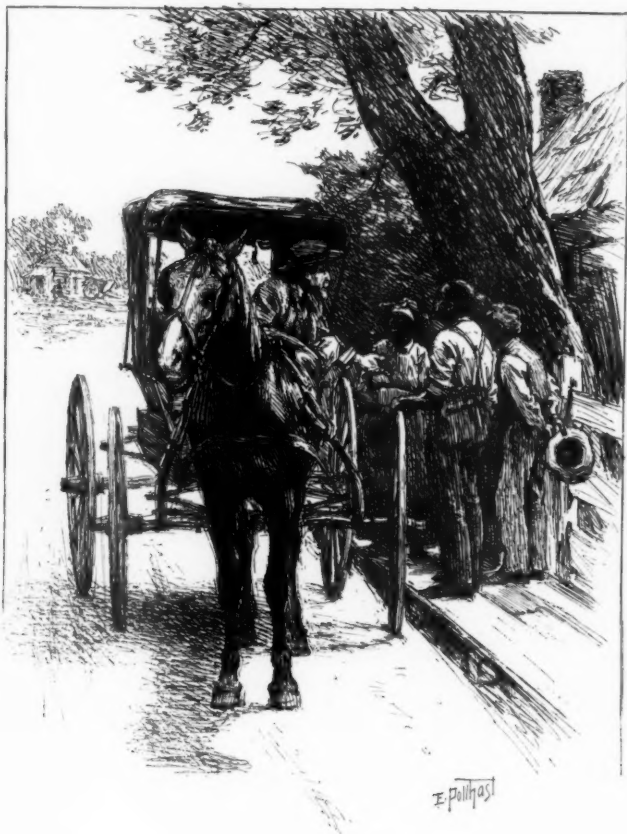
"Aleck, I think it would be well if you will open wider the window-shutters behind you. The large crowd tends to make the atmosphere of the room a little—ah—sultry. There, that will do. Now, boys, don't crowd about the window!"

"My friends," continued the colonel, dividing his sentences with great deliberation, "we are assembled together this morning for the purpose of listening to the two sides of a discussion which is bringing discredit to a cause that *all* earnest workers in the vineyard love to honor. For some reason, in some way,—I shall not attempt to prejudice the cause of either side,—a dispute—I may say a very unfortunate dispute—has arisen between the two churches, New Hope and Laurel Grove. I may say, without attaching blame at this stage to any man or any set of men,—or women,—that this dispute is doing more than any other cause I have known in many years to injure religion among you. In the investigation which is about to take place there will be need of

patience, of charity, of brotherly love, of a sense of the solemnity of this occasion. And for this reason I shall ask—ah—that you refrain, one and all, from whispering, from applause, from comment, from—ah—the shuffling of feet—in fact, from everything

“I shall ask one of the congregation to lead us in prayer. Brother Jasper Thompson!”

Brother Thompson, whose position before the tribunal suggested a prearrangement, immediately sank on his knees, and began an invocation that lasted fifteen minutes,



DRAWN BY EDWARD POTTHAST.

“DISCUSSING DOCTRINAL AND ETHICAL QUESTIONS.”

that may lessen the dignity, the importance, of this—ah—solemn occasion. Before we proceed—”

“One minute, colonel!” said Judge Dewberry, who was loosening his collar, buttoned somewhere down toward the middle of his plaited shirt! “Tim—Tim Fetherby! better open those window-blinds by *you*, too. There! Now keep them open. And, boys, don’t crowd that door! Let the air come in, and let some go out!”

“Before we proceed,” repeated the colonel,

and carried him all over the vacant space before the rostrum. But little of Brother Thompson’s remarkable prayer has been preserved verbatim. It is remembered, however, that one of his periods closed with these remarkable words: “O Lord, come down f’om dat yallerbaster th’one, an’ move de hearts o’ dis congergation o’ sinners an’ scorfers ’sembled hyah dis day. Lord, we ’members you as dat awful Gord what cause de waters o’ de Red Sea to roll back an’ drown Phar’o an’ es army, what plura-

lize Mr. Lot's wife an' turn her inter er column o' Liverpool salt; dat same Gord what turn de waters inter blood, what turn de san' o' Egypt inter fleas an' insects; what kivered ole Job wid sores, killed all es wives, —'cause dey sho had 'em in dem days, good Lord,—an' two hundred of es chillen. O Lord, keep back f'om us yo' turr'ble strength, deal wid us wid er lovin' han', turn aside f'om us de frownin' face of an angry Gord! An' oh, expecially keep f'om dis hyah young generation dat same turr'ble face what draped Ananias like er beef in es tracks! O Lord, let us live, so we can change yo' anger inter love, an' yo' frown inter er smile, so that when we die, O Lord, we shall come an' find you not a wrath, but a well-pleased, Gord."

As Brother Jasper Thompson's effort continued, the surprising eloquence of the petitioner soon wrought the excited crowd up to an emotional state that expressed itself in loud moans and fervid amens. Some of the sisters had begun to rock and moan and sob, when an unexpected partizan spirit in the petition, directed against New Hope, caused a gasp of apprehension and silence. The day was saved by a New Hope sister, who promptly led off with a hymn. The members of her congregation came to her assistance enthusiastically. Between them they sang Brother Thompson out of court, and gave the spectators a chance to scramble back to their seats.

"Excuse me, colonel," said Judge Dewberry, with a courteous wave of the hand, as the latter rose to speak. "Some of you boys back there on the left—you, Mingo!—open those window-blinds, and don't crowd—don't crowd! There!" The judge accepted a fan, and settled back in his chair.

"My friends," said the colonel, "we will now proceed to the business of the day. I shall ask the Rev. Sandy Cornelius to appear before the court and make a statement for New Hope Church touching its attitude in this issue. I shall also ask the assembly to maintain perfect quiet and—ah—to refrain from the moving of feet on the floor. It is an important moment, my friends, a most serious moment—one that demands your highest, most earnest consideration. I think that the woman whose child is crying—while I appreciate her interest in this—ah—discussion—will do well to take him out where it is cooler—the shade of a tree. The child probably wants water. Strict attention is absolutely necessary, my friends. Let the Rev. Sandy Cornelius come before the court."

Colonel Ledbetter resumed his seat, and the Rev. Sandy Cornelius, disengaging himself from a group of New Hope females on the front bench, came forward. He was a tall, slender negro, with side-whiskers, an air of confidence, a black frock-coat, a blue cravat, and a standing collar. The tone of his voice was indescribable, unless it be remembered that every negro, unaware of it though he be, has his model, and that to Sandy the acme of chaste expression and perfect mannerism had been reached by a visiting High-church Episcopalian divine, heard by him in town a few years previous. This impression, and the precise language of two old maids on whose land he had lived, and who had benevolently interested themselves in his education, settled his mental drift. But that which sat gracefully on the divine did not without incongruity sit on Sandy. To quote from the judgment of an old negro, Isam by name, Major Worthington's vade-mecum, the tone of his voice was enough to make a man drop a hand on his hip pocket or look around for an ax.

Sandy began his statement with perfect confidence in his language, himself, and his pose:

"Good morning, Colonel Ledbetter and Judge Dewberry. Major Worthington, good morning, sah. Well, gentlemen, I have n't much to say to you, this bright and pleasant July day, about the case you have so kindly consented to pass on in your wisdom. I will invoke all the brevity I can, gentlemen, and seek not to consume your valuable time. You all know, gentlemen, that I am—ah—the pastor of New Hope Church, which has the honor—ah—of holding you in her lap at this moment. We were all friends, we people of New Hope and Laurel Grove, until summer before larst, when camp-meeting came—"

"Look out, now!" said an old man in the audience.

"Yes, look out, gentlemen, for right there trouble began. I can't go into the rottenness of the thing to-day; it ain't necessary, gentlemen. All I want to tell you is that the pastor of Laurel Grove, at that camp-meeting, was detected in acts and conduct and practices, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, destroying the good name of religion. He did n't deny it; he won't deny it now. Everybody knew it then, and everybody still knows it. Now, gentlemen, I want to say that if Brother Morris had—ah—come before his people and acknowledged his sin,"—Sandy matched his two hands and rocked back on

his heels,—“if, with the spirit of remorse purging him, and of regretfulness preying on him, he had come and said, ‘I am sorry, and while it ain’t the first, it will be the larst time; forgive me,’—if he had repented in sack-coat and ashes,—I’d have gone to him with love in my heart and a life welcome in my mouth. Did he do it?” Sandy looked about him and raised his voice to a pulpit shout. “Did he do it? No! He met me with sin in his heart and ready to fight. Said he’d lick me if I’d get out of my road-cart! And he went right along before his church like nothing had happened. And the congregation did n’t make him come to repentance; they went right along, too. And so I say, gentlemen, New Hope—ah—knowing all this was contrary to the good of the church and the discipline—refused to recognize Laurel Grove and to give it the right hand of fellowship. Out of this, gentlemen, comes the—ah—painful trouble you are called on to judge. That is our side of the case, gentlemen, and while I might say more, having—ah—pledged myself to invoke brevity, I will leave the matter in your good hands.”

Sandy looked into the eager New Hope faces as he turned away and smiled confidentially. He did not, however, resume the seat he had vacated, although the dresses of the women were promptly drawn aside for him. He spread his hands deprecatingly, shook his head, and worked his way along the wall, followed by considerable applause. Presently his face was visible in the gallery, looking over the terraces of rapt listeners.

“We have heard Brother Cornelius,” said Colonel Ledbetter, after the buzz of comment had subsided, “and I must say he has stated his case in a very—ah—frank and business-like way. We will now hear from Brother Morris,”—the colonel consulted a memorandum which he held in his hand,—“from Brother James John Paddywink Paddysaw Isaac Augustus Granville Haynes Morris. Is Brother Morris in the house?”

Judge Dewberry waved his hand to suspend proceedings.

“One minute, colonel,” he said earnestly; and then, facing the audience: “I will thank the men near the door not to obstruct it. The heat is very great, and we need all the air we can possibly get. There—there; that’s right, men. Stand aside, stand aside!”

“Is Brother Morris in the house?” repeated Colonel Ledbetter.

“Yes, sah,” said a voice, heartily. “Yes, sah, I sholy is.” Immediately the somewhat stout form of a very black negro was seen

forcing its way through the crowd. “Yes, sah, I’m in de house, an’ I’m er-comin’!” Morris freed himself at length, and stood in front of the audience, his shining, smiling face and rabbit head lifted toward the arbitrators.

“Good mornin’, Marse John, Marse Bob. Marse Craffud, good mornin’, sah. Lord, Lord, but hit sho does do me good to see you white gemmen hyah bunched tergether one mo’ time dis blessed day! I ain’t seen you bunched dis-a-way fer nigh on to thirty years.” And Morris, dropping his head, laughed silently, oblivious of everything except the presence of the gentlemen in front. “Marse John, de las’ time I seen you all bunched was when you marr’d Miss Sally Gonder. I reck’n Miss Sally was des erbout de puttiest little ’oman ever stood up front of er preacher. I c’n see dat chile now—ribbons all down de back, long white puffy dress, flowers er-bloomin’ in her hair, an’ her littl’ face cas’ down. Lord, Lord, an’ des ter heah ’er say ‘I will’ an’ ‘I do’!”

“Marse Bob was dere too, as de bes’ man, lookin’ powful scrumptious wid es forked-tail coat an’ white glove, movin’ roun’ chears for de late comers-in.” Morris dropped his chin on his chest and shook again with happy laughter, while the two smiling judges whom he had singled out exchanged glances. “Marse John, don’t you recomember, when you was takin’ de bride to de train, how yo’ lef’ hind wheel mash down, an’ I come erlong wid Ole Miss’ carr’age an’ pick you up ’n time to ketch de cyars? An’ Miss Sally tech her han’ ter mine an’ say, when she got out down dere, ‘Morris, ef hit had n’ been fer you, we’d never got off on our weddin’ trip, an’ we’d er had bad luck all our lives.’ An’ dere sot Marse Bob in de nex’ carr’age what come up. Marse Bob, does you happen ter hol’ in yo’ mind what you was er-doin’ roun’ de side of de house de night of de weddin’? ’Cause Ole Miss Gonder hated sperrits like er hen hates de hawk.”

“Hold up, Morris, hold up!” said Judge Dewberry. “Don’t go back too far! I was pretty wild in those days.”

“Yes, sah; an’ when I reached under de rose-bush whar you done put hit, an’ got dat bottle, dere warn’t but ha’f er drink lef’. We sholy was wild in dem days.”

“And they do say, Morris,” said Colonel Ledbetter, when the general laugh had subsided, “that one of us has n’t gotten over being wild yet.”

“Hush!” said Morris, earnestly, impervious

to the good-natured sarcasm. "Hit's been er long time sence I heah any talk erbout you gemmen. Now dere sets Marse Craffud. He was far from steady in dem days—"

"Stick to the case!" said Major Worthington, sternly. "You are here charged with immoral conduct as a preacher."

A hush fell on the great congregation. Morris smiled.

"Yes, sah, I know des 'zactly what dey say; an' mebbly I'll get to dat bimeby, an' mebbly I won't—dere ain't no tellin'."

"Come to the point," said the major, fiercely.

Morris was protected by the circumstances of his environment, and he knew it. He placed his hand against his head and laughed silently, with easy insolence.

"Let him tell it his own way, major," said Judge Dewberry. "It will save time. God knows I don't want to prolong this thing. Boys, *don't block the door!*"

"I'm goin' ter tell hit my own way," said Morris, for the first time looking around toward the congregation, and still smiling. "I'm goin' ter tell hit my way. An' don't you niggers crowd de do', fer somebody in dis hyah chu'ch is goin' ter want dat do' 'fo' I gits done er-tellin' de fac's!"

A laugh went up from the Laurel Grove section, and a voice shouted:

"Talk out, Unc' Morris, talk out!"

"I'm er-goin' ter talk out! Now, gemmen,"—and Morris turned with perfect self-possession to the judges,—"*dis is er nigger case, an' I'm proud ter meet my white folks any time o' day er night; but what is de main fac' hyah ter-day? Hyah is de main fac': you ain't got no business mixin' up in er nigger fuss, an' you knows hit. You is all natchully ashamed to be settin' up dere messin' up wid er nigger's doin's—*"

"Come back to the question, Morris!" said Colonel Ledbetter, still laughing.

"De question you is er-talkin' erbout, sah, ain't been teched yet, but I'm er-comin' long in de way hit lies. Mebbly I'll git to whar hit lies bimeby, an' mebbly I won't; but I'm on de road. I'm er-passin' Sandy Cornelius des erbout now, an' I'm natchully 'bleeged to tech 'im, for de road ain' big ernough fer me an' Sandy." Something like a cheer went up from the Laurel Grovers. "Who is dis hyah nigger, Sandy Cornelius? Who is he?" shouted Morris, looking around him. "Lemme tell yer who he is. 'Bout six years ergo he was livin' down erbout Laura Grove. He was ertendin' meetin's down dere, an' so po', so po' dey pass de hat over

his head 'thout so much as lookin' at 'im when dey pass hit roun'. Ain't I right, Br'er 'Manuel?'"

"Right!" said an old man in the congregation.

"He was er-livin' on some lan' what b'long ter Miss Annie an' Miss Belle, never payin' no rent 'cept when de sheriff levy on es po' ole steer, never wearin' no hat wid er crown in hit, never havin' more 'n one gallus, never ownin' er coat; er-goin' barefoot nine months in de ye'r, an' settin' wid es foot in de ashes de balance. Dere was Sandy Cornelius. Dere was de man what 's hyah ter-day wid er grievunce. How 'd he git hyah? Hyah 's de way: Miss Annie an' Miss Belle tuk pity on 'im. Dey gi' 'im work roun' de house. Dey teach him how ter read de Bible, an' drap some big words fer him ter chew in de night. Dey gi' 'im some ole cas'-off clo'es of dey pa's which come down f'om 'fo' de war. One day he got er chanst ter hyah er town preacher wid er white gown norate f'om er book, an' hit run 'im crazy. He started whiskers ter growin' front of es ears, an' putty soon he was loafin' roun' Laura Grove wid es nose in de air, 'lowin' as how folks down dere was behine de times wid dey little ole log chu'ch. He talk big, mighty big, 'bout his 'fluence wid de white folks,—an' he ain' no fool; I ain' chargin' de nigger wid havin' no sense; I'm chargin' him wid havin' too much sense,—an' hit warn't long 'fo' some of de foolish virg'ns of de chu'ch tuk up de cry. 'Noo chu'ch!' dey shouted, 'noo chu'ch!' Lord, but hit sholy do look like er nigger will follow anybody an' buy anything! De chu'ch bein' started, Sandy tuk de lead. He was 'lected treasurer of de fun' by des one vote, an' he drap dat vote esse'f. Nobody knowed how hit come erbout, but fus thing we did know, ev'ybody was totin' money ter Sandy. Hit come er-rollin' little by little, but steady. 'T was er day's work hyah, er sack o' 'taters yonder, er load o' wood, er bushel o' cotton-seed or er bucket o' plums, er nickel f'om dis one, er dime f'om ernother; an' de white folks er-helpin' when dey could n't help it. What nex'—what nex'?" Morris's voice rose in a challenge. "Fus thing you know, we done got one hunderd an' nine dollars, as nigh as we could make out, an' 'bout dat time dis nigger Sandy was pullin' dem side-whiskers straight out'ards when he talk, an' wearin' of er linen duster an' er slick plug-hat. He been used to drivin' er steer, but now he done got er road-cyart wid red wheels an' er speckle gray mare, an' was er-splittin' up an' down de big road

seven days ev'y week. Lord! Lord! but de nigger was des natchully resurrected! Now, gemmen, I don't make no charges, I don't cas' no 'situations, I ain't 'flectin' on no man, but I am statin' er scand'lous fac' when I say dat Laura Grove ain't see er dime o' dat money, not er nickel o' dat hunderd an' nine dollars, tell dis day! Dey ain't seein' hit now. An' I ask dat nigger, Sandy Cornelius, dis mornin', where is de money—where is hit, where is hit?" Morris paused and looked about him, many voices enthusiastically seconding him. "He don't answer, gemmen, he don't answer!"

There was an uneasy stir among the New Hope contingent, while the Laurel Grovers laughed. "He don't answer, gemmen!" shouted Morris, louder. "He don't answer 'ca'se I'm er-techin' de raw spot, an' he ain't had time ter make up er special lie. Now I don't 'cuse nobody. I don't say Sandy Cornelius is er wrong-doer, but I do say hit's pow'ful strange, pow'ful strange, when er nigger what can't pay es rent, can't wear er coat, can't 'ford but one gallus, can't keep es bare foot off de groun' in de summer an' out o' de ashes in de winter, soon as he gits chu'ch money ter hold takes ter dressin' in long-tail coats an' shinin' plug-hats, an' ter ridin' up an' down de big road 'hind er speckle mare. Hit's pow'ful strange, but hit ain't pow'ful strange dat Laura Grove ain't never seed de hunderd an' nine dollars!"

A burst of laughter greeted this conclusion, but when silence was about to be restored, the audience were greeted with hysterical cachinnations from a little old negro in the front row of the gallery, who further emphasized his mood by beating his forehead on his hands clasped on the rail in front of him.

"Stop that man!" said Major Worthington, fiercely. "Isam, Isam!" Isam, for he it was, subsided into sobs. "Throw him out of the window if he disturbs this meeting again!" shouted the major, glaring at the little fellow and striking his stick on the floor.

It must have been apparent that of the three judges Major Worthington alone was but little interested in the proceedings of the day. The truth is, Morris was well known to him, having been a slave of the former owner of Rockledge, the major's cousin. Inheriting the plantation, as he did after the war, he inherited Morris with it. The latter had proved to be a total failure as farmer, cropper, and renter, and, to cap the climax, when the sum of his indebtedness in various

ways reached high-water mark, although the crop was in the ground, and labor scarce, he coolly announced to his landlord that he was going to work in "the vineyard" instead of the cotton-field; that he had been "called" and ordered to "gird up his loins" and begin to save souls. It is not surprising, under such circumstances, that the defense which Morris was making had for the major a somewhat hollow ring.

"Marse John," continued Morris, when silence had been secured, "you recomember de year you-all fell out wid de railroad, an' 'stead o' shippin' cotton you-all hauled hit all de way to town, nineteen miles f'om de ribber place? You recomember ole Unc' Dick what marry de third time, an' de las' time got Aunt Dinah's youngest gal? Ole Unc' Dick coime erlong ter town dat fall wid er big load o' cotton an' six mules, an' one wheel mash down at de two-mile branch. He lef' little Bill on de wagon, an' 'stead o' comin' on ter town he went back home fer 'nuther wheel. 'Bout time he git ter es house on de quarters road 't was in de night, an' he heah man's voices mixed up wid er woman's laugh. He look thoo er crack ter see er side-whisker nigger settin' up by 'Mandy, eatin' of er ham-bone, an' makin' esse'f puffec'ly to home. Unc' Dick knock, an' de voices say, 'Well, well, who is it?' Den Unc' Dick say, 'You open dis do', nigger, open dis hyah do'!' Dere was er pow'ful scufflin' roun' 'inside, an' Unc' Dick run roun' 'hind de house whar de side-whisker man was er-fallin' f'om de winder inter de collard-patch. Dey mix up dere in de dark, an' putty soon dere was er voice went up f'om de collard-patch er-cryin' up to de Lord in distress—a voice dat went up an' kep' er-goin' up. I ain't 'cusin' nobody; I ain't castin' no 'spicions on nobody; but dey do say tell dis day dat ef Sandy Cornelius was whar he said he was, nex' day, he mus' o' had er twin brother an' er twin voice an' twin whiskers mixed up wid Unc' Dick's collards dat night."

This upset Colonel Ledbetter and Judge Dewberry. The latter now had off his coat, and was fanning his red neck violently. Again the laughter subsided except in one quarter. Isam was knocking his head on his clenched hands in the gallery.

"Stop that noise!" shouted the major, rising and thundering on the floor with his stick. Isam ceased as to noise, but his dumb convulsion was almost as disturbing. "Get out of that seat and go back to the carriage!" cried Major Worthington. "Do you

hear me?" Slowly and weakly, as one who had grown aged in an hour, Isam crept away through the crowd. "Gentlemen," continued the major, impatiently, to his associates, "this trial is a farce. What is your point, Morris? What are you trying to say?"

"Hit 's like dis," said Morris; "hit 's des like dis. Ef New Hope Chu'ch wants ter sweep out de Laura Grove back yard, let 'em do hit—let 'em do hit! But 'fo' dey starts dat sweepin', 'fo' dey starts dat sweepin', de place ter try de broom is *on dey own door-steps*."

A burst of applause greeted this, but the major drowned out the noise with the thunder of his stick.

"That is no answer," he said. "That is not the issue. Come to the point."

"I 'm er-comin', I 'm er-comin'!" shouted Morris, excitedly, making his way nearer the judges, and turning his face half to the audience. By one of those swift changes common to the rude orators of the race, and which seem born of an extraneous and controlling influence, he threw off the spirit and tone he had chosen, and lifting his eyes as one who beholds a strange vision, began a chant. The quick change and contrast, the dramatic fervor of the orator, his attitude, and the vividness of the scenes he invoked, instantly caught and held the great audience. "I see er mountain," he chanted. "I see er mountain wid de smoke rollin' down an' down an' down. I see de forked fire in dat smoke, reachin' out, reachin' out. I heah de roar of de thunder, I heah de roar an' I feels de groun' er-shakin' unner my foot. I see de long line o' men rush up de mountain, an' I heah 'em shout an' holler. An' I see 'em come back slowly, slowly, some er-leanin' on some, some er-carryin' some, some er-limpin', some wid deir faces in deir han's, er-cryin' like little chillun. I look ter see who was er-comin'. Oh, I look an' I look! One warn't dere! One warn't dere! One warn't dere!" Morris's voice filled the whole church and echoed out into the still summer day. "Whar was he? Whar was de boy played roun' de creek-holes wid Morris? Whar was de boy climb de tree for de nes' an' de nut an' hunt de rabbit wid Morris? He warn't dere! He warn't dere! Whar was Allen Worthin'ton when night come? Whar was my young marster? He was yonner er-layin' on dat mountain dead—dead!"

A woman in the audience screamed back from her seat: "Whar was you, Unc' Morris, whar was you?"

Morris's voice rang out like a defiant bugle: "I was on dat mountain. I was er-crawlin' on my face, an' my fingers freezin' in de snow. I was lookin' for him. I was lookin' for de boy what played in de creek-holes wid Morris, what climb de tree for de nes' an' de nut an' hunt de rabbit wid Morris; what call my mammy es mammy, too. An' I foun' him! I foun' him dere, dead, dead, wid es arm ercross es eyes an' es sword shot in half. Did I leave him? Did I leave him, Marse John?"

The excited audience answered wildly, "No, no, no!"

"Did I leave him?" repeated Morris, almost frantically, his voice breaking into sobs.

"No, no, no, my brother!" came the chorus of voices.

"No. I tuk him in my arms like our mammy used to take him when he was er baby an' done gone to sleep on de grass. I tuk him in my arms an' I toted him down dat mountain whar de camps had been. I laid him unner de brush-heap. I watch by de boy till de day come back. I go to de man 'hind de hill, an' I say, 'Hyah is my marster's watch an' es ring, an' if I don't bring back yo' cyart an' yo' steer, keep 'em, keep 'em.' An' I tuk es cyart wid de little ole steer an' de frozen dead body of Allen Worthin'ton. I cross de valley, I cross de ribbers, an' I cross de creeks, I come down de slants inter Georgia, an' I laid dat boy on de front porch yonner at Rockledge. Ain't it so, my brothers? My sisters, ain't it so?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Anybody hyah don't b'lieve hit, let him git up, let him git up an' ask Marse Craf-fud. Dere's some things you can't wipe out 'twixt a nigger an' his white folks, an' dis is one." Morris paused, for both Colonel Ledbetter and Judge Dewberry had leaned toward Major Worthington, who was energetically whispering and gesticulating. Suddenly Judge Dewberry arose.

"Boys," he said, fanning himself, "don't crowd about the door. Where is Sandy Cornelius?"

A great laugh came back from about the rear of the church.

"He des erbout nine miles on de big road in er red-wheel cyart," said Isam, looking in through a side window, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Exactly," replied Judge Dewberry. "Now, boys, Colonel Ledbetter has a few words to say,—don't obstruct the windows,

—just a few words." The judge resumed his seat.

"The fact is, my friends," said Colonel Ledbetter, rising, his face lighted by some happy thought, "we noticed some time back that the—ah—prime mover in this—ah—discussion had left the building and the grounds. There is but one conclusion we can draw from this fact, and that is he abandons his case and thereby admits he has made—ah—a mistake. We are all human. Brother Morris there has probably made mistakes in his life; I have; the major, it is possible, has made them—"

"I made one this morning," said Judge Dewberry, wiping his forehead.

"The prosecution having abandoned the case, I think that about the best thing we can do is to abandon it also. Now, Major Worthington, who does not come among us often, and who wants to see you all happy and peaceful and reunited, has requested me to invite you all, all you good people of New Hope and of Laurel Grove,—or Laura Grove, as Morris calls it,—to come out on next Saturday to Rockledge and pay him a visit. He says if you come, come prepared to forget all about church quarrels, and to join him in the biggest barbecue and watermelon-cutting the country has ever known since the war."

A mighty cheer was the reply, followed by a general rising.

When the excitement had subsided, Judge Dewberry was outside with his coat under

his arm and pushing toward the spring which bubbled in the shade of a clump of black-gum trees, while, lost in thought, Major Worthington, having shaken hands with Morris, was climbing into the Worthington coach. The sight of Isam's face caused him to grasp his stick firmly and return to the affairs of the hour. Isam avoided trouble by innocently slamming the door.

"Marse Craffud," he said, "did n't you know dat nigger—dat Sandy Cornelius?"

"Never heard of him before."

"Hush!" And Isam looked on his master as one alarmed for a friend. "Well, sah, when dey was er-tellin' erbout de voices in Unc' Dick's collard-patch, an' of de man what was er-takin' up money fer ter buil' er noo chu'ch, I was er-chasin' erlong in de night-time, drappin' mer foot in de track of er nigger what had er bag roun' es neck an' somep'n' in de bag er-bitin' an' er-clawin' an' er-cussin'—"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the major, the light coming back into his face. "You don't mean that he is the fellow who stole Mrs. Sykes's parrot, thinking it was a Mexican game rooster?"¹

"Same nigger, same nigger! An' when I see him up yonner erwhile back an' say, 'Sandy Cornelius, ef yer don't git back in de chu'ch pretty soon you goin' ter miss heahin' Unc' Morris tell de bes' an' de noo-est nigger story he got,' Sandy des step over de wheel o' de cyart an' tech up de speckle mare."



WHY THE ROSE DROOPED.

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

WHAT a precious consolation
Is a rose beneath sick eyes!
Yet the sorry thought intrudeth
Of the rose's sacrifice.

For this message floateth from it,
Clear as it had uttered been:
"While I pour thee out my sweetness,
Let me fold thy sorrows in."

¹ See "The Adventures of a Parrot," by the same author, in the previous number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.—EDITOR.

THE COOK AND THE CONVICT.

A WEST INDIAN SKETCH.

BY CHARLES BRYANT HOWARD.

WITH PICTURES BY HARRISON FISHER.

UNDER our dining-room windows lay a strip of gravel path, bordered on the farther side by a luxuriant growth of native shrubs and flower-bearing plants. Beyond this ran a part of the old city wall, built a matter of three centuries ago, on our side no higher than a man's chest, but on the other forming a sheer precipice of solid masonry, upon which the tiny lizards dodged about in the sun all day long. Far down below lay the broad, flat roof of the great presidio, or penitentiary, curiously divided into sections by low walls running around and across, with a group of wooden buildings—workshops, etc.—standing in the middle.

We had recently moved into the house, and one of our chief sources of entertainment in that languorous climate was to sit on the second-story balcony and watch the "trusties," or privileged convicts employed by the warden's family in domestic capacities, at work on the roof, which formed a convenient place for culinary preparations, and likewise afforded exceptional facilities for hanging out the household washing. The person upon whom rested the responsibility of the latter duty—in other words, the warden's washerman—was a jolly-looking, brown-faced chap with a bald head, who first attracted my attention while I was going through certain calisthenics and breathing exercises on the balcony, according to my custom upon getting up every morning. With an expression of petrified amazement, and oblivious of the hot flat-iron which he was resting on a shirt-bosom, he was watching the performance from the window of the little shed where he did the ironing. As I finished and turned to go in, he resumed his work with a shake of his head, as if in despair of ever fathoming the ways of Americans. By the next morning, however, he had apparently solved the mystery and determined to profit by it, for I discovered him standing outside, with his jacket off, closely imitating my every movement with auto-

matic precision, to the delighted admiration of a group of fellow-jailbirds. The "thigh and calf" dip proved too much for his untrained muscles, however, and after a few trials at this he retired into his caboose, rubbing his legs, amid derisive hoots. But he kept it up every morning thereafter, and even persuaded several of his friends to follow his example. It was a highly diverting process to me, and, I have no doubt, proved greatly to their physical benefit.

Our own kitchen was presided over by a diminutive, coffee-colored lady of British West Indian extraction, named Christina. She had applied for the position just before we moved in, and on the strength of her references and unusually neat appearance we gave her a trial, which proved her to be a cook of marvelous excellence. She did display certain peculiarities now and then, among them a habit of serving at dinner dishes of her own invention and at total variance with what we were led to expect, afterward calmly explaining that she did not think those things which had been ordered would be good for us; but everything she made was usually very nice indeed, and as even an ordinarily good cook is a rarity in that country, we retained her gratefully at quite exorbitant wages, and allowed her to do pretty much as she pleased.

We were lying off on the balcony one afternoon toward sunset, when my wife told me to look down into the garden. There I perceived Christina, with her elbows resting on the old wall, peering cautiously over, while her wee little body was completely hidden by the shrubbery. Her back was toward us, and she was going through some mysterious movements with her hands, resembling somewhat the sign-language of the deaf and dumb. Down below on the presidio roof, in an angle hidden from the sight of the armed sentry who was leisurely pacing to and fro at some distance, sat my friend the convict, softly twanging a guitar and

gazing up at Christina, every now and then shaking or nodding his head in response to her signals, or manipulating the guitar in a sort of sleight-of-hand fashion, which seemed to serve as a conveyance of ideas.

I was rather fascinated at first by this silent *Romeo* and *Juliet* performance, and watched it for some time until *Romeo* managed to call Christina's attention to us, whereupon she looked up with a confidential smile and grand display of teeth, not at all abashed, and with a final wave of her hand trotted into the house.

"They do that nearly every day," observed my wife. "Is n't it perfectly charming?"

I did not exactly think so. It was charmingly picturesque, beyond a doubt, but unfortunately I knew it to be a serious offense against the law to hold any communication with the presidio inmates; in fact, out in the street which ended at our garden gate, and was bordered by the continuation of the wall, it was forbidden for any person even to look over, under penalty of being fired at by the guards; which had happened once or twice within my knowledge, though no damage had resulted. I certainly did not want Christina to get shot, in the light of her domestic value; and if a sentry were to fire at and miss her, which was highly probable, he would be a phenomenally bad shot if he failed to hit the house somewhere or other, which a mental calculation of elevations and directions led me to think would be in the region of our bedroom ceiling.

Moreover, though my ideas in regard to an employer's responsibility for the misdemeanors of his cook were extremely vague, it would certainly be exceedingly awkward, for private business reasons, for me to get into any difficulties with the municipal authorities just at that time. Therefore, upon hearing that this interview was a daily custom, I vehemently suggested that Christina be approached on the subject of an immediate discontinuance, but promptly discovered that the situation had struck my wife in a totally different light.

"I think it is all beautifully romantic," she declared. "Think of that little creature standing there among those bushes and things and having her lover—I suppose he's her lover—play the guitar to her!"

"I dare say," said I. "But, my dear Jane, the romantic part of it becomes merged in the prosaic when you come to think of paying fines, not to speak of getting shot at—"

"Nonsense, George!" laughed my wife. "As if those stupid sentries down there could

ever see her little bit of a head among all those leaves! Anyway, Christina might give warning if we asked her to stop it, and that would never do."

I yielded for the time being to these feminine views, and the "romance" was allowed to continue. We came rather to look forward to the interesting exhibition every afternoon or so, and eventually to be quite engrossed in the ingenious methods of signaling. A flower would convey a different message, it seemed, according to its color, red, white, or yellow, or its location on either side of Christina's highly pompadoured kinks; and a cigarette, daintily puffed, appeared to carry on its blue clouds a world of meaning to the languishing *Romeo*, as we continued to call him; while he responded in more matter-of-fact cipher by buttonings and unbuttonings of his jacket, violent rubbings of his head, and monkeyings with the guitar. From all of which it may be judged that the presidio convicts had rather an easy time of it.

In the meantime, by judicious questioning of the second maid, my wife discovered that the convict, whose name was Antonio and who was an old flame of Christina's, was in for eight years on a charge of assault with intent to kill, one year of which he had served; that he was perfectly innocent, of course; and that Christina was moving heaven and earth to get him released, having gone so far as to get a native lawyer to draw up a petition to the governor for a pardon, which, it seemed, I was expected to sign in the course of time, and furthermore get all my influential business acquaintances to do the same. Here was where I strenuously rebelled.

"I really don't see how I can go round asking people to sign a petition on behalf of a scamp of a convict," I argued, "on the strength of my cook's *tendresse* for him."

"Oh, yes, you can, George," replied my wife. "Just think how good we'd feel if he were pardoned through our efforts."

"And just think how very much otherwise we'd feel," said I, "if he and Christina got married and set up housekeeping on their own hook."

Jane looked dubious at this prospect, but the virtue of justice triumphed. "No matter," she declared; "it is n't at all right for us to be living in comfort on the fruits of her ill-paid labor, while two loving hearts are wrenched apart by the—the laws of tyrants."

Overwhelmed by this burst of somewhat

illogical eloquence, I merely ventured to protest against the suggestion that Christina was ill paid, but was told that that had nothing to do with it. So matters took their own course, and Jane became so completely absorbed in the question of Antonio's freedom that a few days later, during a dinner call at the executive mansion, she deliberately broached the subject to the governor himself, to my dismay and that sorely tried official's politely concealed boredom.

"My dear lady," said he, resignedly, "if I attempted to devote my time to these petitions for pardons, I should have to put in a requisition for an additional force of clerks."

"But this really seems to be an exceptional case," argued Jane.

"I've no doubt of it, dear lady; not the least. I—I will see what can be done, I assure you. Excuse me; I think my secretary wishes to speak to me a moment," and exit his Excellency.

On the way home I endeavored to impress upon my wife the fact that governors, like other men, were entitled to relaxation from official duties out of business hours; and in



"THERE I PERCEIVED CHRISTINA, WITH HER ELBOWS RESTING ON THE OLD WALL."

consequence the normal peace of our household was not fully restored until morning coffee.

In view of Christina's culinary excellence, and incidentally her frankly expressed desire to shine in a larger sphere than that afforded by our two selves, we had ventured upon one or two little dinners to intimate friends, which had been so highly successful that we determined, in a burst of enthusiasm, to branch out and give a more formal function to some of the official powers, including the governor and his wife. I had personal and private reasons for considering that to do so would be a piece of good policy, but judiciously refrained from imparting these sordid thoughts to Jane.

All hands accepted, including, besides the gubernatorial family, the commanding officers of the army post and naval station, and we concluded to enlist the services of an extra waiter to assist Agatha, the second maid, at table. I came home at noon on the day to find Jane a trifle fidgety, but Christina serene and confident, and left for the office after my siesta, pluming myself on possessing so well-ordered a household. I returned about half-past five, however, to find things somewhat reversed. Christina met me in the hall with an appearance of embarrassed nervousness entirely at vari-



"DOWN BELOW ON THE PRESIDIO ROOF . . . SAT MY FRIEND THE CONVICT, SOFTLY TWANGING A GUITAR."

ance with her usual beaming air of greeting, while I found my wife at the head of the stairs, wearing an expression of stern determination which increased in intensity as she drew me into our room and shut the door.

"Antonio has escaped," she began.

"Has he really?" I replied. "I'm rather glad—"

"Wait a minute! He's here in this house!"

"What the—"

"And we've got to have him wait at table to-night!"

"Eh? what in—how—"

"Now listen! José [the man whom we had engaged] can't come, because he got in a fight last night and they bit his ear almost off. He could n't possibly wait—you ought to see him! And Antonio got out,—I don't know how or when,—and Christina found him,—I don't know how either; I think he came here to see her, —and I made her put

him right straight off in Simon's cubby-hole [Simon was the monkey]. And she told me he was a splendid waiter,—he used to be somebody's butler somewhere,—and we can't possibly get anybody else in time, and we've simply got to use him. She has ironed out one of your old white suits, and he looks fine in it, only he can't button the jacket."

I fell into a chair, and reached blindly for a fan.

"An escaped convict wait on the governor at our table! And a—a bloody murderer at that! My dear Jane—"

"He is n't a bit bloody—you ought to see José! And he is n't a murderer either; he only tried to be. He looks as nice and respectable as—as you do. And the governor won't know a thing about it—he's never visited the penitentiary; he told me so. And we need n't know anything about him either; he's just a man that Christina found for us to wait at table."

"But the others—" I began, in feeble protest.

"None of them have anything to do with the convicts. It'll be all right, you see if it is n't. I feel as if he had been sent by Providence. He did n't want to hide in Simon's hole a bit,—of course not, if he's innocent,—and Christina was quite cross about it. But I made her put him there before she

could say a word, and told her to keep him in till it was time to set the table. And he's been there ever since, except when he came out to show me how he looked in your suit."

"For pity's sake! does he *want* to wait at table?" I demanded in desperation.

"He's crazy to, and wants to stay and be our servant, Christina says."

This was rather cool on his part, I thought, under the circumstances. However, I yielded, of course. I realized that the dinner, if successful, would be a distinct social triumph for Jane, a

matter of no little importance in our isolated colony; and, moreover, I had my own reasons, as stated above, for wishing it to go through properly. We certainly had not aided Antonio's escape, unless the morning calisthenics had something to do with increasing his bodily activity; and we could not be expected to investigate the antecedents of every outsider who came in to assist in a domestic emergency.

But the horrors of that dinner will haunt me to my grave. I went down to inspect Antonio, who had retired again, after setting the table, to the monkey's room, from which Christina produced him at my request. She was a trifle sulky about it, and he wore something of an injured air; but he certainly looked an ideal servant, sleek, plump, and respectably bald, and smooth-shaven and neat as could be desired. He spoke no English, it seemed, but understood perfectly American table customs.

"Now understand, Christina," said I, with all the sternness at my command, "we don't



"CHRISTINA PRODUCED HIM AT MY REQUEST."

know who he is or anything about him. And I'll give him ten dollars if he'll get out of the house as soon as his work is finished to-night."

Christina, who spoke half a dozen languages, assented grumpily, and the electric door-bell ringing at that moment, I dodged up-stairs with guilt upon my conscience and a prayer within my heart.

The guests arrived in good time. Agatha, trim, black, and beturbaned, brought up the cocktails, which were duly praised, and the traditional bad quarter of an hour passed off with a smoothness which seemed a good omen.

Never had our table looked so well under its dainty burden of flowers and grasses as when we entered the dining-room; never had the golden sections of melon on each plate been so carefully prepared and delicately iced. Even the electric light suspended over the table, hitherto in glaring nakedness, now sent its raystwinkling through an artistically arranged network of native cypress-vine.

But to me it all seemed an awful, uncanny dream. I dimly saw Jane beaming in the light of his Excellency's weighty compliments on the appearance of the table, and the delighted exclamations of the other ladies came to me in a vague, musical murmur; but the chill of my first mouthful of melon seemed to permeate my system with a grim suggestion of prison atmosphere. I had visions of being convicted of "aiding and abetting"; possibly of taking Antonio's place in the presidio itself, eventually to become a trusty, and hang out clothes on the roof in a brown canvas suit, while Jane wagged her hands at me from the wall. And Jane did hate me so in brown clothes.

From which cheerful train of thought I was aroused to a sense of duty by my wife's exclaiming in a tone of exasperation:

"George, do wake up! Mrs. Chuckleby's been talking to you for five minutes!"

Dinner progressed without mishap, and Antonio acquitted himself in a manner above criticism. He ordered the meekly submissive Agatha, hitherto rather a pert young person, about with silent, almost imperceptible gestures, served the wine at the proper temperature and stages, and was even equal to the occasion when a bat, flying in through the open window, alighted on Captain Haulaway's back and crawled up into his hair. The deft manner in which he removed the beast with a whispered apology, and deposited it in the patio for the gastronomic entertainment of the cat, was a revelation.

No squad of police having arrived, my

spirits rose somewhat, but dropped to zero again as I happened to catch the governor's eye fixed upon Antonio's countenance with an expression which was probably due only to a desire to acquire so excellent a servant for the executive mansion staff, in defiance of the Tenth Commandment, but which to me seemed pregnant with recognition and suspicion.

The effect on my drooping spirits of Christina's guava ices at the last, delicious though they were, was worse than that of the melons, and must have made itself evident, for as Jane left the room with the other ladies she whispered that I had better have a glass of brandy instead of a liqueur. I took both, but they did me no good. The affairs of the nation which were discussed over the coffee enlisted only a languid interest on my part; and on the way up-stairs Colonel Galloper's congratulatory slap on the back brought to me only suggestions of brutal prison discipline.

Every step in the street below was to me that of an approaching policeman, and in my nervousness I smoked so many cigars as to call forth a diplomatically worded, but unmistakable, protest from Jane; for the guests were evidently enjoying themselves, and stayed late. At last the governor rose, and humorously remarked that I seemed to be glad of it, judging by the ecstatic way in which I started up at the same time; which of course was the signal for an agonizing five minutes' exchange of wit and repartee on the part of all but myself.

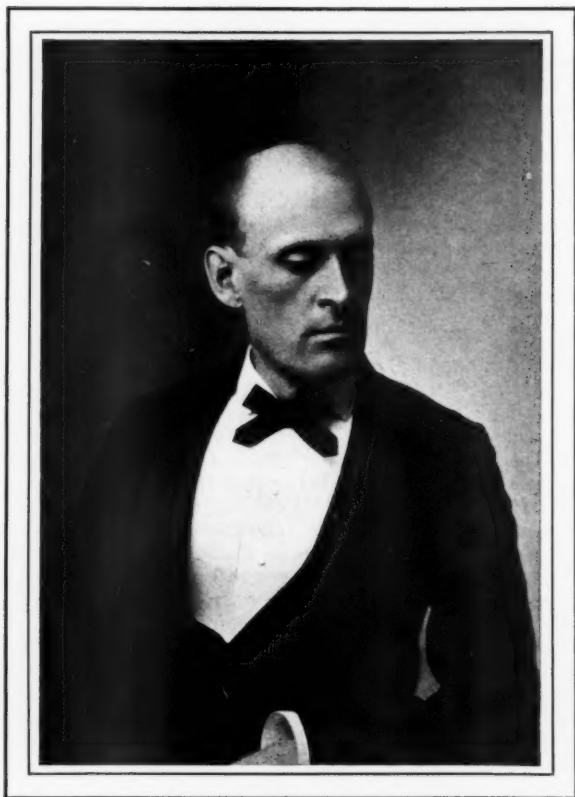
I fully expected to find the house surrounded by a cordon of police as I accompanied the party to the front steps, and was relieved for the moment to find nothing more unusual outside than the governor's carriage. I grasped a ten-dollar bill tenaciously in my left hand, determined to "bounce" Antonio the moment the guests were out of sight, white suit and all, if necessary.

The conventionally enthusiastic thanks for a pleasant evening had at last wafted themselves away on the wings of more or less insincerity, and the governor had his foot on the carriage step, when he unexpectedly turned.

"By the way, by the way," said he, "I forgot something utterly and entirely. Tell our charming hostess that I signed a full pardon for that convict protégé of hers this morning, on the ground of extenuating circumstances and good behavior, and I'm told he was released to-day at noon."

EUGENE FIELD, THE HUMORIST.

BY FRANCIS WILSON.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT BY S. L. STEIN, MILWAUKEE.

His gander-blue eyes are of large-paper size,
His smile with mirth abounds;
His medieval hair is excessively rare,
Unknown, in spots, to Lowndes.

E. F.

THE enthusiastic admirer who declared that Eugene Field was "one of the greatest moralists America has ever produced" was more nearly right than he knew. Field's way of exerting moral influence was peculiar, but it was none the less real. People who are not ashamed of wrong-doing are usually afraid of ridicule, and Field had great skill in ridicule; therein he brought his moral force to bear. A great German says

that where we allow a friend to correct our morals we seldom forgive a smile; and, indeed, so sensitive are we on this point, it might be added, that we do not wait for the smile—we anticipate it.

About the last thing to which Field would have laid claim was that of being a moralist. He was many other things besides, but he was certainly that. He exercised the privilege which the stage enjoys in common with

the press of condemning "a thousand vices unnoticed by human justice and overlooked by man's laws." Without doubt he did much to curb folly by satire and jest.

There was nothing vindictive or venomous about Eugene Field. His reproofs were of

of Field's connection with the "News," such comments as these:

Mr. James Russell Lowell, a Boston writer whose poems give promise of a brilliant future for the author, will visit Chicago next week as the guest of one of our most enterprising citizens,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MCARTHY.

BILL NYE, WILL VISSCHER, EUGENE FIELD, LEON MEAD.

the sweeter, gentler type, not unlike the satire of Charles Lamb, but none the less effective for that reason. He detested shams quite as heartily as Thackeray detested snobs, and so great was his aversion to humbug of any kind that he laughed it down to the fullest extent of his power, and, oftener than not, the subjects of his reproofs laughed with him. For example, Field neglected no opportunity to wax merry over what might be called local literary pretentiousness; and scattered through the columns of his "Sharps and Flats" one might see, in the earlier days

whose reduction in the price of green hams is noted in our advertising columns.

At the formal dedication of the Blue Island Avenue Toboggan Slide last Saturday evening, a beautiful poem in imitation of the Pindaric Odes was read by the gifted authoress Miss Birdie McLaughlin.

Squire Enos Hapgood, who expired by a vicious mule's kick on the West Side last Monday, was one of the most prominent patrons of literature in the West. Before her death, his wife had been a subscriber to "Godey's Lady's Book" for twenty-odd years.

Captain Ben Wingate has named his new barge the *Felicia Hemans*, and the same departed for Saginaw last evening for a cargo of shingles.

Colonel T. Weston Briggs, the well-known real-estate agent, offers his magnificent private library for sale at four dollars per front foot.

At a meeting of the West Side Literary Lyceum last week, the question, "Are Homer's poems better reading than Will Carleton's?" was debated. The negative was sustained by a vote of forty-seven to five. On this occasion Miss Mamie Buskirk read an exquisite original poem entitled "Hope; or, The Milkman's Dream."

It is reported in high literary circles that the McAfee Refining Company will take two pages of "The Easter Current" for the purpose of advertising the excellences of its new brand of leaf-lard.

Among the recent additions to the valuable collection of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, N. Hawthorne Smith, is an autograph of Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sahara.

We are informed that a Browning Society has been organized by the inmates of the Cook County Imbecile Asylum.

Field had a great admiration for the poet Edmund Clarence Stedman, whom he once welcomed to Chicago thus:

We're cleaning up the boulevards
And divers thoroughfares;
Our lawns, our fences, and our yards
Are bristling with repairs;
And soon Chicago 'll be abloom
With splendor and renown;
For ain't we going to have a boom
When Stedman comes to town?

And gosh! the things we 'll have to eat,
The things we 'll have to drink,
O'er hecatombs of corn-fed meat
How shall the glasses clink!
Our culture having started in,
We 'll do the thing up brown;
'T will be a race 'twixt brass and tin
When Stedman comes to town.

Now Stedman knows a thing or two
Beside poetic art;
Yes, truth to say, 'twixt me and you,
Stedman is mighty smart;
And so I wonder will he smile
Good-naturedly or frown
At our flamboyant Western style
When Stedman comes to town.

Field's attitude toward Chicago was analogous to that of Dr. Johnson toward "Davy" Garrick. The "Leviathan of Litera-

ture" loved "Roscius" and abused him roundly, but he would never permit any one else to abuse him. Field had an abounding affection for Chicago, and he satirized her unmercifully, but woe to any one else who dared to satirize her.

It is now not easy to see wherein much of the humor of Field's "Denver Tribune Primer" consists, and Field himself was never very proud of it; but it served its purpose, which was to attract attention to the Denver "Tribune." Yet silly as many of the "Primer" stories now appear, they certainly were a humorous take-off on the "First Reader" of the schools at that time, and, as one may yet see, these brief "Primer" tales not infrequently carry an obvious satire which still obtains. One example will suffice:

Here is a Castle. It is the Home of an Editor. It has stained Glass windows and Mahogany stairways. In front of the Castle is a Park. Is it not Sweet? The lady in the Park is the Editor's wife. She wears a Costly robe of Velvet trimmed with Gold Lace, and there are Pearls and Rubies in her Hair. The Editor sits on the front Stoop smoking an Havana Cigar. His little Children are playing with diamond Marbles on the Tesselated Floor. The Editor can afford to Live in Style. He gets Seventy-Five Dollars a month wages.

It seems almost incredible that any one would be willing to pay a hundred and twenty-five dollars for a small collection of stories of this quality. I suppose it is done on the principle of the purchase of a veritable daub by a master painter. It is an example of his earliest style, and however uninviting, if one is collecting along that line, the purchase of the "Primer" must be made.

To Field no humor was so delectable as unconscious humor. Bald himself, or nearly so, Field had great sympathy with people who, as the phrase goes, "combed their heads with a towel," and he took pains to prove that baldness was a mark of genius. He quoted many names in corroboration of his theory. The list began with Homer and ended with Patrick Henry; it included such worthies as Dante, Shakspeare, and Bonaparte as illustrious betweenies. Field declared that the baldest of all was the philosopher Hobbes, of whom John Aubrey recorded that "he was very bald, yet within dore he used to study and sitte bare-headed, and said he never took cold in his head, but that the greatest trouble was to keep off the flies from pitching on his baldness."

There is a characteristic flavor in all that Field wrote. Take his account of the miners

who have "made their pile" and settled down to luxurious discontent and regretful reflection upon the days of their toil in the mountains,

When the skies were fair and blue,
And when money flowed like liquor,
And the men were brave and true.

Bill Gosling, joyfully spreads the news of the insult offered by Three-fingered Hoover to Charlotte Roose, and evidence corroborating the fact of the disrespectful utterance by Hoover is speedily forthcoming, though from unwilling mouths.

Nobody seems to know exactly who Charlotte Roose is, but the rival candidate's



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY FRANCIS WILSON.

FRANCIS WILSON AND EUGENE FIELD AS RAPHAEL'S CHERUBS.

Look at Three-fingered Hoover, "as fine a man as ever caused an inquest or blossomed on a tree," a great burly fellow "with a bunch of yaller whiskers appertaining to his chin." See how he rebelled against the inroad of fashion's ways, and declared he would not attend the "conversazzyony" given in honor of the nuptials of Sorry Tom, owner of the Gosh all Hemlock mine. Then comes a change in Hoover's intentions, when it is shown him that as candidate for the marshalship of the camp it would be unwise, in the interest of vote-getting, not to be present. He then decides to "frequent" the party or indulge in spontaneous combustion.

A conversazzyony being declared to be a thing where people speak a language in which they are particularly weak, Three-fingered Hoover, who had lived in "Noo Orleans" and could "parly voo and git there," proceeds to justify the declaration in his endeavor to "parly voo" at-table, where he is adjudged guilty of gross disrespect to "wimmin-folks," when, as a matter of fact, he is simply trying to be helped to dessert. The rival candidate for marshal,

brother Dick declares that she is a school-teacher in the camp on Roarin' Crick, and despite the tearful protestations and explanations of Three-fingered Hoover, the outraged miners, who, "when it came to sassin' wimmin, had blood in every eye," force the three-fingered candidate for marshal "to fall a victim to reform."

If there be anything more tenderly humorous than Field's story of "The Little Yaller Baby," that was comforted on the cars by the strange mother, I, for one, would go a long way for a chance to read it.

These are a few of the many humorous incidents with which poem after poem, story after story, of Field's abound. He had a way, too, of being joyous in his newspaper columns at the expense of people he knew. Especially were his friends of the theatrical profession quaintly hit off.

He pretended to have discovered that Mme. Janauschek's name, translated from Bohemian into English, was simply Johnson, and then he would laugh at the "ridiculous possibility of the burly old lexicographer being known to posterity as Dr. Samuel Janau-

schek." Modjeska, Florence, Crane, Robson, Sol Smith Russell, Dixey, Goodwin, and many others have come in for much good-natured badinage at Field's hands.

Something he wrote of the writer of these paragraphs has caused much misapprehension on the part of the public, who, taking the cue from Field's imagination, have come

tendencies. The right leg is mercurial, obliquitous, passionate to a marked degree, whimsical, fantastic, and grotesque. The contrast between the two gives us a comedy in itself which is very pleasing, for the constant struggle between the perennial levity of the right leg and the melancholy demeanor of the left leg is funnier by far than most of the horse-play which passes for comedy in these times.



Inscription upon a silver plate given to his youngest son by F. Field.

The inscription written Sept. 16, 1893.

to believe in the verity of his words, just as myths have grown into beliefs:

We regard Mr. Francis Wilson's legs as the greatest curiosity on the American stage at the present time. We call them curiosities when perhaps we should term them prodigies.

The truth is, they are so versatile, so changeable, that we hardly know what epithet could be applied to them most properly. They are twins, yet totally unlike, reminding one of a well-mated man and wife, who are so different that we speak of them as well matched. The left leg is apparently of serious turn, as may be observed on all occasions requiring a portrayal of those emotions which bespeak elevated thought and philosophic

While one with sad emotion throbs
And wildly palpitates,
The other makes its grievous sobs
And loudly cachinnates.
While this one jigs along the floor,
Intent on noisy pleasure,
The other treads the carpet o'er
In many a stately measure.

The combination is a happy one. The left leg pleases the serious-minded, sentimental, and the lovers of the emotional style of dramatic art; the right leg solaces those who believe there is nothing more enjoyable than mirth. Here we find two legs capable of every variety of action. They can shake you out a jig or stride you a minuet; they can sob

plaintively or titter hysterically; they can strut imperiously or wabble ludicrously; they can suggest a spondaic pentameter of the best old classic poets or a bit of modern doggerel from "Puck." Their name is Versatility, and in them we find the passions clearly defined and deftly combined.

This of course is admirable writing,—that is, a happy bringing together of words and phrases, and that, too, most humorously, —but the peculiar part of it all is that it has never been accepted as Field meant it—as a joke; and I am not infrequently grieved by the unsolicited attention of people who really seem to have taken Field's statement literally. At all events, there is no doubt that Field's characterization has greatly detracted from a dignified personality.

I was only one of many friends to be the recipient of Field's attentions in the way of presentation copies of books, manuscript poems, drawings purposely crude, and a hundred other delightful foolings, all characteristically indicative of the man's skill, wit, and humor. It is hardly necessary to say how pleasant it was to receive a first copy of one of his books with, say, this inscription, with initial letters in red, gold, and blue inks:

In answer to your loud petitions
To autograph your "First Editions,"
This shall the world apprise
That I have quit all biblio-madness,
And view with penitential sadness
This tome, which you peruse with gladness,
And mildly criticize.
Oh, would that you might change for better,
Bursting each bibliomaniac fetter,
To join your grateful friend and debtor
Collecting butterflies!

Or this, intimating that he was being importuned to do that which he was really eager to do:

This volume (a copy of "The Great Book Collectors," by Charles and Mary Elton), presented by Eugene Field to Francis Wilson, is the only volume so presented that does not contain an autograph poem; therefore it is an unique.

Or this, in a Japan-paper volume of "Love Songs of Childhood":

I, who am so rich in sons, but am so scant of money,
Salute you who have wealth galore, but have no little sonny;
And here are childish songs of mine in every key and meter,
And surely Mira's velvet voice will make these sound the sweeter.

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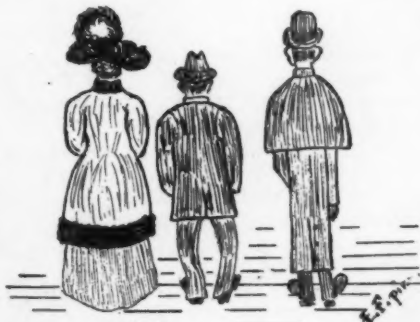
They're offspring of an honest heart that ever prompt and glad is
To speak its love for bonnie maids and quite as bonnie laddies.

Perhaps some other Christmas-time, old Santa Claus, well freighted
With precious gifts, will bring the son for which you long have waited.

I was delighted to find that he had inserted in my Field scrap-book, among many other interesting souvenirs, the sketch commemorating a visit which Mrs. Wilson and I made in his company to the home of common friends, the Ways. Here again, showing the tenacity of Field's memory of "things thought," is that wilfully insidious suggestion as to the curvature of the lower limbs.

From the same scrap-book I gather a photograph of Field, liberally decorated with inky hair, mustachios, and goatee. As I have said, this absence of hirsute adornment was with Field often a subject of jest. Note the inscription underneath the photograph at the beginning of this article.

One day in Chicago, Field proposed that we should go and have our pictures taken. Wishing to have something unconventional, something that would reflect the happiness of the mood that possessed us, I suggested that we sit as Raphael's cherubs. Field assented, and after repeated efforts to keep our faces carefully subdued in one position and properly rhapsodic in the other, the cap of the camera



Mrs. Wilson, Francis and Eugene,

In note to Mr. Ways.

Sunday, March 19,

1903.

FROM A SKETCH LENT BY FRANCIS WILSON.

was removed. Copies of these I found in the scrap-book when it came back to me after Field's death.

In another leaf of the same book I found written the inscription upon a silver plate given to his youngest son which is shown on page 450.

It was a part of Field's humor to tell other journalists that he never pretended to be anything more than a newspaper man himself. One reads him ill who does not see abundant evidence of the pride he took in his more deliberate work.

I have heard him lay great stress upon his affection for his newspaper work. He wrote little or nothing for the magazines, the demand upon his time for daily copy forbidding it. Nearly everything he wrote was first published in his "Sharps and Flats" column, and this, consisting at first of short paragraphs of the humorous, satirical type, gradually gave way to literary comment, bibliomaniacal matter, fairy-tales, songs of childhood, poems, prose tales, and chapters of books afterward issued in their entirety. What he said, and especially the way he said

it, soon attracted attention. It was recognized that the man and the matter were unusual, and Field's growing reputation has justified that recognition.

To take a man's mental and moral bearings, we have only to find out what his ideals are; that is, what he most loves and detests, what is his religion, what view he takes of his profession and its aims, and, finally, how he thinks and speaks about women. Measured by even so severe a test as this, Eugene Field challenges our respect and admiration.

Field loved all things that are beautiful. He had a wonderful tenderness toward childhood and motherhood. He detested sham and pretense. He lost no opportunity to assail these vices. He lay about him with a two-edged sword of satire and ridicule, like a knight of old, *sans peur*, but with much *reproche*. His feeling for sweetness and truth is shown in many of his writings, but it is best seen in his exquisitely written short stories, such as "The First Christmas Tree," than which nothing could be more tenderly devout.



PICQUART.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

"FOR love of justice and for love of truth!"
 Aye, 't was for these, for these, he put aside
 Place and preferment, fortune and the pride
 Of fair renown; the friends he prized, in sooth,
 All the rewards of an illustrious youth,
 And set his strength against a swollen tide,
 And gave his spirit to be crucified,—
For love of justice and for love of truth!
 Keeper of the abiding scroll of fame,
 Lo! we intrust to thee a hero's name!
 Life, like a restless river, hurrying by,
 Bears us so swiftly on, we may forget
 The name to which we owe so deep a debt,—
 But guard it, thou! nor suffer it to die!

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.¹

BY MARY ADAMS.

PART FOUR.

November the tenth.



HEARD of a man the other day whose wife went into his room to kiss him good night, and he said: "Mary, why do you do this? I do not love you. There is no other woman in the case. I have not wronged you. But I no longer love you. If I were you, I should not kiss my husband under these circumstances."

This is a true story. Minnie Curtis told me the names of the people. I repeated it to Dana to-day, and he said, yes, she had told him that yarn. He finds it quite a relief, he says, when he is tired and the baby is crying, to run in to the Curtises'. He met Robert Hazelton there, the last time, consulting with Dr. Curtis. The old doctor is not well, and makes over a good deal of his practice to Robert. I asked Dana if he thought Robert saw much of Minnie; but Dana says that Robert has no time to talk to girls—he says he does n't think he is that kind of doctor. It leaped to my lips to ask Dana why he was that kind of lawyer. But I did not do it. If I had, all the answer I should have got would have been: "You don't classify quite correctly. I'm going into politics," or some equally clever parry. Nothing would have been gained, and something lost—something of that indefinable advantage which a wife (more than a husband, I think) retains with self-possession. A woman can never afford to be cross. Why is it that a man can?

The first lesson of a wife is to learn when not to speak; I doubt if she ever learns why not. I am a dull pupil in the school of marriage. No Wilderness Girl takes to the higher mathematics with any natural grace.

¹ Upon careful examination of the manuscript of which these confessions are composed, the system of dating is found to be, after the manner of women, quite a matter of accident. Days of the month or week are usually observed with something like accuracy, but there is no reliable calendar of the years.

The next available record occurs apparently a year and some months from the date of the last entry given

If it were not for my daughter—well, if it were not for my daughter? It is for my daughter—the insurmountable fact, the unanswerable question, the key that locks me to my lot. If I fled back to my forest, she would cry for me. And if I strapped her on my back and ran—I don't think the governor's granddaughter would make a successful papoose. She is much more like her grandfather than like me, thank Heaven. She has his equable mouth, though it curls at the corners more than his. I think she will grow up into a comfortable young lady, and marry a congressman, and be happy ever after. There is nothing of her father about her yet, except his eyes; hers already have the insouciance, but not the insolence, the superfluous merriment refined by her sex. I have studied her anxiously. She bears my mother's name.

"Marion," I said to-day, "I am glad you are not a boy baby."

She gave me an elfish glance, and the corner of her mouth curled. I never saw a sarcastic baby before.

November the twentieth.

I HAVE the outlines of a Greek tragedy before me. A girl I used to go to school with married a brilliant young fellow of her own social class, whom she adored with that kind of too tolerant tenderness for which, as a sex, we seem to be distinguished. Some overlooked heredity, rooted two generations back, resulted in drinking, and drinking resulted in worse. He left her last spring for a woman such as Fanny never saw in her life. Fanny has two children, and that sort of ill health which heartbreak creates in women, a disorder not catalogued in the

in these columns, and which was coincident with the birth of the young wife's child.

A close study of the copy reveals the fact that certain pages of the Accepted Manuscript are missing, having been torn rather than cut away, and presumably destroyed.

What letters, if any, have shared the same fate, it is impossible to say.—M. A.

medical books. Her family lost their property when her father died, and to-day I had her advertising cards. They set forth the fact that Mrs. Fanny Freer, masseuse, will treat patients at their own homes for one dollar an hour. She will also repair ladies' dresses, and cut and make children's clothes.

I call it Greek because she has not made any fuss about it, but has endured her fate with a terrible and splendid dumbness for which, again, as a sex, we are not distinguished. She is a little blonde thing, too, with a dimple, and a bow-and-arrow mouth, and always had more gloves than I did at school.

I have been ailing lately, I don't know just why. I wonder if I could afford to send for her a few times? It might be at least a comfort to her to come here, where she will be asked to sit at table with the family.

In face of a fate like this, how my half-grown troubles hang their heads! I seem to see them in a row, standing like school-boys punished for playing at Indian massacre. "You foolish fellows!" I say. "You are a shabby lot. There is n't an Indian among you! Any respectable tomahawk would disown you."

I am beginning to understand that happiness in marriage is an art. I used to think it was a gift. In short, what I thought was a right proves to be a privilege.

November the twenty-third.

. . . I HOPE I have not been exacting with Dana. He calls me so, when he is vexed about anything. I never was thought exacting in any other relation of life; but marriage makes a new being of a woman: a wife is as truly born into an unknown world as her child is. It seems to me that I have my own character to form, as completely as my daughter's. I, Marna Trent, slain on my wedding-day, am a transmigrated soul—the "twice-born," as the Buddhist calls it. I am in my second existence. . . . Will there be any others?

I found something in one of Max Müller's Oriental Bibles yesterday over in Father's library, when I went to sit with him and read to him, for Father is not quite well this fall, and it is touching to me to see how he clings to what he calls my "womanly tenderness." (He never said that I was exacting.) Here is what I read to Father:

Though I go along trembling, like a cloud driven by a strong wind, have mercy, Almighty, have mercy!

. . . Oh, I cannot deceive myself, or call things by opalescent names, any longer! My husband is not kind to me, he is not kind!

November the twenty-seventh.

WE took our Thanksgiving dinner with Father, and Dana went to the Curtises' later in the evening. I had to come back and stay with the baby, to let the girls go out. She is asleep, and the house is as still as resignation. I cannot write, and have been trying to read. Dana says I do not keep up with current thought, and that a wife should make herself as attractive to her husband intellectually as she was before marriage. The first sentence I fell upon was this, from a French critic:

It is well that passionate love is rare. Its principal effect is to detach men from all their surroundings, to isolate them, . . . and a civilized society composed of lovers would return infallibly to misery and barbarism.

I think a woman should be quite happy in order to keep up with current thought. Current feeling is as much as I can manage.

TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"November the thirtieth.

"Main—20.

"To Mr. Dana Herwin, from Mrs. Herwin.

"By the maid to the office-boy. Peter will deliver as soon as Mr. Herwin comes in.

"Dr. Curtis sent Dr. Hazelton over to see the baby this noon. He calls it croup. When will you be out?

"MARNA."

TELEGRAM.

"New York, November 30.

"To Mrs. Dana Herwin.

"Called suddenly to New York on business. Did not return to office. Hope child is better. Address Astor House.

"DANA."

TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"The office-boy to the maid.

"Say, Luella, you tell her he ain't got that message. He took the Limited, and never showed up, only a district messenger that sassed me, and I showed him the door.

"PETER."

TELEGRAM.

"Astor House, New York, December 1.

"To Mrs. Dana Herwin.

"Yours received too late for midnight express. Will return Limited. Hazelton all right. He'll bring her through. Cheer up.

Will catch the 3:12. If baby better, telephone station. In that case, take later train.

"DANA."

TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

"December the first.

"To Mr. Dana Herwin,

"Care of Chief Operator, West Station.

"Marion is out of danger. Do as you please about hurrying home. She is still sick, but safe.

"MARNA."

December the first, 10 P.M.

I KNEW he was a good, true, clever man, but I did not know before that Robert Hazelton could work a miracle. I never thought to see the day when I should be glad that old Dr. Curtis could not get to my sick child; but it is my belief that if he had— The new methods and the new remedies are wonder-workers in the control of an able and alert mind, fresh from everything and afraid of nothing. Robert was always a courageous fellow; but he is so quiet about it that one must know him pretty well to rate his intellectual and moral independence at anything like its value.

Together we fought for the baby's life all night. What a night! Solemn, separate from all nights, it stands apart in my life—the look of my child's face, the way her little hands clutched at the air; and the strong, still figure beside me, grasping her from death. . . . He told me to go to bed, and that she could be trusted with Luella. I can't do it. I don't think I could do it even if Dana had got home; and he won't be here till half-past eleven. He telephoned that it was very important, something political, and that if the child were out of danger, he would take the eleven-two; unless, he said, I wished him to come right out? I told him to do as he pleased, and that it was not at all necessary.

He is away so much that he does not seem necessary in these days to very much of anything. I suppose most wives have that feeling. I hope they do not all have another, which persists and pursues me—this feeling hurt, hurt all the time. My whole soul is raw, as if it were flayed with some petty instrument or utensil, like an awl or a grater; something not to be dignified as a weapon.

He says he loves the child as much as I do. I thought at first that we should grow nearer and be dearer on account of the baby. But I am kept at home so much with

her, and I can't go about, as I used to do, with him; and Dana hates sickness, and all babies are ailing more or less. Even the experience of parentage, which I thought was to unite, seems subtly to divide us. Everything almost that we experience develops the sundering, not the soldering, quality. One day Mrs. Gray said to me:

"My dear, marriage is full of phases. Don't mistake them for finalities."

I suppose that is my tendency—to look upon the stages of a thing as the end of it. When one is caught on a barbed-wire fence, one does not contemplate the beauties of the horizon.

I am writing because I cannot sleep till he gets home. There would be no use in keeping Luella up, and I am happier to watch the baby. Only to hear her breathe is ecstasy. All last night I had a strange, scared feeling. It seemed monstrous that her father should not be there if she died. And when she lived, it seemed somehow abnormal that it should be Robert who saved her. I have never thought of him as a doctor, only as one of my old friends. In fact, since I have been married, I have scarcely thought of him at all.

He, on his side, seemed to have forgotten that we were ever friends. He was all doctor. I don't think he had an idea in his head except to save my baby's life—not because she was mine, but because she was a baby. His face was set and stern; it was as strong as bronze. His peremptory orders rang like those of some military man, a stranger, or some one you had only happened to meet. I always liked his voice. I don't think he looked as short as he used to. It seemed to me as if he had grown. He came again at noon, and again this evening. When he went away at nine, he said: "Go to sleep. The child is safe. Do not sit up for your husband. You are exhausted."

"I will meet him at the station and tell him to come in softly," he added, as he shut the door.

I did not even thank him, or think, till afterward, how kind that was, or how like him. If I had, I doubt if I could have spoken. His manner was as impersonal as if he had been in a physiological laboratory. Now that I think of it, I don't believe he gave the least evidence of anything that could possibly be called sympathy in all that terrible time. I begin, now that the strain is over, to perceive how kind this was in him. I wanted my husband so all the time, I perished so for Dana, that one tender word would have

demoralized me. I should have cried my soul out. And that would have been bad for the baby. I suppose physicians acquire a sorcery about all these things; they never cross the magic circles.

I wonder if I ought not to write to Robert and thank him properly?

"DEAR DR. HAZELTON: I disobeyed you, for I cannot sleep till my husband gets home. So I am writing. And I know that I shall rest better if I try to tell you how we feel about what you have done for the baby. But, now that I try, I cannot tell you; all my words deny me. Her father will see you at once, and express to you our affectionate gratitude for the professional skill and the personal kindness which have saved our child. I expect him now, every minute.

"Yours gratefully and as ever sincerely,
"MARNA HERWIN."

December the twelfth.

I HAVE been shut in so much with the baby, lately, that I have read rather more than usual. I hoped this would please Dana, but I can't say that he has seemed aware of any accumulated intellectual force in me. He says I am narrowing to a domestic horizon. Thinking to amuse him to-day, I carried him this, from an old author:

Woman ought every morning to put on the slippers of humility, the shift of decorum, the corset of charity, the garters of steadfastness, the pins of patience . . .

. . . But it is by no means proved that even then a man would not find his wife a little overdressed.

He laughed.

"That makes a good point," he said. "A fixed sense of moral superiority has a tendency to become tiresome. A fellow resents being always put in the wrong."

"Even if he is wrong?" I asked.

"Possibly because he is wrong," replied my husband, with a changed expression. He glanced over the book, and left the room abruptly. I saw him go over to the Curtises' on his way to the trolley; there were fifteen minutes to spare. I did not feel at all surprised—perhaps not really altogether sorry—that he did not spend those fifteen minutes with me. Once I should have grieved. I could hear him playing a duet with Minnie, some rollicking thing. He says she accompanies very finely; his violin has been over there for some time. After he had gone, I took up the book, which he had laid face

down upon the baby's crib. His swift and slender pencil-point had run beside these words:

Only a saint can endure a wearing woman.

"December the thirteenth.

"MY DEAR DANA: Will you be patient with one of my constitutional notes? It is a good while since I have written you any, for I see that they sometimes annoy you in these days, and indeed I do not mean to be troublesome. But do you realize, my dear, how hard it is becoming for us to talk? I so often displease you, God knows why. Or you hurt me, though I am sure you do not mean to. I find sometimes that if I have anything of any consequence to say to you, I must write it, or not say it at all. You call it second nature in me to write my heart out. I wonder if it is first nature, and speech only the second one?

"At all events, I found the sentence you had marked in that old English book yesterday. I think you can understand that it has troubled me a little. Do you mind telling me, Dana, what you meant by marking it?

"Your loving

"MARNA, Wife."

"Thursday afternoon.

"DEAR DANA: If you have really forgotten what sentence it was, there is nothing to be said.

"MARNA."

Friday evening.

DID he forget? Had he truly forgotten? If so, either I am "too strenuous," as he calls me, or he was too frivolous. If not, then I am not strenuous enough, and my husband was not—quite—no, no, no! Forever, no! Not to my own heart, not to this secret page, will I pronounce the word.

A "wearing woman"? She who was the dearest, the sweetest, the gentlest, the most tender, the loveliest of girls, the noblest of wives—to him? I who had all the superlatives of love crowded at my feet, treasures heaped for my sake in a passion of such adoring madness as an older and wiser woman than I might have spent herself upon, and must have trusted—I, Marna Trent, once free and glad, now afraid to own to my own soul how sad I am—now bond-slave to this man for my love's sake, and for his—do I wear upon my husband?

Then God help us, both the man and the woman, if this be true!

If I had been like some girls I have seen, if I had not cared, or taken pains to please him — Why, I know a young wife who danced all night one night when her husband lay battling for his life at the crisis of typhoid pneumonia, and he lived too, poor fellow. Even in our own set, and we are not at all "smart," thank Heaven! such things go on as I cannot, I *cannot* understand—other men and other pleasures, *any* other pleasures but those he shares with her, and their children abandoned to nurses, and a wall of snow forming all the time between the husband and the wife; glittering snow, beautiful, carved, like the mattress that Catharine of Russia presented as a bridal gift to some persons whose marriage she did not favor, and the mattress was found to be cut out of solid ice . . .

. . . AND yet, if a woman does not make a man happy, has she any right to assume that it is his fault? It seems to me as if the blame must be my own, in some perplexing way that I do not understand. If my mother were alive, I suppose she could tell me where I am wrong. To whom can I turn? The popular creed that married people should never seek advice of any third person seems to me a doubtful dogma. The two-in-one life tends, by a subtle chemistry the formula of which is too abstruse for me, to definitely distinct points of view, and only the ideal oneness can reconcile these; if not reconciled, they may need a third view as much as nitrogen and oxygen need an electric spark to combine them. There are times when I think that Dana is wholly in the wrong, because his offense is so obvious. There are whole weeks when I try to feel myself in error, implicit, if not explicit. My standards of right and wrong are wavering, like flags in the breeze; serving to show only which way the wind is, and sometimes so twisted around their poles that they are of no sort of use—as flags. Then there is more or less wet weather, when they hang limp and soaked.

I SAW a steam-carriage the other day take fire from its own gasoline, owing to some defect in the machinery; it burned up, yet it did not explode; the sealed tank remained true to its duty. Is it miracle or science that married happiness may come so near destruction and yet retain the sealed tank—fire within fire—solid and safe?

If he is right, then I must be radically wrong. God knows, if he knows anything

about me, how much I would rather suffer than not to be right in this subtle and fatal contention which marriage evolves from love. Or, again, I would, how gladly, be proved to be in the wrong, if that would make him right. I do not ask to be this or that, if only he is blameless. Sometimes I think nothing else in life matters at all.

A NATURE may crumble from sheer disharmony in its own elements. A man may be a beautiful amalgam: gold on his brow, and iron in his arms; but if his feet are clay, he falls.

Women kiss the clay, and cover it with their hair, and baptize it with their tears, even as she of the sacred story kissed the Holy Feet, as white as marble, and as strong, which trod the dust of Palestine patiently—never any less the feet of a man because they left the imprint of the God.

I READ to-day about a squash-vine that is impelled by hunger and thirst. "During a severe drought, if you place a basin of water at night say two feet to the left or right of a stray vine, in the morning it will be found bathing in the basin!"

Camille Flammarion said that he knew "an heroic jasmine which went eight times through a board that kept the light away from it." Some teasing person would put back the jasmine in the shade, "hoping to wear out the flower's energy, but he did not succeed."

If a woman were a jasmine, she would be "heroic." If I were a squash, I should at least be respected for the hunger and thirst of my nature.

December the twenty-third.

POOR Fanny Freer came here to-day, for I have not been very well. I kept her to luncheon, and gave up everything else and sat with her as long as she could stay. She has not many patients, and sewed for Marion in the afternoon. She carries herself with a touching dignity. I watched her dimples and her bow-and-arrow mouth, and then the lines on her forehead, as if I had seen a baby crucified. Neither of us mentioned her husband in any way, though she spoke of her children freely. We talked a little about the perplexities of modern life, as they affect women. I think I expected to find her embittered, or inclined to rate marriage by her own pitiable experience. Nothing could be further from the fact. I think she makes a point of her sweet reasonableness—a definite struggle.

She thinks there is no country where there are more happy marriages than in America.

Then I suggested that women are apt to reason too much from personal data. I did not add that she had developed the force of character to rise above this racial trait, but I wished to do so. Fanny is one of those rose-petals that unexpectedly produce the strength of oak-leaves; not falling before storm and sleet, but holding the harder. One sees such women.

I asked her—she has had some experience in her business in town, before she moved out here—whether she found patients infatuated with their doctors.

"Very seldom," replied the masseuse, "unless now and then a married woman whose husband neglects her because she is sick." She added that a doctor would find it hard work to cultivate illusions about his patients, and that this fact alone was enough to clear the atmosphere.

I never cared for Fanny at school, but now I could love her if I had time. When she went away, I wanted to throw my arms about her and cry:

"How did it happen? How do you bear it? Why are you alive?"

Instead, we talked of neuralgia and patterns. I never knew anything about patterns before. It seems there is a vast world where these things are important to women.

I wonder if I do not overweigh my troubles. Dana says I do. He says I have a genius for being unhappy. Yet it seems to me as if I did not ask much to make me happy—a kind word, a kiss, some little thoughtful act. All a woman wants is to be considered, to be valued. All she wants is love—all she wants is the Life Eternal. I suppose this is an immoderate demand—something like the demand of a moth for personal immortality.

December the twenty-fifth.

CHRISTMAS again! I have had a happy day. Dana has been at home all day, and last evening he came in laughing, and splendid, with Marion's first Christmas tree across his shoulder—he handsome enough to break a woman's heart if he did not love her, and perhaps (God knows) if he did. Mine melted before the vision of him as the ice was melting on the tree-house. It is a South Carolina Christmas, and needs only a wild pink azalea in the tree-house, or the scent of jasmine on the wet, warm air.

"You beauty!" I cried. "You look like the Santa Claus ideal. I've always thought

it a mistake to make an old man of him. You are young, immortal fatherhood. Kiss her, Dana!"

I held the baby up, and he kissed her rapturously; then he put her down and took me. No, it was not rapturous—no. And yet I think it was love. I tried not to think, not to reason, about it. I have learned that it is not wise for a woman to philosophize about love, and that it is dangerous for a wife to do so.

Job began to whine when my husband kissed me, as he has always done from the very first; he never gets used to it, and lately he has had something of a respite from this source of melancholy. There is that in the dog's constancy which touches me, I must say. He has become accustomed to the baby, though he still cherishes a smoldering jealousy of her. But his feeling about Dana is something finer than jealousy. In fact, Job never accepted the man for the master; why, then, he reasons, should I?

Dana and I covered the Landseer dogs to-night (they had grown too shabby) with a dado or frieze of Greek figures. I cut up an old book of Parthenon plates for it, and Dana helped me paste them on; he did not once object—he was very kind. And he patted the Landseer dogs, and called them David and Dora, and Job growled and snarled at them, and Marion laughed like a brook at Job: she has developed her father's laugh. He has given her a boy doll (of all things) nearly as large as herself, and she is flirting with it like a summer girl with the only man in the hotel. Dana named the doll Dombey.

We went to Father's after Marion was in bed, for he is too feeble to get over here; and I read to him awhile. Dana asked me if I minded his running over to the Curtises' for some music while I was reading. I said, "Not in the least." I was so pleased at his asking me that I did not care at all. And when we came home he sat down at his own piano, and tossed his curling head, and sang:

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest.

Then he wheeled on the piano-stool with his beautiful, best look, and crushed me to his heart.

"You're a dear old girl!" he said.

December the thirty-first.

A SUBMERGED country! The Atlantis of the New England climate has evaded us, and it is incredible that azaleas can swing their pink lamps anywhere, or that jasmine can

breathe its heart out on any loving air. The tree-house is stiff with icicles this morning, and the world has got itself into armor, and stirs formidably and heavily, like a medieval lord who kisses his lady in the evening and leaves her in the morning for the wars.

The transformation happened in the night. It was still warm last evening, and Dana brought Minnie Curtis over to play for him here; but the furnace was overheated, and they went out on Ararat and serenaded me, instead; he played his violin, and they both sang "Where'er you walk," and some other things that he used to sing to me. He asked me if I did not enjoy it, and said he thought he was giving me a treat.

"Why in thunder did n't you come out with us?" he asked when he came in, after taking Minnie home.

"You knew Marion had one of her throats," I said. "I could n't leave her—even if I had been invited."

"A wife should never wait to be *invited*," he retorted. "It looked queer, that's all. A wife ought to think how things look."

"And a husband?" I ventured. "What about him?"

The moment I had said it, I would have unsaid it at any estimable cost. I think it was George Eliot who suggested that half the misery of women's lives would be prevented if they could only teach themselves to keep back the things which they had resolved not to say. But a resolution is a mathematical matter; takes perceptible time, and my fate was too swift for me.

"I should n't have thought," observed my husband, coldly, "that you had it in you, Marna, to be a jealous woman."

Then, indeed, I turned upon him.

"*I? Jealous? Of Minnie Curtis? . . .* I should as soon think of being jealous of Dombey!"

"I would n't insult your neighbors, if I were you," he blazed. "A rag doll—"

"Dombey is n't rag; he's wax," I interrupted.

"Wax, then," said Dana, pettishly. He went into his own room and shut the door—hard.

This morning I scarcely dared to speak to him, he was so manifestly offended, and he went to his day's work without the ceremony of a kiss. That a kiss should ever become a ceremony—is this most pitiable or most merciful?

When my husband came home to dinner, I took all the temperatures I could, dipping here and there, and recording my poor little thermometers, as women do. Half the time I am sawn asunder by the conflict between love and self-respect. In men these two are one flesh; in women—oh, in women they must be sometimes, or the race would be exterminated by civil war. (I think there is a declaration of war between my metaphors, but, thank Heaven, I am not writing for the magazines.)

At all events, I found a field of icebergs driving straight across the bows, and put the ship about. Marion and Job and I are spending the evening up here by ourselves—and Dombey. Marion is asleep in her crib, and Dombey reposes beside her, as usual, with his head hanging over the crib-rail, and his feet on the pillow. I have some doubts of the effects of this habit upon my daughter's manners, Dombey is so big and so very boy; but Dana thinks it an excellent joke. Marion has begun to demand a little brother, and perhaps Dombey may fill the deficiency. Dombey has become a painful subject to me all at once, since last night. I could burn him up, or snip him to pieces. I took Marion to-day to see a big lady doll in a shop, in hopes of effecting an honorable exchange; but though the lady doll, two feet high, and glorious in a wedding-dress spangled with gold-dust, hung upon the arm of a red bridegroom in a fireman's uniform, my daughter clung obstinately to Dombey. I must say I respected her loyalty, while I cannot say that I did not pity her for it. Where will it take her twenty years hence?

Does Dana expect me to come down and storm his tenderness? Must a woman make all the advances after marriage, as she must make none before? Then shall we never be happy, for I cannot, *cannot* do it.

Must she always be the first to institute reconciliations? Must she forever forswear herself, and say, "I was wrong," though she knows, on the honor of her own soul, that she was right?

Thursday evening.

VOLTAIRE said that a man could never be in the wrong if he made the first advance toward an offended woman.

NOTE SENT BY LUELLA.

"DEAR DARLING: Don't let us make each other miserable any longer! I cannot bear it. My heart will break, to live this way. I will come down if you wish me to—or per-

WHEN a liner is in fear of invisible icebergs she takes the temperature of the sea to test the question of their vicinity.

haps, even, you would come up? I will do whichever you wish, whatever you want, anything to make you happy, dear. Only be kind to me, Dana! Only be tender and loving, as you used to be, and I will try harder to please you, to do as you wish, to be what you require:

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

Was I wrong about Minnie? Did I speak petulantly? I did not mean to. I don't care how much you play duets with Minnie, indeed I don't. I am not one of the foolish folk. I scorn a jealous wife as much as you do. And that was why I felt so— But never mind that. Forgive me if I was wrong, Dana, and let us be happy again! We used to be happy. We know we can. We are not chasing an experiment, but holding an experience.

"Darling, shall I come down to you? Or would you rather— Do whatever you would like best, only love

"Your
"WIFE."

An hour later.

I HAVE stopped crying,—it waked the baby,—and have lain crushed upon the pillows as long as I can bear it. He sent a note by Luella—the first he has ever written to me in the same house. He did not come up at all. I pin the note upon this page.

"DEAR MARNA: I don't feel very happy to-night, and I doubt if we can amuse each other successfully. Your note is all right, and I accept your apology, of course, and we won't say any more about it. But I think I'll go to town for the evening, and come out on the last electric. If I don't get out, don't worry. I should be at the club. Go to bed and to sleep.

"Affately,
"DANA."

A GREAT mood has taken the weather since sunset. The ice has suddenly yielded again (like a woman), and a storm is coming up; it will be a fight between sleet and tears all night. The wind raves about the tree-house, and the banshee in my room begins to moan slowly and subtly, as if she were trying her voice with a view to a mighty outcry by and by. The soul of the storm is in me, as it was in the beginning and ever shall be. Worn and worried as I am, half disillusioned

of myself, yet would I escape myself for the storm's sake, and because I feel in every fiber of my being as if it would shelter me. I would fling the window up, and let myself go, and ride upon the wings of the east wind, for it understands me, and I love it, and I would trust it, though it took me God knows where. And I would be borne into some wide caverns of the night, where love is always tender (being love), and tenderness, because it is gentle, is always true; and where a woman, lest she perish, is cherished by the mystery that won her.

... And what, pray, would become of my daughter? And Dombey?

January the twentieth.

SOME people came to dinner at Father's yesterday, with wives; and he asked me to come over and help him out. Dana was away, so I went alone. After dinner the ladies discussed various social phenomena of the day; they did this with delicacy and earnestness; they spoke of noble friendships as distinct from ignoble follies, and one of them suggested that salvation from the last might lie partly in the existence of the first. The other hesitated.

"Friendship needs nourishment as well as love," she said, "and one goes hungry in a week."

"I should call it—about—five days," replied the other, slowly. Then they both laughed, and changed the subject—to the religious view of the new governor.

I could not join in the conversation intelligently, and I did not find it amusing. I have never felt the need of friendship. My husband has always been my friend. Now—is he so much as that? He seems to be eluding my real life by a strange and fatal process. I do not know how to account for it, or how to define it. It is as if I stood on the edge of a precipice, and saw him disappearing from my sight, a hundred feet below, drawn down by a quicksand of the true nature of which he is, or chooses to appear, ignorant. The descent is subtle and slow; it is not even dignified by the anguish of conscious death; debonair, and smiling steadily, he sinks by inches. I can even hear him sing, as he succumbs without a struggle:

I love thee, I love but thee!

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old—

If I sprang, and dashed myself down to reach him—what then? He would probably

stop singing (he has stopped, this minute, abruptly and unhappily) and observe without a smile:

"A wife should not annoy her husband."

It is possible that he might select the word "pursue"; he is capable of it; and that would outrage me so that I should quite regret my amiable impulse. If we could sink together, there would be some comfort in it. I am sure I should not mind a quicksand in the least. I would rather suffer with him than be happy without him. But he—he would be happy at any cost. I do not think it is at all clear to him whether default of happiness is to be attributed to the institution of marriage or is (more simply) my fault.

Friday.

DANA has lost his engagement-ring; he says the tourmalins were growing shabby, anyway, and one of them was broken.

"Sunday evening.

"MY DEAR DANA: After what has happened to-day, I cannot—no, I cannot see you again to-night. Luella will bring up Marion's supper, and I do not want any. I am sorry to leave you alone on Sunday evening.

"No, I shall not say anything to Father. I must bear it as best I can.

"YOUR WIFE."

"Midnight.

"OH, ask me to forgive you! Ask me, Dana! For love's sake and your own sake—not for mine. All my being stretches out its arms to you. I would forget—would love you, trust you, and begin again, if you will *try* to be more patient with me, if you will remember to be kind to

"Your

"MISERABLE MARNA."

March the thirteenth.

DANA has the gripe, the real thing; he has been sick for ten days, and persistently refuses to have a doctor, so of course it has gone hard with him, poor fellow. I have taken care of him as best I could. I have not had my clothes off for three nights, for he needs a good many things, and one takes cold so easily, getting in and out of a warm bed. I brush his hair a good deal, to make him sleepy, and I read to him hours at a time. A man is so unused to suffering that a woman, if she loves him, cannot help being

patient with him; that is a matter of course. If she can help it, if she resents the natural irritability of his race too much, I am almost prepared to say that she does not love him.

Sometimes, when I am very tired, when I can scarcely keep on my feet, and he does seem *almost* unreasonable, I say to myself:

"Suppose you had never had the right to take care of him? Suppose he were sick in some remote place, and you could not get to him?"

An hour ago he fell heavily asleep, for he insisted on taking a dose of laudanum (I could not help it; he will, now and then, when he has pain to bear), and I was on the edge of the bed beside him, for I had been trying to magnetize the pain in his head with passes of my hands. I could, for the first year after we were married, quite often, but not lately. I had hoped to forestall the laudanum in that way to-night; but he would not give me the chance; he would not wait. So I was sitting cramped and crooked (that is why I am writing, to try to drive the ache out of my body by a little exercise of my brain), and his handsome head lay upon my arm and shoulder, and his curling hair stirred with my breath. He looked more than ill—he looked lonely and wretched; and for the first time I saw lines across his forehead, the real carving of life cut clearly.

"He, too, has unhappiness," I thought. "It is not I alone. In marriage one cannot do anything alone—not even suffer."

"You poor, poor boy!" I thought. And I laid my cheek upon his, and then I kissed him softly. He did not wake, and I kissed him a good many times—as I used to do. He did not know it.¹

"July the sixth.

"OH, Dana, can't we begin again? Is there no way of blazing our path back through the forest of married life? I tell you, from my soul, if there is not, we are lost. I do not know how it is with you—I do not know how anything is with you in these times on which we have fallen; sometimes I think I understand almost any other friend I have better than I do my husband. But, for me, I perish. All my nature is astray, a homeless, hapless thing.

"Do not think that I blame you, dear, or throw our mutual misery too solidly upon your shoulders. I know that I was very young, that I gain the tact of experience

¹ A three months' silence precedes the date of the next entry, but no pages have been mutilated or removed from the manuscript. On the contrary, there has, it seems, been no effort whatever to add to the record in any way.—M. A.

more slowly than most wives, that I crave a good deal of tenderness—perhaps I am ‘exacting,’ as you say. I know that I do not learn to be alone readily, and that I grieve over little things. I am afraid my heart is a ganglion, not a muscle, for it quivers and winces at everything. Indeed, I try to be different, to be patient, not to expect too much. Oh, believe that I do try to be the kind of woman you prefer!

“It seems to me that if we could go back and try all over again, we might be happy yet. Love does not die. Love is the life everlasting. It suffers maladies and syncope, and it may be hard bested and have to fight for its life—but it is alive, Dana, and it must be cherished like any other living thing. We have laws and penalties for the slayers of men. What court sits in judgment on the murderers of love? Somewhere in the spaces and silences there must be such an inviolate bar. Shall you and I go there, handcuffed together, waiting judgment? Oh, my darling, what can we plead? Mighty joy was in our power, and we slew it, between us. We were the happiest lovers, ours was the maddest, gladdest bridal, we had reverence and ecstasy, and our real went so far to outrun our ideal that we left our ideal behind us—and now the feet of our real move heavily, and the race is spent. We covered the face of delight with our marriage pillows, and smothered it till it breathed no more. So we buried it, for it stared upon us. We two, man and woman, elected to a great fate, slayers of a supreme love, recreant to a mighty trust—who will take our brief?

“MARN, a Wife.”

“Sunday evening.

“MY DEAR HUSBAND: I have reached the point where I cannot *live* and go on as we are.

“Your loving and unhappy

“MARN.”

“Monday.

“DEAR DANA: I think if I *could* die, I should not hesitate long.

“MARN.”

“July the tenth.

“DANA MY DARLING: What happened this morning distresses me so that I cannot wait till to-morrow, and you said you should not come back to-night. What can I do for you to make you happier, more calm? You have not been yourself for months, I think. Are you ill? Does something ail you that you keep from me? I am sorry if I called you

cross when you were suffering. I ought not to mind things so much, I know. I think this terrible weather is too much for you. I feel it a little myself. If I were you, I would go directly to the sea somewhere, and I send this in to the office to propose it with all my heart. I will not mourn, and I will try not to miss you.

“As you say, we cannot afford to move the whole family; and as you see, I cannot leave Father this summer, he is so feeble. He spoke of the Dowe Cottage in the spring, but lately he has said nothing about it; he acts a little strangely about his affairs. Has it ever occurred to you that he has lost anything—any property, I mean? Once he would have told you; but lately you have been so busy, and you see so little of him. And he never talks business to me.

“As long as Marion keeps well, I can stand it. Dear, I don’t mind it much. I can take her over to Father’s, where the rooms are large enough to shut up; and we shall get along nicely. I think you had better go to Bar Harbor or to Nova Scotia at once, if you feel like it.

“Your loyal and loving
“MARN.”

TELEGRAM.

“To Mr. Dana Herwin,

“Digby, Nova Scotia.

“Yours received. I did not mean that at all. Oh, try to understand! “MARN.”

“July the thirtieth.

“MY DEAR DANA: I telegraphed because I could not bear it that you should mistake me so. I am sure by this time that you will have re-read my letter and my meaning. Must it come to this, that you and I need a new vocabulary to interpret each other—in small, common matters like this? The ‘little language’ of love we have lost the art of, like electives one learns at school or college, and then forgets. But the Queen’s English, Dana! Do I use it so stupidly? Am I so crass with it that you cannot take me right?

“Try to understand me, Dana! A loving wife is not abstruse. I don’t feel in cipher. If I express myself so, it is because I am so afraid of offending you that I am not natural, and so I am not simple. I do not feel at home with my own husband. I try too hard to please you, dear! I need so to be comprehended that I cease to be comprehensible.

“Oh, try, Dana, *try* to understand

“Your wholly longing, always loving
“WIFE.”

August the seventeenth.

THE date when a woman accepts the fact that the man she loves cannot or will not understand her, and that she must abandon the attempt to make him do so, is one of the birthdays of experience. These are as definite as the other sort of birthday—as my daughter's, for instance, which occurs to-day.

I don't know whether her father has forgotten it, or whether his letter is delayed. He has been in Washington on some business (I do not know what; I have given up asking now; he gave up telling some time ago), and was so overcome by the cruel heat of the place that he has fled to Maine to cool. I think I read yesterday that the President is in the Rangeleys on a fishing-trip. Dana knows the President, who was a friend of Senator Herwin's, and I have fancied that he values this important acquaintance as one which he does not owe to my father. It is a week since I have heard from Dana. I must say it occurs to me to wonder whether he has gone fishing with the President. In that case, letters will be uncertain. Dana likes to do the uncertain, and I will try to be prepared for anything.

I have bought the big lady doll for Marion, but she regards this acquisition to her family indifferently. Her devotion to Dombey is unassailable. In deference to this feminine weakness, I contributed a golf-suit to Dombey's wardrobe. She has named the lady doll *Bunny Doodle*—a mystical appellation, intended, I think, to be a term of reproach. She is two years old to-night, at ten o'clock. She calls her father "Pretty Popper," and cried, when she woke up, because *Pretty Popper* had not come home. To be exact, she calls him "Pity Popper."

September the fifteenth.

I ONCE knew an irritable and discontented woman who lost an eye and lived in danger of perfect blindness. She became suddenly cheerful and charming.

"It is so much to keep one eye," she said.

It is two weeks since he came back. He did go fishing with the President, and I heard nothing from him for ten days; but that seems now so small a trouble, all my troubles are such dwarfs beside this which has happened, that I look upon myself with contempt for having ever been disturbed by them. Life seems to be a long chromatic scale, all its major notes expressed by its minors, or the other way if you choose. Suffering is purely a relative.

Who said, "The young are only happy

when they experience pleasure; the old are happy when they are free from pain"? I have ceased to be young, but have not learned to be old.

My husband is going as consul to Montevideo. The appointment was offered him, virtually, on that fishing-trip, and he formally accepted it the day before he came home. He did this without consulting me.

September the seventeenth.

It is only by fragments, as I have the strength or can compass the courage, that I can write anything about it. Yet I have a confused consciousness that I had better record (though to what end God knows) some of the events of these days—which flee by me like racers running on thorns, blood-tracked.

He began the night he got home, nervously, as if he were flayed to have it over:

"Marna, I have accepted an appointment."

"A pleasant one, I hope, Dana?"

"To me—yes. I don't think I have been well lately. I want travel, and distance, and a pretty abrupt change of scene. It is a foreign appointment."

One quick "Ah!" escaped me. After that I did not speak for a good while. I took up the baby, and put her in my lap, as if she were a shield between me and my husband. When I could not look at him, I could bow my face on her soft hair, and it steadied me a little.

"The President was glad to oblige my father's son. He would have done something different, something better, I think, if he could. There was no other post open but this just now. I don't mind it; I want a different climate—I am really not well, though you never have found it out. Besides, I want something out of the common course—a new experience—fresh life. A man of my type is not adapted to New England. He perishes of ennui in the life I lead here. At any rate, I'm going. I am going in October."

"You did not—speak to me—about it." My lips were so stiff that I am not sure they articulated the words, but I thought they did. "I am—your wife. You did not—tell me."

"What would have been the use?" he said. "You would only have made a fuss. My mind is quite made. I am going to Uruguay."

Then I know I spoke out, I think I cried out:

"Uruguay?"

I held out the baby at my arm's length between us. I felt as if she might, as if she must, protect me from what would happen next. I sat staring.

"Do shut your mouth," he said fretfully. "That expression is not becoming."

I put the baby down, for my head swam; I thought I should drop her. She ran over to him, calling "Pity Popper!" and poked Dombey into his arms to be kissed. He did not touch them, either doll or child. I thought he dared not trust himself. His face worked. I think he said:

"We might as well have this scene over."

"And I?" I said. "And Marion? And Father? Father is failing; he is a dying man. You knew I could not leave Father—now! You *knew* we could not take the baby—to Uruguay."

"You can do as you please," he replied stiffly. "You are my wife. You have the right to come, of course. Or I have the right to ask it, for that matter. But I do not press the matter. I wish you to please yourself."

I got up and went to the window and looked out at the tree-house. It was moonlight, as it was the night he kissed me for the first time, and the shadows from the vines were floating over us. I could hear Minnie Curtis warbling at her piano. She was practising one of Dana's songs:

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book
unfold!

I went back, and put my hand upon his arm. "Do you desert me?" I asked.

He threw my hand off with an oath.

"Put me in the wrong—as usual! You always do. I'm tired of your everlasting superiority. If I did leave you, you could not blame me. Nobody could. We ought to be apart—we wear on each other—we need absence, a good dose of it, too. We only make each other miserable. We—"

This was not all. I cannot write the rest. Some of his words will sound in my ears till my funeral bell out-tolls them.

"Very well, Dana," I said. "Do as you please."

"I do not leave you, you understand!" he cried hotly. "You are welcome to come with me. Or I will send for you by the next steamer, after I have found some sort of a place for you—if you prefer. You are at perfect liberty—to come, if you choose."

"And Marion?"

His eye wavered.

"And Father?"

"I did not marry your father. You are my wife. You can accompany me, if you wish, of course."

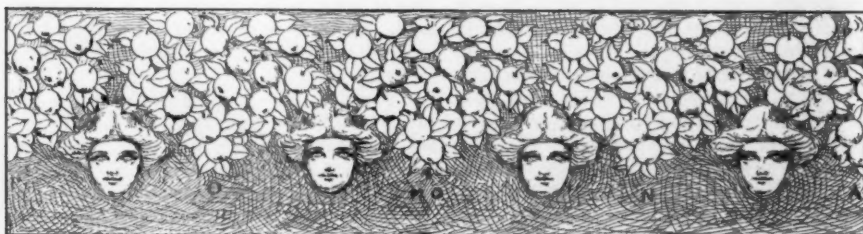
"I shall sail," he added, "the seventh of October."

He was as white, by then, as the wedding-dress of Banny Doodle, whom Marion had dragged contemptuously by one leg, and flung head downward in her father's arms. I stood staring at those two spots of whiteness—the doll's dress and the man's face. Everything else in the room had turned black. I could not even see my child. But I heard her rippling:

"Pity Popper!"

I think she asked him to kiss her. And I think he did.

(To be continued.)





THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

FOR more than a year the thousand tongues of Rumor have spread the report that the Premier of England would retire either at the conclusion of the Boer War or after King Edward VII's coronation. This set all Englishmen at the puzzling task of trying to bridge the gap that he will leave in public life. Nature made the Marquis of Salisbury as marked in his person as in the place he has filled—a grand figure of a man, bulking big in body and with a leonine head, ever moving weightily, with a dominating, massive personality, upon the scene, and at the same time narrowing the great field of public life by his individual grasp upon it. The House of Lords is of a size that allowed him to appear to fill it except when a Disraeli blinded the public eyes to all except his own pyrotechnic brilliancy. And in the larger battles, where the weight of a discussion gained them a world for their arena, it was only when the grand figure of Gladstone confronted him that Salisbury lost something of his impressiveness. His mental grasp, and the confidence in himself which made him leader of the master party of politics, inclined him to assume two great rôles at once in public life, until, not long ago, he gave the conduct of Britain's foreign affairs over to Lord Lansdowne.

It will be difficult to think of the Lords without its central figure of the noble marquis, with head and body bent forward, apparently oblivious of the debate in progress, until, in his turn, with indolent manner, he slowly raises himself to his feet, leans a heavy hand upon the table before him, and, with immobile face and monotonous tone, utters those impromptu sentences which are as well polished as if he had prepared them in advance,

and those delicately chosen words, every syllable of which will be read by all Englishmen at their next day's breakfast.

And what will Whitehall be, or London itself seem, if we know that we are not, by a lucky chance, to see on any day the great figure of the marquis filling the brougham in which he sits bent forward as he rides from the railway-station to Downing street?

We are prone to belittle our great contemporaries, but we may be sure that Lord Salisbury will be quoted and discussed by generations yet unborn, if only because he was three times the active and potential head of England's government in the years when she was breaking her narrower bounds and assuming an imperial character. Perhaps the noble marquis may in time come to be regarded as having acted as a brake upon the speed of this transition, as an anachronistic figure representative of all the conservatism of his fellow-countrymen, and holding back with a bulldog grip the excess of the spirit of these swiftly moving days of our electric age, when the sudden creation of a new Germany and of a civilized Japan, and the equally sudden world-activity of America and Russia, made confusion of the diplomatic traditions and the commercial situation of what now seems to have been but yesterday.

When one studies the effects of what is called "aristocratic blood" in the faces and bodies of such Englishmen as George Wyndham, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Argyll, or Lord Rosebery, there seems little trace of them or it in the huge, bent, clumsy figure of this latter-day Cecil, or in his heavy, rough-hewn face. Nature carves these contrary features upon her human chessmen. The very Earl Marshal of England is so made up that report declares him to have been many times mistaken for a

rough-and-ready Boer when he was with the British forces in South Africa.

Yet Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoyne Cecil, the subject of this sketch, is not only a scion of an ancient house, but of a patrician stock which has ever been commanding, given to the ruling of men and the mastery of great affairs. It is a far step from Edward VI (1547) to Edward VII, and from Elizabeth (1558) to Victoria, yet the Cecils were prime ministers of all these monarchs, and of Bloody Mary in her reign between that of Edward VI and Elizabeth. No other family in England has been so often and so long conspicuous above its rank, filling the highest position twice at times centuries apart. The first of the blood to be Prime Minister was William Cecil, first Earl of Burleigh. He was Secretary of State to the boy king Edward VI, and managed himself and his portfolio so tactfully through the subsequent reign of Mary that he remained *persona grata* alike to the dominant Catholics, the oppressed Protestants, and to his sovereign. He served Elizabeth for no less than forty years as her chief counselor, and apparently no man, unless it may have been Dudley, possessed her respect in so great a degree as this bluff Lincolnshire squire who had risen so high and yet who obviously aspired no higher, but was content to execute his royal mistress's commands with a patient, prudent skill which made it possible for him to yield or to compromise when he could not successfully insist upon his way.

Burleigh sat in Elizabeth's presence when the highest nobles bent their knees and awaited her permission even to stand before her. We may be sure that no effort to dislodge him from her favor by open or covert means was left untried; but Elizabeth leaned upon him and to the last gave him her full confidence. Even at his death-bed, the often capricious and self-willed queen, who had not spared him in her tempers when he was hale, came to rally his spirits and to assure him of her regard.

Hatfield, the manor-house of the Cecils and the home of the present Marquis of Salisbury, knew Elizabeth as a prisoner when her sister Mary was queen. The present noble mansion had not at that time been erected, however. It was while Elizabeth was detained there that she received her summons to the throne. Her trusted counselor Burleigh then had his town house by the Thames-side in London, where there were so many mansions of the great dukes

and lords of those days, of which houses there now remain only parts or altered relics, like the Heralds' College building, Somerset House, and the so-called Palace of Cardinal Wolsey, now a barber's shop near Temple Bar. The house of the Cecils stood where the Hotel Cecil now stands, and there, on several occasions, Queen Elizabeth was a guest of Burleigh. Hatfield, as the American visitor to England sees it to-day, was built by Lord Burleigh's son and successor in office, who had it from James I in exchange for a country property which the king coveted. This son was the first Earl of Salisbury, Robert Cecil by name, who stepped into his father's power and place under Elizabeth, and was Secretary of State and Lord High Treasurer to her successor, the first James.

It is interesting to pause here and note that William Cecil, first Earl of Burleigh, lived contemporaneously with Shakspeare and Spenser, and must have known more or less intimately Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and Francis Bacon. His descendant, the present marquis, as adviser to the second of England's great queens, pursued his path in public life side by side with Palmerston, Derby, Russell, and Benjamin Disraeli, and won his way against the foremost Englishman of our time, Gladstone. The names that illumine our yesterday—Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Bright, Cobden, Wellington, Peel—were all living forces in his day. And where Elizabeth had been a prisoner, Victoria was his guest at Hatfield, when she was a young wife, and again when she celebrated her first Jubilee.

The present marquis was born at Hatfield, February 3, 1830, and was called Lord Robert Cecil as the second son of that marquis who was Lord Privy Seal in Derby's first term as Premier, and, later, was Lord President of the Council under Lord Derby. The young Lord Robert got his earliest schooling at Eton, and between his seventeenth and nineteenth years was a student at Christ Church College, Oxford. Thence onward, in 1849, '50, '51, and '52, he led a life as strange for a prospective Premier of England as it must have been advantageous to him as a man, as a leader of men, and as the executive of an empire embracing many crude civilizations. He first made the grand tour of Europe, and then went to New Zealand. As a younger son of a somewhat penurious father, his way was left for him to make, and we know that he lived for a short time the life of the cattlemen in New Zea-

land. Were he anything other than an Englishman, and had he not risen to the post of Premier of England, we should know much about the part he played there, whether as cow-boy, cook at the cattle-station, superintendent, clerk, or what not; but such is the English attitude toward one of his birth, his always exemplary conduct, and his final towering success, that the national respect for individual privacy becomes exaggerated in such a case to almost absolute silence.

From New Zealand Lord Robert went on to Australia, swept thither in the rush to the gold-fields. Here he was a miner, working a claim and living in the rudest sort of shack. Australians are met who have known his fellow-miners, and have heard that England's future Premier was there called "Long Bob Cecil." Those who mistakenly fancy that it is discreditable to a penniless youth to have carved his early way amid rough surroundings and with rough companions have sought to correct his true biography with the statement that he went to Bendigo, where his hut was long exhibited to the curious, upon a military expedition to quell a rebellion of the miners; but the years of his wanderings and the time of the rebellion do not coincide.

Lord Robert Cecil returned to England in 1853, and was elected to Parliament from Stamford, whose electors retained him as their member from his twenty-third to his thirty-eighth year (1868). The administration when he entered Parliament was that of Lord Aberdeen, who led a composite ministry, reflecting those troubled political conditions which grew out of the struggle toward free-trade principles, and which left the Tories in opposition and greatly weakened. Lord Robert, newly elected a fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, made his bow to the nation in a protest against a proposed measure for reforming the great university. This effort attracted much attention even from the leading statesmen, and from that day onward, although he bore a modest part in the Commons during the first years of his membership, he was seen to be ever ready and active in debate and noted for his ultra-aristocratic views and extreme Tory principles. Already he began to evince an interest in scientific discoveries and pursuits and to show marked scholarly and literary leanings. There was at that time in the metropolis hardly a single more aristocratic figure. He was very tall and slenderly and gracefully formed. His hair was jet-black, very thick, and earning the vague description of "beau-

tiful." His face was that of an intensely reflective man, sober, even grave, and very haughty. In his tastes, companions, habits, and demeanor he is declared to have been an aristocrat of the aristocrats. It was in an almost sadly toned voice that he uttered those ironical and belittling epigrams and phrases in which the irony was tempered by good-natured unconcern, and the contempt was dulled by a suggestion that the speaker was proof against anything deeper than superficial concern over the trifles men of opposite views magnified into troubles or grave national dangers.

During his career in the Commons he fell in love with Georgina Alderson, the eldest daughter of the judge and baron of that name. She was neither rich nor a great beauty, yet she was a maiden of fine appearance, comely, witty, and accustomed to the elevating and informing society of the leading men on the bench, at the bar, and in literature. The young lord, whose father appears to have been an ungracious parent, severe in the exercise of his authority, and close in the sharing of his means with this son at least, opposed this love-match. But Lord Robert, either through infatuation, whim, or wilfulness, persisted in the courtship, and at twenty-seven years of age married the lady of his choice. This marriage led to another extraordinary phase of the budding Premier's career. When thrown upon his own resources as a youth he had traveled far and sought his fortune in rough fields; now refused assistance by the father who insisted that he should have married an heiress, he set himself up in modest chambers near the newspaper offices, and worked as a journalist. He chose the fields of an essayist and a leader-writer, and contributed to the then brilliant "Saturday Review," the "Quarterly," and the "Morning Chronicle," as well as, to a considerable extent, to the editorial page of the "Times." From his marriage in 1857 until the death of his elder brother, when he became Lord Cranborne, he made his living as a writer for the press.

Here I may pause to tell a trifling anecdote, which is well vouched for, and is of more value for the insight it gives into the mental attitude of his countrymen toward a man who ends so varied a career with supreme success than for its importance as an incident in the noble marquis's life. Not longer ago than the Diamond Jubilee, near the close of the great Victoria's death, a journalist of world-wide note was commissioned to seek an interview with the Pre-

mier. He was promptly ushered into the great man's presence, and conducted his business without by word, hint, or tone suggesting that he remembered having worked upon the same newspaper staff with the Premier when he was Lord Robert Cecil. At the close of the interview the Premier called him by his surname, as in the old days, without the prefix "mister."

"Cowper," said he (I substitute a false name for the true one), "I never paid that bet of sixpence which I lost to you one day in the — office. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, your Lordship."

"Let me pay it now," said the marquis, and handed over the small coin. "I have often thought of it."

To the American reader it will seem almost past belief that the journalist should have been ready, as he certainly was, to leave the Premier's presence without at least some exchange of reminiscences of the days when both were members of the same staff of the same newspaper. To the English reader there will appear nothing in this little anecdote, for even the common politeness of the journalist in waiting for the Premier to broach the subject or not, as he willed, will be considered an essential feature of the respect due to the greater man. The English reader, on the other hand, will marvel at such democracy and unchanging fellowship as was shown by our literary President, the other day, to the newspaper reporters who were ending their out-of-door vigil near the school in which our chief magistrate's son had lain dangerously ill. "Well, boys," said the President, "Ted is better, and I think he is out of the woods."

To return to Lord Robert's career in the House of Commons, which ended in 1868 with his becoming the heir to the marquise, the histories now compiled do not award him unmixed praise either as orator or politician. He is said to have cut an awkward figure when addressing his fellow-members. He gesticulated ungracefully, even clumsily, and his voice was harsh and inflexible. As a politician he was not to be depended upon by his own party, and so biting and severe were his retorts in debate and his characterizations of the men and principles which he opposed, so seemingly needless and uncalled for were his sarcastic utterances, that many members heartily disliked and many others feared him. His great gifts, other than the intellectual equipment which rendered him instantly ready and resourceful in debate, did not make themselves apparent at this

time, unless they were recognized in the very narrow circle of his intimates. Intense conservatism, a haughty, unwavering devotion to caste, and a firm faith in the virtues and established rights of the nobility and the Church—these principles never lost his support or found him wavering; but he did not hesitate to differ with his party at times, and even (by his pen, at least) to warn that party against its leader, when that leader was Disraeli.

It was in 1865 that he became Lord Cranborne and heir to the great estates and wealth of the head of the Cecils, and in 1866, apparently as a reward for his vigorous and masterly opposition to the Reform Bill of the previous year, he was invited to become a member of the new Tory government (Lord Derby's) as Secretary of State for India. In the very next year he retired from the government, because he found it impossible to follow his party in its surrender to the tendencies it had been opposing by presenting a bill to extend widely the suffrage. Thus he confirmed the belief of those critics who declared him unreliable, but remained true to his only slightly masked hostility to Disraeli and to that exalted faith in the aristocracy which, from first to last, caused him to oppose the strongest of the democratic tendencies of the time and left him unable or disinclined to enter into an enlightened sympathy with the masses.

Great events followed closely in this period of his life. In 1865 a member of the Commons, in 1866 a member of the government, in 1867 back in his seat as plain member for Stamford, in 1868, by the death of his father, he became Marquis of Salisbury, and in May of that year he took his seat in the House of Lords at the age of thirty-eight. Upon his resignation of the Secretaryship for India, and doubtless because of the masterly ability he displayed as a manager and financier while in office, he undertook the duties of chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, performing them with distinguished success during three years.

He found almost no chance, or leave either, to continue in the calm and staid upper house the style of speaking which had most distinguished him when he was laying the foundations of his public career. Though it was in that chamber that he was called "a master of flouts and gibes and jeers," he had both mellowed a great deal and, to a greater extent, had learned to control himself. At the worst, he had never been cruel or intense, and though his retorts and com-

ments in debate had stung many men and had moved even more men to dislike him, they were regarded and intended by him but as the sparks which fly from iron on an anvil and serve rather to point out their source and occasion than to do damage of themselves. On the other hand, he did bring to the House of Lords more of importance and interest to the country than it was enjoying when he first lent to it his youthful energy, the fresh result of his study of public affairs, his resourcefulness, wit, and brilliancy as a speaker, and his extraordinary mental gifts and information. Only while Lord Beaconsfield shone there was the Marquis of Salisbury anything less than the central and dominant figure in the chamber. Before the country Mr. Gladstone was first, and in the House of Lords Beaconsfield was the most observed and masterful figure; but when the Premier departed, Lord Salisbury at once rose to his former position as the master figure with the master mind, and throughout the remainder of a term which measured virtually half his lifetime he not only kept that place, but added to it the luster, dignity, and strength which slowly and steadily enriched him, increased the respect in which he was held by all the people, and the trust which was lavished upon him by all who were of his political faith. Although Lord Beaconsfield outshone him for a brief space of time, the marquis did not hesitate to differ with him or fear to oppose him in debate.

When Mr. Disraeli became Prime Minister in 1874 he invited the marquis to accept the post of Secretary of State for India for the second time. A time of trial this proved, because of the condition of affairs which disturbed the government of the great dependency. When he had held this office two years Lord Salisbury was chosen as the British representative at the conference of the powers in Constantinople in 1876, when the Bulgarian atrocities had aroused the indignation of Christendom, and the powers vainly conferred for the purpose of exacting of Turkey such concessions to her Christian subjects, and such other reforms, as might prevent the impending war against the Sultan by the Czar.

A proof of the minor phases of his skill is supplied by the recollection of Charles K. Tuckerman, the American minister to Greece, who was at this Constantinople conference. He says of Lord Salisbury:

From the moment of his Lordship's arrival until the breaking up of the conference, he lost no

opportunity for showing the Turk that a perfect *entente cordiale* existed between himself and the Russian ambassador. They were seen almost daily together, *bras dessus et bras dessous*, walking, talking, and driving like political allies and bosom friends. Brutus and Cassius, Damon and Pythias, and other examples of devoted friendship, were nothing to the fraternal embraces of England and Russia on this occasion. The two keen-witted ambassadors perfectly understood each other, and probably nudged each other's elbows as they observed the success of their policy upon the Turks. The ministers of the Sublime Porte were nonplussed and disgusted, for they had built their hopes of the designs of the conference being frustrated on the political antagonisms and jealousy between England and Russia. Lord Salisbury's policy in this respect was above all praise, and the result was that it promoted harmony in the councils of the commissioners, favored unity of action, and left the Ottoman government solely responsible for the failure of the conference.

Lord Salisbury seems to have anticipated the hopelessness of the attempt to bring the Turks to reason and avert the threatened war between Russia and Turkey. At an evening reception given by Lady Salisbury, I remarked, in conversation with the marquis on the character of the Turks, that their motto seemed to be, "*Après nous, le déluge*." Always ready with a pointed epigram, he replied: "If they are not precious careful, it will be, this time, *le déluge* before *après nous*." And it was.

The dreaded war was declared, and Lord Derby resigned the post of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to be at once succeeded by Lord Salisbury, who thus at forty-eight years of age (in 1878), while in his most vigorous manhood, began the study and conduct of those matters beyond the domestic concerns of England which are believed to have interested him more than any other public duties he ever undertook.

The Berlin Congress (June, 1878), five months after the close of the Russo-Turkish War, had its inception in Lord Salisbury's noted despatch to the powers, and to that congress he was sent in company with Lord Beaconsfield. One result of the congress was the autonomous character and Christian government which are possessed by Bulgaria to-day. The two English members of the congress were received at home with a hearty welcome and the plaudits of the nation, but in 1879 Mr. Gladstone put to the test his demand for an ending of the so-called "vigorous foreign policy" of Britain and for the recognition of the rights of other nations. He did this in his celebrated Midlothian campaign—a contest marked by vigorous, aggressive daily speeches of such intellectual force that what Beaconsfield, at

another time, characterized as "exuberant verbosity" proved invincible eloquence, and swept Gladstone in and Beaconsfield and Salisbury out by a Liberal majority of one hundred and fourteen votes.

When Lord Salisbury again took office, five years later (1885), it was as Premier of Great Britain. The increasingly powerful Home-rulers of that day combined with the Conservatives, and the Gladstone government resigned. Lord Salisbury resumed his work as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in combination with his Premiership; but his government was not solidly founded, and in the next year Gladstone led the Liberals back to power. He now embraced in his program a scheme for home rule in Ireland, and being defeated, gave the Conservatives, or Unionists, another lease of power, with Lord Salisbury as Premier for the second time, and for a term of six years, or until 1892. In the second year of his administration he again took to himself the management of foreign affairs, and that secretaryship he retained during the remainder of that period.

Again, when he came to the command for the third time, in 1895, he filled the dual post of Premier and Foreign Secretary, only resigning the subordinate place after Queen Victoria's death, when he conferred it upon Lord Lansdowne, a statesman whom he both admired and trusted, though at the time the appointment was made the country was far from unanimous in its approval of the step, the recollection of the mishaps, mistakes, and unpreparedness of the War Department under Lord Lansdowne in the early stages of the war in South Africa being then fresh and bitter in the public memory.

We turn now to glance at the public life and personal characteristics of this statesman who three times held the chief place under the crown, and four times guided the British ship of state through the generally troubled or threatening waters of her foreign relations. I will not attempt to pass my own unimportant judgment upon his policy and methods, as any Englishman would have a right to do. Nor will I more than describe his manner and appearance on the single occasion when I met and spoke with him. I remember first of all his great and bulky figure, which, without in the least impairing my high respect for him, awoke in me the almost humorous suggestion that he was the personification of his fellow-Englishmen of a somewhat earlier date—an individual John Bull embodying the physical characteristics

of the typical esquires of the time of his birth and perhaps a century back of that day. He is not only very tall and heavy, but his greatest bulk, as I saw him, was across his shoulders and from his chest to his back. It may be that the well-named Burleigh, who served Elizabeth so faithfully and won her unbroken respect and trust, was another such man in appearance—and why not in the bases of his intellectual make-up as well?

In private talk he was good-natured, kindly, and graceful. He made an address on that occasion, and I recall his manner as that of a person aware of the possession of important knowledge, and aware, too, of the keen interest that was felt in what he had to say. This consciousness was not shown as a popular politician might easily have declared it, with any degree either of vanity or of cock-sure confidence, but with exceeding modesty, as if he were a savant explaining a discovery in public—precisely, indeed, as I afterward heard Signor Marconi explain his success in sending a message across the Atlantic. Lord Salisbury arose, inclined his body above the waist forward, without altering the firm upright position of his legs, and spoke in a simple, straightforward manner, without a helpful gesture or a noticeable modulation of his voice. His language was clear; his painstaking to make himself understood and heard by all was very apparent. Neither artifice nor ornament was in either the manner or the matter of his address.

He kept apart from his hearers, as it is said he always does, for he has no magnetic or sympathetic quality in his voice or personality. And he lacked geniality, precisely as all who have described his speaking have declared. But on the occasion when I heard him there was none of that sarcasm, contempt, or plainly apparent sense of superiority to the limitations which bind most other speakers or take account of the prejudices and preferences of the majority. It was this spirit which led him not very long ago to declare in the House of Lords that the English are not an artistic people, and to add that the one man who sought to have them otherwise (the late Prince Consort) was a foreigner, had not succeeded to any large extent, and had passed away.

He possesses sincerity, but it is always manifested without enthusiasm. He has eloquence of a highly polished kind, but it is better calculated to please the educated than the plain people. Only in one campaign

—against the Gladstone Home Rule Bill—did he “swing round the circle” with stump speeches to the people, and then it became very evident that, if he cared to get in touch with the masses, he did not succeed in doing so, but stood apart and addressed the higher intelligence of the few rather than the hearts or the prejudices of the many. He used no notes, but spoke with slight preparation and from deep conviction. The frequency of brilliant and perfectly worded similes, characterizations, and what Disraeli called “jeers and taunts” in his addresses, suggested careful preparation and a marvelous memory. That last he must have had, for in debate in the House of Lords he never took written notes of the points he meant to answer or the answers he meant to make, yet he rose in his turn fully armed with reply. He leaned heavily upon one hand in speaking, and spoke without halts or breaks to the end of what he had to say.

Like every foremost figure in a nation, the English view Lord Salisbury's conduct of affairs as either wise or mischievous, according as they are Liberals, Radicals, Anti-imperialists, or Unionists. There are those who argue that his desire for peace, or the intense aversion to war of the royal mistress he served so often and so long, was indulged to such an unwise extreme as to make his “graceful concessions” take the form of distinct and great losses to England both in prestige and in territory. His failure to interfere when the Boers were arming for a war that could not have been directed elsewhere than against England, his mild course in China when the other leading powers wrested territory and commercial concessions from that country, his generous course toward France in Madagascar, West Africa, and Siam—these are all cited as instances when the same temper (which no one criticizes for its patience at the time of the Kaiser's telegram to the Transvaal) failed in producing the greatest gains possible to England, though at the risk of war. The patience and good humor of the Premier at the time of President Cleveland's Venezuela message in 1895 is by some recalled to mind as another instance of the masterly handling of a nation's affairs in a moment fraught with danger of war. But without in the least detracting from Lord Salisbury's credit for avoiding war wherever such a course was possible, I am able to testify that England would not have supported a government which pursued any

other course in that juncture. The air broke out with American flags,—just as it did again when President McKinley died,—the music-halls (to which it is said that Mr. Gladstone sometimes went in order to judge of the temper of the masses upon momentous public questions) resounded with ballads and cheering on behalf of peace and good will toward America. It was a very little later, when the Kaiser sent his impulsive message to the Transvaal, that the populace felt its fighting blood deeply stirred, and that Lord Salisbury won deserved credit by his calming, pacifying treatment of the situation.

The irony and sarcasm in the noble marquis's speeches seemed not to be the reflex of a nature at all unkindly. He is declared to think the best of all men and to trust them all—a strange quality in a practised diplomat. An anecdote which may not be true, but which perfectly illustrates his view of his fellow-men, is one that was told of him when Disraeli died. “I could have liked Beaconsfield very much,” he said—“until I remembered his waistcoats.”

Lord Randolph Churchill seemed, as the saying is, to get upon Lord Salisbury's nerves. He was fond of the brilliant politician personally, but as a public man he believed Lord Randolph to be mistaken and dangerous. While the one was leader of the party and the other was leader in the Commons their relations became strained, because they viewed the duties of each other from contradictory standpoints. Lord Salisbury was at the head of the Foreign Office, and cared more for that field of his work than for anything else. Lord Randolph believed it to be his right, and a necessity, to be kept informed of all that his chief knew of foreign affairs, in order to fill confidently his own trying place in the House of Commons. This annoyed and irritated Lord Salisbury, and when, in December, 1881, Lord Randolph and Lord George Hamilton differed and Lord Randolph wrote to Salisbury a letter which contained a suggestion of the impossibility of his enduring that of which he complained, Lord Salisbury replied accepting Lord Randolph's resignation. It is said that Churchill had not meant to resign, but he was unable to extricate himself from the position into which the marquis thus forced him. This was the Premier's way of ridding himself of annoyance and of ending what others fancied was a struggle for supreme control between the elder and the younger man.

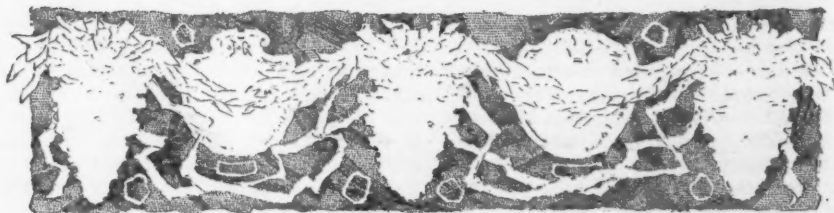
Much work that was of great importance

has fallen to his hand while he has been in command. By agreements with Portugal, France, and Germany he determined the possessions and boundaries of the various European holdings in Africa, and if he did not restore and preserve England's former relations with Turkey, he did so control her place in Egypt as to put England's supremacy there beyond future question. He is a strict and sincere churchman, and has championed the ancient rights and dogmas of the Church on all occasions, opposing disestablishment, legislative interference with the ritual, and many other movements against which churchmen were united. He thought and fought with his party on the extreme demands of the Irish. He disbelieved in universal suffrage, except in a form modified by what he considered proper precautions for the protection of property. He was not opposed to a reforming of the House of Lords in ways which would make it more representative of the people. But in domestic legislation he has allowed others to play a more important public part than he undertook, and in time the nation has come to believe that he found his tastes far better suited by the management of Britain's foreign policy, in the conduct of which he could largely keep his own counsel and keep out the interfering tendency of the democratic age, with which he had none too much of sympathy. That he has worked as a public servant at all was because he felt that what he did was done for England rather than for the people he so slightly understood.

He has given the best of himself to England and given it willingly. His recreations have been found in books and scientific pursuits. He has been an omnivorous reader of all that is best in the old and the new litera-

ture of the times, and there has seemed to those who both shared his tastes and enjoyed his society nothing of note or moment that he has not read. One of these gentlemen told me that one day he succeeded in securing a first copy of an important French philosophical work, and hurried to Hatfield to air his acquaintance with it. He broached the subject to the Premier, who at once replied, "Yes, I read that work in advance proofs sent me by the author," and proceeded to discuss it intimately.

Still pleasanter to him are the hours he spends in his laboratory, which is said to be unsurpassed in completeness and modernness by any private laboratory in England. From his youth he has had a bent for this work, and in physics especially he has attained such knowledge as to be sought, for counsel and discussion, by some of the greatest minds in that field. It is even said of him that if he had not been a great statesman he would have made a greater scientist. The reason that he has written and spoken very little upon scientific subjects is that, owing to his modesty and because of his association with many brilliant lights in science, he perhaps too fully realizes that other men have a better right than he to discuss in public those matters in which he feels himself to be only a student. He has turned his work and knowledge to practical account at Hatfield, where the manor-house, outbuildings, and grounds are illuminated by electricity generated by the water-power provided by the river Lea, which runs through the estate. This power performs other useful work as well. The devices by which it serves these purposes are of the most modern and perfect character, and were planned by the marquis.



THE VOLCANO SYSTEMS OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

SEVERAL GROUPS OF ACTIVE VOLCANOES.

BY ROBERT T. HILL,

Of the United States Geological Survey;

Author of "Cuba and Porto Rico, with the Other Islands of the West Indies."



TROPICAL America is a geological mystery. Hinged in between the North and South American continents, the contours of its land and water areas are always inviting scientific inquiry and never satisfying it. The North American Cordilleras end in the latitude of the city of Mexico; while the South American Cordilleras terminate at the Caribbean Sea half a thousand miles to the eastward. Between them is the "American Mediterranean," as the combined waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea are termed, girt by mysterious lands.

HUMBOLDT'S THEORY SUPPLANTED.

ACCORDING to the Humboldtian geography, the two American continents are virtually dominated by a continuous Cordilleran system, running like a backbone through South, Central, and North America, and binding the whole western border of the hemisphere in one great mountain system.

Humboldt's theory has long been unacceptable. The Andean Cordilleran trend, which dominates the western coast of South America, after crossing to the north of the equator trifurcates, bends slightly eastward, and abruptly terminates in northern Colombia.

Many geographers, especially Felix and Lenk, have shown that the main Cordilleran system of Mexico, which is the southern continuation of the Rocky Mountain region of the United States, abruptly terminates with the great scarp, or *Alfall*, of the so-called plateau a little south of the city of Mexico, and that these mountains have, as to their origin, no features in common with those of the Central American region lying to the south thereof.

Between the widely separated termini of the main North and South American Cordilleras, as above defined, and extending directly across their trend at right angles to

them, lies another great system of folding, to which the term Antillean may be applied. By means of this the Caribbean Sea is almost entirely surrounded on all sides except the east by mountains trending east and west and by submarine ridges of the Antillean type. The Windward Islands, marking the eastern border of the sea, are largely old volcanic heaps.

REGIONS OF PRESENT VOLCANIC ACTIVITY.

THE active volcanic groups of the Western Hemisphere occur in five widely separated regions:

1. The Andean group of volcanoes of the equatorial region of western South America.

2. The chain of some twenty-five great cinder-cones which stretch east and west across the south end of the Mexican plateau.

3. The Central American group, with its thirty-one active craters, extending diagonally across the western ends of the east-and-west folds of the Caribbean corrugations, fringing the Pacific side of Guatemala, San Salvador, and Costa Rica. This is separated from the Mexican group on the north by a large non-volcanic area, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and on the south from the Andean volcanoes by the Isthmus of Panama, where no active volcanoes are found.

4. The chain of volcanoes of the Windward Islands, marking the eastern gate of the Caribbean Sea, standing in a line directly across the eastern termini of the Caribbean Mountains, trending east and west, and parallel to the Central American group similarly situated at their western termini.

5. The volcanoes of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

REGIONS OF EXTINCT VOLCANOES.

THE Isthmus of Panama, the Pacific coast of South America west of the Atrato, the north coast of South America, the old vol-

canic areas of northern Mexico and the United States, and the Great Antilles, are regions in which volcanic activity has long been quiescent.

THE GREAT ANDEAN GROUP OF VOLCANOES.

THE northern Andes present some of the most superb volcanic spectacles in the world. In the little republic of Ecuador, says Mr. W. E. Curtis, directly beneath the equator, rise twenty volcanoes ranging from 16,000 to 22,500 feet in height and presided over by the princely Chimborazo. Eighteen of the twenty are covered with perpetual snow, and eleven have never been reached by any creature except the far-flying condor. Those who have seen Vesuvius can judge of the grandeur of Cotopaxi if they will imagine a volcano 15,000 feet higher, shooting forth fiery vapors from a crest covered by 7000 feet of snow, with a roar that can be heard six hundred miles. We may be able to appreciate the grandeur of this group if we picture to ourselves twenty of the highest mountains in America, three of them active volcanoes, standing along the road from Washington to New York.

THE VOLCANOES OF COSTA RICA.

THE central volcanic plateau of Costa Rica presents a complete and sudden transition from scenery covered by luxuriant vegetation to an open, timberless mountain and basin topography. The transition is as if one had been suddenly taken from the isthmic lowlands and deposited into the great valleys of Mexico or those of our own Cordilleran region. As far as the eye can see, the superb summits of the Costa Rican volcanoes form a background, Poas (altitude 8692 feet), Barba (9309 feet), Irazu (11,350 feet), and Turialba (11,000 feet), while in the foreground, at an average altitude of 5000 feet above the sea, lie the great fertile upland basin valleys of Costa Rica. The landscape changes in color from the deep green of the coastal vegetation to the grays and browns of the higher mountain scenery of western America.

The mountains of Costa Rica, as a whole, have not the aspect of symmetrical cinder-cones, but collectively they constitute a long series of high, serrated masses with slopes deeply scored by erosion, very much resembling our own Rocky Mountains. These masses are surmounted here and there by true cinder-cones, which in themselves form but a small proportion of the entire mass.

The crater of Irazu consists of a vast cin-

der-cone nearly a mile in diameter, the highest rim of which, according to Petier, is 11,350 feet above the sea. Within this older crater are numerous later craterlets. The entire crater occupies but a relatively small portion of the great mountain mass which it caps, and is apparently a later parasitic summit growth upon a much older mass. According to the records of the eruptions of Irazu, the principal material ejected in historic time has been hot water. The ejecta constituting the crater, however, consist principally of scoriaceous cinder, accompanied by occasional boulders of black basic rock; and were it not for these historic statements, one could believe from recent appearances that the matter had been erupted within the last ten years. Of the great mass of material composing the present crater there are only two occurrences of coherent lavas, and these constitute beds only a few feet in thickness, and were probably ejected at widely differing intervals. One occurs in the southern part of the oldest rim; the other is a stratum, exposed by erosion, interbedded in the ash of one of the secondary craterlets.

THE CARIBBEE CHAIN OF VOLCANOES.

STRETCHING like the piers of a bridge across the entrance to the Caribbean Sea, from the Anegada Channel of Porto Rico to Trinidad, off Venezuela, is a double chain of beautiful lands which may be called the Caribbee Islands. They rise from a narrow submarine bank, like the Greater Antilles, but have a north-and-south trend, directly at right angles to that of the latter, each chain probably representing the survival of what were great islands in former geologic times. The volcanic Caribs are now only half exposed to the eye of the observer, for the greater base of their perimetric frames is hidden by the water for 5000 feet in depth. Who can estimate the millions of years which they have been growing by a series of sudden explosions at long intervals apart? They include twenty-one islands besides the Grenadines. The latter comprise several hundred distinct islets, often merely heads of rocks rising above the sea, and extending sixty miles in the general axis of the chain between St. Vincent and Grenada. Barbados, about one hundred miles east of the circle, and Aves or Bird Island, about two hundred miles west, are included by some writers in the Caribbean chain. This chain in the northern half of its extent consists of a double row of islands. The inner circle,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

AREQUIPA (10,250 FEET) AS SEEN FROM THE PLAZA OF AREQUIPA, CHILE.

which more completely spans the distance between the Great Antilles and South America, is the main chain, and the outer circle is made up of secondary and dependent features.

The islands of the main chain, including Saba, St. Eustatius, St. Kitts, Nevis, Montserrat, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenadines, Grenada, are volcanic heaps of weird insular forms, rising precipitously above the sea, attaining a height of 4428 feet in Martinique, clad to the very top by vegetation, and usually clouded in mist. They are composed entirely of old volcanic material, and from the richness of their vegetation and the blackness of their rock present a dark and restful landscape even under the tropical sun.

The outer circle of islands, including Sombrero, Anguilla, St. Martin, St. Bartholomew, Barbuda, Antigua, Désirade, and Maria Galante, with the exception of Antigua, which is partly volcanic, are islets of white limestone and coral-reef rock, rising nowhere over 200 feet above the sea, and resembling in color the Bahamas. They rise from a submerged slope extending oceanward from the inner chain.

The whole group of the West Indian Islands records pre-historical convulsions compared with which the present

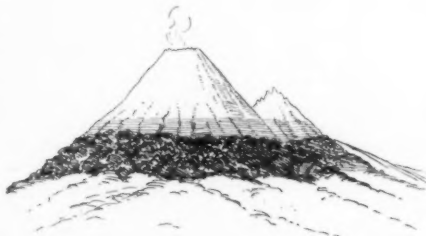
outbreak is only a gentle shake-up. Everywhere there are sunken volcanoes and ridges and little headlands projecting above the water which indicate former cataclysms. All the Grenadines, for instance, in the Windward chain, are undoubtedly the remnants of an island larger than any which now survives in that chain.

ERUPTIVE WARNINGS FROM ST. VINCENT.

ST. VINCENT is the only island of the group which in historic time had been known to suffer from volcanic explosions. The present eruption of its *soufrière*, or sulphur-crater, near the northern end of the island, is the third which has taken place in historic times. It is a single island, with no outlying rocks or islets.

The island culminates in the vast crater of Morne Garon, which was the scene of a tremendous eruption in 1812, when the earthquakes which for two years had terrified the West Indian region and the South American coast culminated in an explosion

which was a most devastating and far-reaching cataclysm, being rivaled within recent years only by the explosion of Krakatua, in the Strait of Sunda. In Carácas ten thousand people were buried in a single moment, and ruin was wrought along the entire line of the Andes by earth-



COTOPAXI, ECUADOR (19,613 FEET), AS SEEN FROM A DISTANCE OF NINETY MILES.



MAP OF LIVE VOLCANOES AND LAVA-FIELDS (OMITTING THOSE IN THE MAJOR PART OF SOUTH AMERICA AND ALASKA).

quakes accompanying the event. The soufrière of St. Vincent vomited vast clouds of dust, which darkened the sun for an entire day and spread over a hundred miles of sea and land. This eruption changed the configuration of the island and destroyed its eastern end. The crater formed at that time was half a mile in diameter and 500 feet deep, and was a beautiful lake walled in by ragged cliffs to a height of 800 feet.

MONT PELÉE THE ONLY LIVE VOLCANO IN MARTINIQUE.

THE island of Martinique consists of three volcanic piles or groups of piles, from the summits of which radiate deep gorges and

knife-edges. Of these three features, known as Mont Pelée, Carbet, and the Caraïbe, respectively, the latter two were oldest in age and have never in the memory of man exhibited the least sign of activity.

Mont Pelée, at the northern end of the island, was, before the present eruption, a great cone standing about 10,000 feet above its base, and about half submerged beneath the waters of the ocean. The portion which stood above the water-level was about eight miles in diameter and was surrounded on three sides by water. To the southeast the old ejecta from this cone had coalesced with those from Carbet, making a neck of land which united them. Thus it will be seen



PROFILE OF MONT PELÉE, MARTINIQUE, ABOVE AND BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE SEA, BEFORE THE RECENT CONVULSION.

that, notwithstanding the apparent topographic complexity of Martinique, Pelée may be considered separately as a typical single volcanic cone.

Many of the reports from Martinique mention flows of lava. My observation upon the rocks of these islands shows that they are

most superb cone of all the Caribbean group is that which constitutes the islands of Nevis, rising above the sea 3596 feet.

FIRES THAT MAY BLAZE IN DOMINICA.

DOMINICA is nearly as large in area as Martinique. Mount Diablotin, its culminating-



THE VOLCANO OF THE ISLAND OF ST. EUSTATIUS.

mostly trachytic cinder-eruptions. This material has for the greater part been ejected as cinder, but there is no reason why it should not flow, in which case the lava would run with far greater rapidity than the basaltic lavas of the Vesuvius and Mauna Loa types, which run very slowly, like viscous molasses.

Grenada, the most lovely of the islands, culminates in a peak 2749 feet in height, upon the summit of which are two beautiful crater-lakes. No known eruptions have ever been reported from this island, although earthquakes have been felt. The islands north of Guadeloupe—Montserrat, Barbuda, Nevis, St. Kitts, and Saba—are apparently more completely extinct than the others. The single peak at Saba terminates in a cone 2820 feet high, while the inhabitants of the island live in a secondary crater some 500 feet above the sea. St. Eustatius has a most conspicuous crater called the Punch Bowl. St. Kitts, too, has a crater about 1000 feet deep in the center, Mount Misery, which dominates the island. Hundreds of fissures on the flanks of the mountain still continue to emit sulphurous gases. Brimstone Hill, one of the parasitic cones, 789 feet high, is capped by a picturesque fortification. The

point, is 4747 feet in height, and has an old crater on its slope about half-way to its summit. Until 1880 this was known as the Boiling Lake, and was heated by many hot springs boiling up from its bottom, which every five minutes broke into foaming geyser columns. In the year mentioned, however, there was a slight tremor followed by land-slips, and new craters were opened in the hill below, when the waters disappeared from the lake. These fissures still emit volcanic

gases and are constantly shifting their position, while the rivulets flowing from them are swollen along their courses by springs of sulphurous water rising from the crevasses. These facts show that Dominica

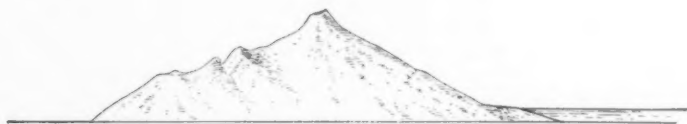
may some day suddenly alarm the world as has Mont Pelée.

ST. LUCIA.

ST. LUCIA has one of the largest and most threatening volcanoes of the whole group, known as Little Soufrière, some 3145 feet above the sea. It has a deep crater lined with deposits of sulphur, the fumes of which constantly rise from the eruptive matter in its depths. Many hot springs are found throughout the island.



THE ISLAND OF SABA AS SEEN FROM THE ISLAND OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.



THE ISLAND OF SABA FROM ST. EUSTATIUS.

THREATENING SIGNS IN GUADELOUPE.

GUADELOUPE has more distinguishable volcanic vents than any other of the islands. Grosse Montagne, 2370 feet high, is in the northwest; the Deux Mamelles, 2540 feet, is to the south of this; while La Soufrière, still farther south, is 4900 feet high. At the southern end of the island are two other old

the last two or three years, accompanied by quaking, these have changed their localities. This mountain of Guadeloupe has recently given much more external evidence of danger than either St. Vincent or Martinique.

GREAT HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS.

THE most wonderful features of the Caribbean region are concealed beneath the waters.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

IZALCO (5386 FEET), SAN SALVADOR.

volcanoes, the Caraibe and Houlemont. On the slopes of these mountains igneous energy is still active at one or two points, such as Bouillante, at the foot of the Mamelles, while little craters in the sand emit hot vapors, and even in the east gas-bubbles rise along the shore. At intervals, when the clouds pass away, La Soufrière may be seen "smoking" from all points of the island. There are several soufrières or steam-jets which make this so-called smoke, and within

Here may be found the greatest extremes of height and depth in the known world. From the top of the Sierra Maestra, on the south coast of Cuba, nearly 8000 feet above the sea, there is a dip of nearly 19,000 feet to the base of that mountain, which is submerged some 10,000 feet below the water. Brownson Deep, just north of Porto Rico, is over 27,000 feet in depth. The Sierra de Santa Marta, a volcano on the north coast of Colombia, is over 18,000 feet in height. These

great extremes exist within less than six hundred miles of each other, the difference in levels being eight and a half miles.

AMONG THE PEAKS OF MEXICO.

SPANISH America, from the city of Mexico to Cape Horn, furnishes many records of volcanic disasters, and in those countries the priests annually sprinkle the mountains with holy water to keep quiet the demons of fire they are supposed to contain. Seven years ago there was an epidemic of volcanic outbreaks. Vesuvius and Etna, Mauna Loa in the Hawaiian Islands, and Gunong on Great Sangir Island, burst into eruptivity. Simultaneously on our own continent Colima, the great volcanic mountain of western Mexico, 12,750 feet above the sea, showed terrible activity.

For over a year earthquakes — often reaching as far north as San Francisco — have been giving warning of the recent eruptions. Eight months ago they had become so violent that President Diaz ordered the people of the little city at the foot of Colima to abandon the place. Cerobuco (6100 feet), in the state of Jalisco, near the Pacific coast, was in violent eruption in 1870, and has emitted gases and vapors ever since. Its main crater is a pit over 1000 feet in depth.

Within sight of Colima stands the Nevada de Colima, 200 feet higher, its dome now covered with snow and supposedly extinct. Just eastward, in Michoacan, are two similar peaks, Patamban and Tancitaro, which are also quiescent. Still eastward we find another mountain, Jorullo, which is known as the volcano of six cones, and which still growls and fumes. To the north, near the capital, Morelia, are other volcanoes.

The greatest caldron in the world is the volcano of San Andreas, east of Morelia, which is a crater-lake filled with boiling water. Seven majestic craters form the great amphitheater known as the Valle de Santiago, in which is situated the city of Toluca. The "Naked Lord" is the popular name for the Nevada de Toluca, a great snow-clad summit of 16,610 feet. The city of Mexico is surrounded by a perimeter of volcanic

peaks. Old streams of lava reach to the very gates of the city from the Cerro de Ajusco, on the south. To the southeast rise the twin volcanoes Iztaccihuatl (15,705 feet) and Popocatepetl (17,540 feet). Still to the eastward some fifty miles, and overlooking the Gulf of Mexico, is the monarch of the system, the great peak of Orizaba (17,830 feet), the loftiest peak on our continent.

VOLCANIC REGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

PROCEEDING northward from the southern border of the volcanic region of North America, the path of fire leads toward our own land. Off the Mexican coast are three desert islands, the Tres Marias, composed of ash and lava, of recent origin. The whole of the desert peninsula of southern California is a mass of ancient volcanic debris, with many craters still smoking. So late as April, 1892, the earthquake shocks of one of these bursting volcanoes shook the State of California. Professor



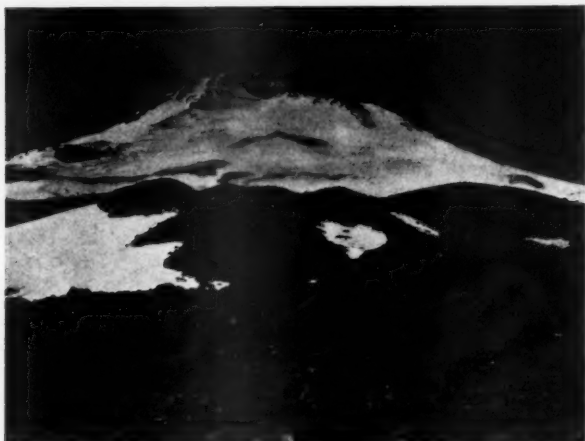
ORIZABA (17,830 FEET) AS SEEN FROM THE FOREST OF XALAPA, MEXICO.

Diller has published a most interesting paper on a late volcanic eruption in northern California, which Dr. Harkness of San Francisco believed to have been in eruption in 1840. Trunks of pine-trees still stand in the lava which encircled their bases, but Professor Diller thinks that the nearest approximation of the time that can be made is within the last two hundred years.

Near the mouth of the great Colorado of the West is the peak of Pincato, a mile high, which exhales deadly fumes of sulphur and has several cones surrounded by a field of lava.

The volcanic fields of the United States extend over California, Arizona, and New Mexico, and northward into Idaho, Oregon, and Washington. Even though these volcanoes have mostly expired, they are the most interesting of all the many queer features of the West, and there is no assurance that their concealed fires will not again break forth to illumine our country.

As in Mexico, these craters are all situated on the border of, or within, the Great Basin between the Sierra and the Rocky Mountain ranges, which form its circum-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CRATERS AND GLACIERS OF MOUNT SHASTA (14,350 FEET), CALIFORNIA.

ference, and the desert plains of which were only yesterday, in geologic time, covered with numerous lakes, such as the Great Salt Lake, and others as large as Superior, whose waters, with a few exceptions, have since disappeared.

Only one group of these craters lies east of the Rocky Mountain border of the Great Basin, and those are on the margin of the plains in northeastern New Mexico, near the Texas line. The most conspicuous is Mount Capulin, six miles south of Folsom Station. This is a beautiful cinder-cone (altitude 9000 feet) and rises nearly 2750 feet above the railroad. The vast crater at its top is about a mile in diameter, slightly broken down on its western side. From its summit many lava-flows can be traced. To the southward from six to twenty miles there are several similar craters, while to the northward there are many smaller ones, called *monticules* by the Mexicans. Around these craters there are numerous flows of vesicular, ropy lava. If the fires which so recently illumined its summit should burst forth again, they would be visible from Denver to Galveston; yet this superb volcanic mountain is so little known to Amer-

icans that it has not found a place upon our maps.

About two hundred miles south of the Capulin group, nestled at the head of the old lake valley which extends southward between the San Andreas and Guadalupe ranges, is another crater from which has flowed a vast lava-sheet which buried all other rocks. This crater belongs to a class found in other parts of New Mexico, which geologists say gave forth a thin liquid lava that spread with great rapidity over the adjacent country, instead of flowing slowly like thick molasses, as do the volcanoes now active. At what time

these eruptions took place no man can tell. Even the Mescalero Apaches have no trace of them in their traditions, although the Moquis say that other craters in New Mexico have been active since the Spaniards came.

West of the Rio Grande, on the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, there are similar cones. These craters may have been in activity since Columbus discovered America. They look as threatening as Vesuvius. On the great Zuñi plateau, north of them, stand Mount Taylor and dozens of other volcanic



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MATO TEPEE, WYOMING.

A volcanic plug or neck, the core of an old volcanic crater, the cinder-cone of which has been destroyed by erosion. Height 1100 feet above the river.

necks or pipes, old craters from around which all the cinders have been eroded, leaving only the lava which filled their craters. There are numerous other craters in New Mexico, and all the more recent ones stand near or on the beds of the recently

below and around this peak are dozens of craters and cinder-cones, the great size of which is lost in comparison with the central giant.

From San Francisco Peak to Mount Taylor, two hundred and thirty miles east, is



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PROFESSOR G. K. GILBERT.

A LAVA-PATH IN ARIZONA.

drained lakes. Perhaps the disappearance of the vast bodies of water was in some way connected with these volcanic outbursts. Ninety per cent. of the ejecta of all volcanoes consists of water in the shape of steam.

EXTINCT CRATERS IN THE MIDDLE WEST.

CONTINUING westward into Arizona, Utah, and Nevada, the vestiges of volcanic action increase. San Francisco Peak, in north-central Arizona (altitude 12,794 feet), is a vast overwhelming mass of lava. Upon the plain

one of the greatest lava-fields in the world, fully 20,000 square miles in extent. Over three hundred ancient volcano necks can be seen in this region and on the great plateaus to the north extending into southern Utah. In the old valley of Salt Lake, in southern Utah, stand Mount Fillmore and other craters which are of more recent date and which Mr. Gilbert says may yet break forth again. On to the northward, in Idaho, Oregon, and Montana, are other vast lava-fields, including many striking scenic features,



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

AN EXTINGUISHED CRATER IN ARIZONA.

among which are the lava-beds made memorable by the valiant campaign against Captain Jack and his Modoc band.

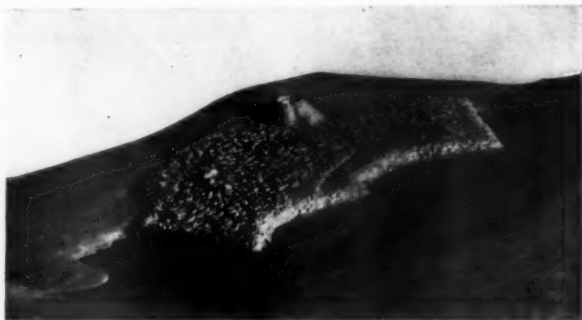
Crossing the deserts of Utah and Nevada to the eastern foot of the Sierra Nevada, we reach Mono Lake and its group of craters in southeastern California. These are a portion of a great north-and-south belt of volcanic openings that skirt the east front of the Sierra. On the south margin of this lake are twenty craters, the central cone of which rises 9480 feet above the sea and 2750 feet above the lake—a monument which, were it in the Eastern States, would outrival all other natural wonders, yet it is lost in the vast multiplicity of superb features in the West. On the other edge of the lake and projecting as islands above its waters are still more recent craters, accompanied by

hot springs and fumaroles which warn us that the volcanic forces are only slumbering beneath the surface.

The country around for miles is thickly strewn with ash and lapilli, and the indications are that a hundred years have not passed since these volcanoes have been in awful eruption. A peculiar kind of lava here is volcanic glass or obsidian, from which the Indians manufactured arrow-heads.

The volcanic features thus far described are diminutive, however, in comparison with those found in the northwestern corner of our republic.

THE GIANT
VOLCANOES
OF OREGON
AND WASH-
INGTON.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

MODEL OF THE SUPPOSEDLY LAST VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN CALIFORNIA, SHOWING A CINDER-CONE AND LAVA. (AFTER DILLER.)

THE great range of the Sierra Nevada terminates in the northern part of California, and thence to the northward the Cascade range continues to

the British possessions—a great chain of volcanic peaks and cones covered with snow and dense forests. The principal volcanic cones are Lassen Peak and Mount Shasta, in northern California; Mount Pitt, the Three Sisters, Mount Jefferson, and Mount Hood, in Oregon; and St. Helen's, Adams, Rainier, and Baker, in the State of Washington. The southernmost of these is Lassen Peak, which is the terminal peak of the Sierra. That it is still prepared for action is shown by the solfataras and hot springs, from whose crater sulphurous gases and steam are constantly emitted. Owing to these emanations, the pioneers have called this crater "Bummer's Hell." Here are numerous little volcanoes, which intermittently shoot forth showers of mud, accompanied by an ominous rumbling sound.

Who can describe the glories of Mount Shasta, rising 14,350 feet above the Pacific, clad with living glaciers? On the west summit is a beautiful crater nearly a mile in diameter and 1000 feet deep. Along its western slope are the remains of hundreds of smaller volcanoes stretching out into the plain.

Still to the north, in Oregon, near Mount Pitt, are the wonderful crater-lakes—ancient craters whose orifices are filled with water.

In the majestic region of the Columbia River the volcanic eruptions—massive sheets and cones—attain an enormous development. In the cañon of the river are precipitous cliffs 3700 feet high, 3000 feet of which are basalt—the once molten lava which flowed over the country.

Proceeding northward along the western Cordilleras, the volcanic phenomena become grander, until they culminate in Mount Rai-

nier, standing 14,526 feet above the adjacent water.

Mount Hood is the most graceful of the volcanic peaks, and rises to a height of 11,934 feet. It is a very old volcano, and its crater is almost destroyed by the ravages of time. The clouds and mists which encircle its summit are mistaken by many for smoke.

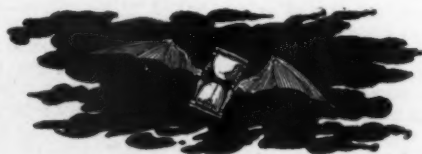
East of the Cascade range, in the northern end of the Great Basin region, are found the wonderful lava-flows of Snake River, covering ten thousand square miles, while all through the vast region we have described are fragmentary patches of eruptive rocks of older ages, showing that since middle geologic time the West has been the seat of vast and long-continued volcanic eruption.

VOLCANIC ACTIVITY IN ALASKA.

MORE than sixty-one volcanoes in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands form a path of fire between the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Within the last three hundred years they have been in eruption more than fifty times, and their lavas constitute the rocks of the islands. Even as this is written they are reported on fire.

Most interesting of this group is Bogoslof, which in 1796 was torn from the womb of the sea and still fumes and smokes. Mount Edgecumbe, on an island near Sitka, is a very symmetrical crater and of great interest to Alaskan tourists.

Except in Alaska, none of the volcanoes of the United States has been seen in violent action by white men. A great majority of the cones are cold and dead forever, and the center of activity seems gradually to have concentrated in the tropics.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

Disaster and Doubt.

A CATAclysm of the extent of that in the West Indies has incalculable effects upon the human mind. A wave of pain and sympathy passes quickly over the world, but also a wave of religious questioning and doubt. One recalls the similar effects of the Lisbon catastrophe, as expressed in that poem of Voltaire's, "Sur le Désastre de Lisbonne," of which "fine and powerful piece" John Morley says that it is "the only non-dramatic poem of his which has strength, sincerity, and profundity of meaning enough firmly to arrest the reader's attention, and stimulate both thought and feeling. . . . Here he threw into energetic and passionately argumentative verse the same protest against the theory that whatever is best, which he afterward urged in a very different form in the 'refined insolence' of 'Candide.' . . . He sees mankind imprisoned in a circle of appalling doom, from which there is no way of escape. . . . He can find no answer, and confesses his belief that no answer is to be found by human effort."

But there are other poems of despair, of a later time, which show that a stupendous object-lesson like that of Lisbon is by no means necessary to bring about a pessimistic view of human life,—as, for instances, Poe's "The Conqueror Worm," and sad-hearted James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night":

We do not ask a longer term of strife,
Weakness and weariness and nameless woes;
We do not claim renewed and endless life
When this which is our torment here shall close,
An everlasting conscious inanition!
We yearn for speedy death in full fruition,
Dateless oblivion and divine repose.

As a matter of fact, if it comes to the question of losing or holding faith in a benevolent Providence or World Spirit, one single case of suffering, apparently the effect of a mechanical, overruling fate crushing down upon sensitive and helpless humanity,—one single instance is enough to stagger the human understanding. The Christian hypothesis, frankly and confidently accepted, surely lessens greatly the weight of human woe, both by its teaching of that "greatest thing in the world," love,—sympathy and kindness as between all the brotherhood of man,—and by its gift of a "glorious immortality."

But even the devout Christian must not be blamed for finding the problem of human agony

insoluble, as he can hardly fail to conceive that a God, of the kind he imagines God to be, might have produced all the good effects of suffering without resorting to such measures of seeming ineffable cruelty. Yes, even the "good Christian" cannot be reproached if he quote with solemn assent that saying of the Book of Job: "Behold, God is great, and we know him not."

Yet for the deist, the Christian, and, too, for those who are loath to accept any conventional religious formula, there are reasons and resources for good hope, or at least for ample courage, in face of the inscrutable relation between nature and man. It would seem that nature, as has been said, "punishes without cruelty and saves without mercy." There are devout minds that rebel against that view of nature which accepts the physical world as "absolutely and ultimately the divinely aimed-at and established thing." William James declares that this notion is found, indeed, only in very early religions. "I wish to make you feel," says this subtle and suggestive writer, "that we have a right to believe the physical order to be only a partial order; that we have a right to supplement it by an unseen spiritual order which we assume on trust, if only thereby life may seem to us better worth living again." Professor James, with all his splendid fervor and vividness of expression, argues strongly in favor of *believing what is in the line of our needs*. "Often enough," he says, "our faith beforehand in an uncertified result is the only thing that makes the result come true."¹ The present writer could have furnished the author a striking illustration of this last assertion, wherein a drowning girl's life was saved largely by her own "will to believe," while sinking a third time—the loud cry of one of her rescuers that they were "coming" and that she was "all right" inducing a belief that gave her courage to struggle once more up from the suffocating depths into reach of a rescuing clutch.

We can do no better in this our plea for a sane and saving optimism in the presence of every pain and disaster of earth, whether attacking the individual or overcoming appalling numbers of men, than to quote the thrilling words with which Professor James ends one of his most suggestive and salutary essays:

These, then, are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The "scientific proof" that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some stage of being which that expression

¹ "Is Life Worth Living?" in "The Will to Believe, and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy," by William James.

may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there will represent them, may then turn to the faint-hearted, who here decline to go on, with words like those with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! we fought at Arques, and you were not there."

Frank R. Stockton.

THE names of some writers suggest not merely certain well-known books, recall not only a distinguished career, but also an atmosphere, a personality, distinct and altogether attractive. In American literature Irving's was such a name. The name borne by the author of "Rudder Grange," "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," and the rest, was also peculiarly such. To say that a story was in the Stockton manner was a sufficient description. As a matter of fact, there were no stories, except his own, in exactly the Stockton manner; for, although he had, doubtless, many deliberate or unconscious imitators, the charm of the Stockton story was too personal for successful conveyance. There were some stories by Stockton himself where a faulty plan, or some other obstacle, prevented the proper and natural flow of his genius: but where all was fortunate, the result was absolutely unique and absolutely inimitable; though that it was inimitable was not always understood by literary aspirants, one of whom, we remember, called at this office and pleasantly offered to supply regularly, for each successive issue of the magazine, a series of stories "like 'The Lady, or the Tiger?'"

And speaking of this, Stockton's most famous short story, it is a significant fact that it is not a "funny" story at all. It is a psychological study, an inquiry into human passions and instincts,—what you will,—but not, strictly speaking, humorous. Indeed, the distinctly humorous stories of Stockton depend for their effect not so much upon the oddity of their situations,—though his invention was delightfully playful and original,—as upon their insight into the human heart, their truthfulness, their naturalness. An editorial in one of our daily papers, immediately after his death, treated his works, not without reason, as those of a "realist."

But the thing that carries farthest in Stockton's writings is their geniality. He was a purveyor of good cheer for mankind. His own was far from being a hilarious nature; there was no lack of seriousness in him as a man: but he was genial, kindly, good-hearted; and he pursued the art of giving pleasure, through his artistic creations, with enjoyment of the work in itself, and with enjoyment of its results upon others.

To those who knew Frank Stockton intimately—especially to those who had had the unforgettable pleasure of association with him in editorial work (as did the editors of both *THE CENTURY* and *ST. NICHOLAS*), his death, even at a ripe age, seems calamitous. But looking at his life impersonally, it was as rounded and complete as it was beautiful and enviable. He had lived to see his best writings take an almost classic position; he

had recently the gratification of placing upon his shelves a uniform edition of his entire works; he had enjoyed of late years the acquisition of a country home of unusual dignity and beauty, just suited to his tastes and his needs; he had in this world nothing but friends.

This is the happy fate of authorship, that the spirit of the man passing into his books lives forever. So will the circle of the spiritual friends of this gentle humorist, this man most lovable, widen as the years go on. For no one can take his place. There can never be another Stockton.

The Competitive System in "Society."

AN English lady who recently visited New York, being asked her opinion of its society, is said to have remarked that it would probably be more worth the name if it were conducted less upon the competitive system. To any one who has eyes to see or ears to hear, this characterization of certain New York social circles (to say nothing of their imitators elsewhere) is both apt and suggestive. It is not to be denied that every group of American society contains individual examples of men and women devoted to the highest personal ideals and to the good of humanity, and such examples are not wanting even in the so-called "fashionable rich set," but it is evident that changes are rapidly going on which, unless arrested by other influences, make it likely that these exceptions will grow fewer and fewer. The machinery of advancement to prominence in this set has now become so familiar that, given unlimited money, a decent presentableness on the part of the woman involved, and a willingness to stoop to conquer, and almost any couple is in a fair way to reach the goal.

Within the last five years the growth of the plutocracy in New York by accretion has been marvelous. Possessors of fortunes suddenly won in stocks or wheat or mines or manufactures rush to New York to join in the display of luxury and the competition for prominence and publicity, thus greatly increasing the vulgar fraction of our people so represented. This has raised the basis of admission to the desired set from, say, one million to five millions of dollars, or even higher. But in other respects the standard of admission has not changed for the better, rather for the worse.

It is easier to-day for vast fortunes tainted with cruel greed or sharp practices or downright rascality to find an asylum in "society" than it was a generation ago. Every season witnesses the coming of a fresh contingent of the *nouveaux riches*. And with the moral barriers less formidable, partly through intermarriage and the sale of social birthrights, for something more than a mess of pottage, the whirl of Vanity Fair goes merrily on, with the result that there is now in New York city, among the "swagger" rich, a new type of society. To speak of it as intellectual is to excite derision. To consider it as a school of high breeding is to seem sarcastic. No one looks to it for leadership in the large matters for which, as a body, the best society should exist—

in manners, in conversation, in original taste, in genuine sympathy with literature and the arts, or in moral tone. Instead of being a natural aggregation of cultivated men and women, it lives in the public eye and by public artifice. Last year a certain railroad president, let us say, or a wealthy corporation master, was not in the coveted circle. To-day, having become necessary to the success of some cherished scheme, he is able tacitly to exact social recognition of its promoters for his family. In due time, by skilful manipulation, they may become the center of similar activities, until the competitive system, breaking up, by sheer complexity, into groups, resolves itself into a more truly selective society, advancing to higher uses through a reaction of the better element against this deterioration. Just now it is of intense interest as a development of "expansion" at home, and worthy all the attention that the sociologist or the novelist can bestow upon it.

A deplorable feature of this competitive system is that it touches the imagination of those lower in the scale of income, and produces among them a fever of discontent and ambitious unrest. They become a pushing crowd of egotists; their homes lose the simplicity of the old-time American family and become centers of social intrigue; the marriages of their children are, if not actually arranged, then promoted, with an eye to the main chance; they hang upon the triumphs of the society column; they give themselves over to fashionable vices, such as gambling at bridge whist, scandal-mongering, and sycophancy, until their peace of mind becomes a thing of the past, and they lose their sense of the perspective and dignity of life. Such misguided materialists remind one of the famous sonnet of Keats "On Fame," which, read, so to speak, in the feminine gender, might appropriately be entitled "On Social Ambition":

How fever'd is the man who cannot look
Upon his mortal days with temperate blood,
Who vexes all the leaves of his life's book,
And robs his fair name of its maidenhood:
It is as if the rose should pluck herself,
Or the ripe plum finger its misty bloom;
As if a Naiad, like a meddling elf,
Should darken her pure grot with muddy gloom.
But the rose leaves herself upon the brier,
For winds to kiss and grateful bees to feed,
And the ripe plum still wears its dim attire,
The undisturbed lake has crystal space;
Why then should man, teasing the world for grace,
Spoil his salvation for a fierce miscreed?

These tendencies are worth more than cursory attention from the student of American life. The effect of this wide-spread social unrest cannot but be detrimental to the children born of such mothers, and, so far as cities are concerned, to the national character. We have long been a nation of eagerly competitive men; if now the mothers (naturally nervous and of delicate organization compared with foreign women) are to give themselves over to a struggle for social su-

premacy, one shudders to think what the next generation will lack of repose and wholesomeness.

Nobody living outside New York knows how difficult it has become here for people of moderate means to bring up their children in the love of genuine things. It is still done by many, but with increasing effort and only by dint of a strong will and an inheritance of the truest graces of life: simplicity, the domestic affections, and the love of nature and one's kind. It is to the cultivation of these graces that we must look for a rescue from the artificiality and the vulgarity of the pitiable circle in every American city known as "the smart set."

Against the tendencies here spoken of, there must be, before long, a strong revolt, and it will come about, not by ignoring them, but by individual dissatisfaction with them on the part of more of those among the richer class who are now just outside the vortex of this real social peril. Already contributing to this end are distinguished examples of public spirit, self-sacrifice, and wise benevolence on the part of rich Americans, both young and old.

Maxfield Parrish's Western Pictures.

At various times our artists have brought from the far West pictures that were revelations to eyes not familiar with those regions. Bierstadt's canvases were not of the rich, modern school, but they told in a novel way an interesting and picturesque story. Thomas Moran's pictures, especially of the then newly discovered Yellowstone, were astonishing and marvelous statements; they told a story of intense color which was hardly believed till ratified by many visitors. Remington's virile drawings portrayed freshly and strongly the rough life of the West.

The pictures of the Great Southwest made by Maxfield Parrish for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE are a new and striking pictorial contribution to the knowledge of that most interesting country. Those printed as contrasting frontispieces in the May number show something of their charm of color. Even the black-and-white renderings of them hint at this color, while they give accurately the largeness of view of these pictures, the fascination of their low horizons and enormous skies, their suggestion of loneliness. There is an understanding of the perspective of these mountains and plains that lives in the mind of an artist of imagination, and that strikes the imagination of those who look upon them.

Parrish is moved by a vivid sense of that loneliness to which we have referred. It seems that after drawing figures in a picture he would sometimes paint them out, feeling that they were an impertinence—that the picture with figures, or with too many figures, failed to convey one of the most characteristic features of the scene. This imaginative artist has, in his Western pictures, added a brilliant page to his exquisite accomplishment.

Prize-Winners in "The Century's" Competition for Humorous Drawings.

FOLLOWING is the result of the competition for humorous drawings announced in THE CENTURY for February:

First prize (\$100): E. Noyes Thayer, Chicago, "Pesky little rascal, you don't see no gun, eh?"

Second prize (\$60): F. Taylor Bowers, New York city, "Uncle Isaiah."

Third prize (\$40): George E. Senseney, Washington, D. C., "A Protest."

These pictures will be published in an early number of the magazine.



The Gray Stone Wall.



This is the gray stone wall.

This is the honest working-man
Who builded the gray stone wall.
He kept at his work for four long weeks,
And was paid just fifty dollars.



This is the artist with pointed beard
Who painted with ease the gray stone wall
That the working-man had builded.
He painted the picture in seven days,
And it brought five hundred dollars.

This is the poet who wrote a song



About the sketch of the gray stone wall
Which the clever artist had painted with ease;
The gray stone wall which the working-man
Had builded with so much labor.
He wrote the song in a single day,
And it went for a thousand dollars.



This is the tenor, the famous tenor
Who sang the song of the gray stone wall;
The song which the poet deftly wrote;
The gray stone wall which the artist had limned;
The gray stone wall which the working-man
Had builded of sweat and muscle.

The famous tenor sang the song
In a couple of minutes before the king,
And he received five thousand,
Of dollars a good five thousand.

The singer sang,
And the poet wrote,
And the artist brushed,
And the workman—worked.
Sing hey for the gray stone wall!

Charles Battell Loomis.



Microcosms.

IT is rather harder to be petty outdoors; there is
so much breadth all around.

DO I believe in chaperonage? Yes, for my boy!

IT won't do to be only partially a lady.

COMETS are probably male: their eccentricities
can be computed.

THE most uninteresting person in the world is he
who is interested in everything equally.

THERE is more joy over one sinner who makes up
a quorum than over the ninety and nine who come
regularly.

BEFORE giving one's life to a Cause it is well to
be sure that the gift is of some value.

I NEVER knew a man to object to any sphere for
a woman that had him for the hub.

To observe the habits of an echinoderm—that is
science. To do the same thing for a man—that is
only fiction.

TEMPERAMENT covers a multitude of sins.

IT is queer how much tyranny slipshod people
discover.

LIFE happens to some folks only in novels.

IF mere ideas are not truth, they are at least the
cloth of which it is made.

NOTHING worries a woman so much as not to
belong to things.

Dorothea Moore.

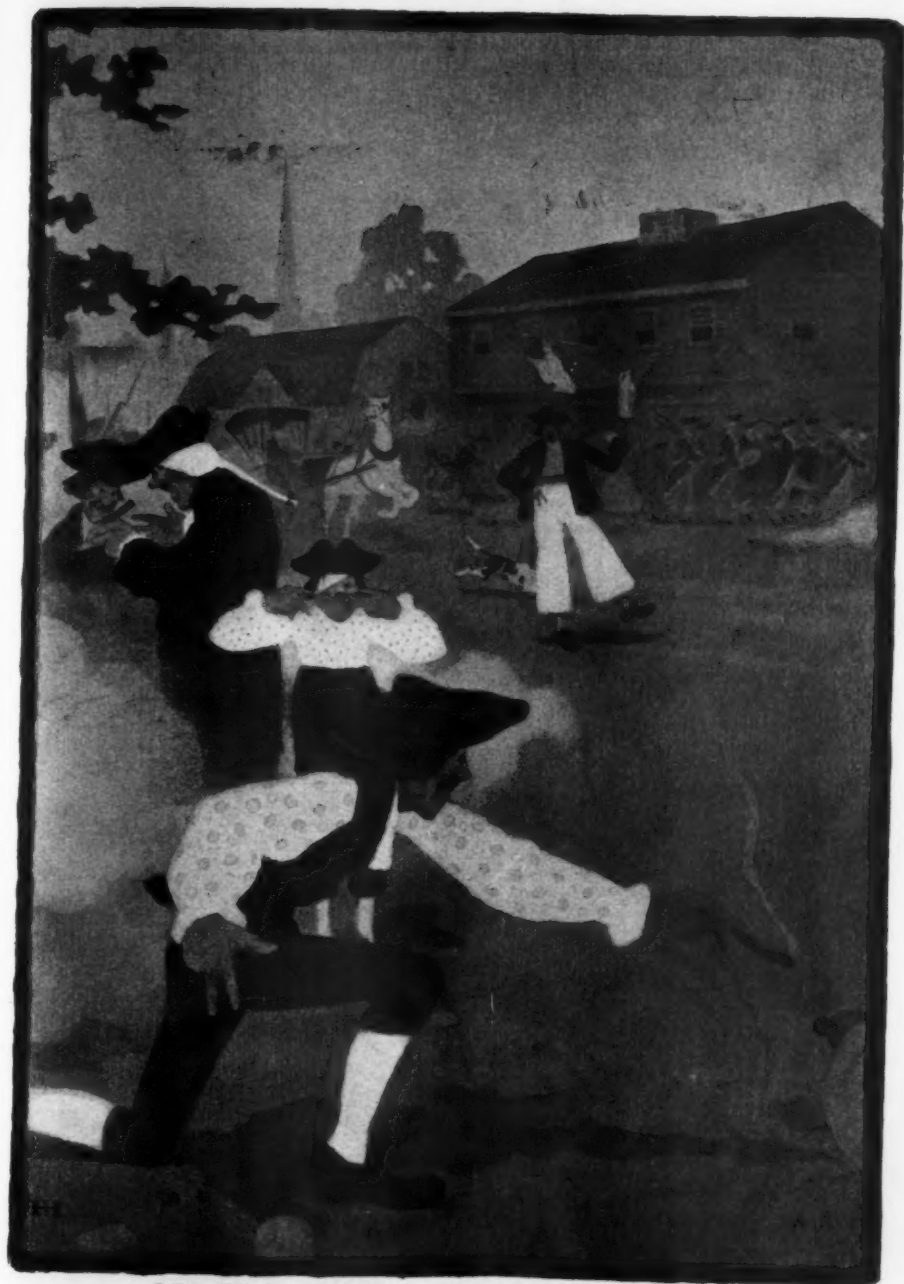
The Disadvantages of Reputation.

THE Early Bird woke in the gray of the dawn
And hustled him out of the nest;
His feathers were ruffled, his eyes were half shut,
He had n't had near enough rest.

And "It's pretty hard lines," any one who'd
been up

Might have possibly heard him affirm,
"When every one else can be catching a nap,
I have to be catching that Worm!"

Catharine Young Glen.



AN OLD TIME FOURTH OF JULY.

DRAWN BY CHARLES D. HUBBARD.

Molière's Housekeeper.

I wish that I had red-heeled shoon,
And silken stockings clocked with gold,
Black velvet breeches, or maroon,
A cloak with broideries manifold,
A wig perfumed like *Mascarille's*,
A hat with plumes that sweep the air;
This would I doff, and click my heels,
To you, the servant of Molière.

To you, because, your toil forgot,
You listened to *Barbouille's* woe,
And dust and duty heeding not,
Tartuffe you helped to overthrow;
At *précieuse* and demoiselle
You clapped your comely hands in turn;
Your anger burned at *Sganarelle*
The while you let your paté burn.

At creditors you stormed and swore;
You smiled when *La Fontaine* came in;
You begged from him a louis d'or
The while he stroked your dimpled chin.

You cheered your master in the day
Of empty purse and larder lean.
No doubt he put you in a play;
Come, tell me, are you not *Dorine*?

You frown, you blush, you pout, and so
In full confession you appear.
Hush! do not let the critics know
That I have come upon you here,
Lest in their wisdom they declare
(*T* is merely facts they reason with),
Like Egypt's queen, you are not fair,
Like William Tell, you are a myth.

Dwell here, *Dorine*; and, late or soon,
In merry fancy waxing bold,
I'll wear the stockings and the shoon,
The cloak with broideries manifold,
The wig perfumed like *Mascarille's*,
The hat with plumes that sweep the air;
And this I'll doff, and click my heels,
To you, the servant of Molière.

Robert Gilbert Welsh.



THE PROPOSAL.

"You 'll have to ask papa."